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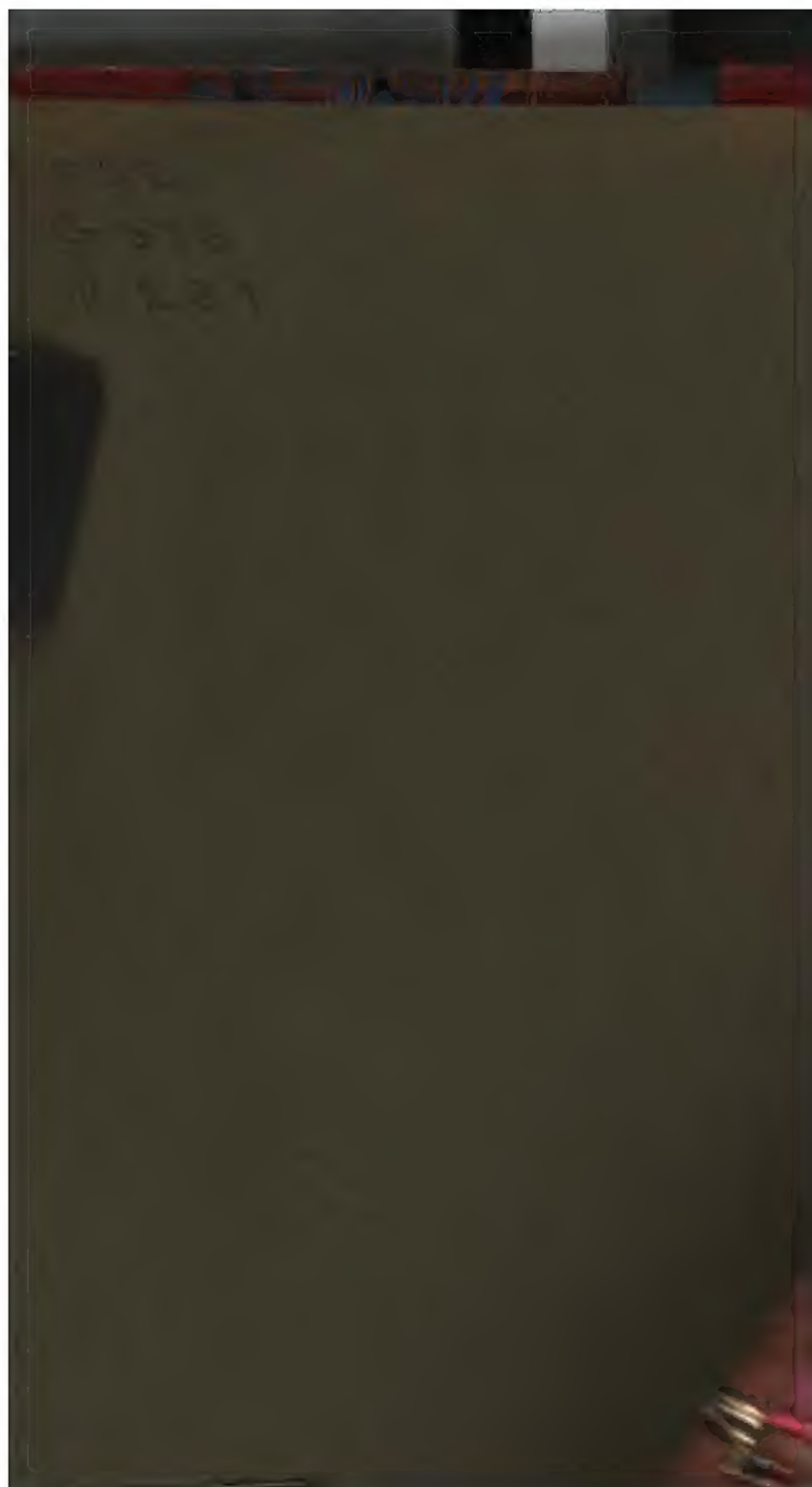
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1898.

PROCTOR THE DRUNKARD.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

PROCTOR, the ex-second mate of the island trading brig *Bandolier*, crawled out from under the shelter of the overhanging rock where he had passed the night, and brushing off the thick coating of dust which covered his clothes from head to foot, walked quickly through the leafy avenues of Sydney Domain, leading to the city.

Sleeping under a rock in a public park is not a nice thing to do, but Proctor had been forced to do it for many weeks past. He didn't like it at first, but soon got used to it. It was better than having to ask old Mother Jennings for a bed at the dirty lodging-house, and being refused with unnecessary remarks upon his financial position. The Sailors' Home was right enough; he could get a free bed there for the asking, and some tucker as well. But then at the Home he had to listen to prayers and religious advice, and he hated both, upon an empty stomach. No, he thought, the Domain was a lot better; every dirty "Jack Dog" at the Home knew he had been kicked out of sundry ships before he piled up the *Bandolier*, and they liked to comment audibly on their knowledge of the fact while he was eating his dinner among them—it's a way which A.B.'s have of "rubbing it in" to an officer down on his beam ends. Drunkard? Yes, of course he was, and everybody knew it. Why, even that sour-faced old devil of a door-keeper at the Home put a tract on his bed every evening. Curse him and his *Drunkard, beware!* and every other rotten tract on intemperance.

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Well, he had been sober for a week now – hadn't any money to get drunk with. If he had he certainly would get drunk, as quickly as he possibly could. Might as well get drunk as try to get a ship now. Why, every wharf-loafer knew him.

A hot feeling came to his cheeks and stayed there as he walked through the streets, for he seemed to hear every one laugh and mutter at him as he passed, "That's the boozy mate of the *Bandolier*. Ran her ashore in the Islands when he was drunk and drowned most of the hands."

Proctor was twenty-five when he began to drink. He had just been made master, and his good luck in making such quick passages set him off. Not that he then drank at sea; it was only when he came on shore and met so many of the passengers he had carried between Sydney and New Zealand that he went in for it. Then came a warning from the manager of the steamship company. That made him a bit careful—and vexed. And ill-luck made him meet a brother captain that night, and of course they had "a time" together, and Proctor was driven down in a cab to the ship and helped up the gangway by the wharfinger and a deck hand. The next morning he was asked to resign, and from that day his career was damned. From the command of a crack steamship to that of a tramp collier was a big come-down; but Proctor was glad to get the collier after a month's idleness. For nearly a year all went well. He had had a lesson, and did not drink now, not even on shore. A woman who had stood to him in his first disgrace had promised to marry him when the year was out, and that kept him straight. Then one day he received a cold intimation from his owners that he "had better look out for another ship," his services were no longer wanted. "Why?" he asked. Well, they said, they would be candid, they had heard he was a drinking man, and they would run no risks. Six months of shamefaced and enforced idleness followed; and then Proctor was partly promised a barque. Another man named Rothesay was working hard to get her, but Proctor beat him by a hair's breadth. He made two or three trips to California and back, and then, almost on the eve of his marriage, met Rothesay, who was now in command of a small island trading steamer. Proctor liked Rothesay, and thought him a good fellow; Rothesay hated Proctor most fervently, hated him because he was in command of the ship he wanted himself, and hated him because he was to marry Nell Levison. Proctor did not know this (Nell Levison did), or he *id have either knocked the handsome black-bearded, ever smiling*

Captain Rothesay down, or told him to drink by himself. But he was no match for Rothesay's cunning, and readily swallowed his enemy's smiling professions of regard and good wishes for his married happiness. They drank together again and again, and, at eleven o'clock that night, just as the theatres were coming out, Rothesay suddenly left him, and Proctor found himself staggering across the street. A policeman took him to his hotel, where Proctor sank into a heavy, deadly stupor. He awoke at noon. Two letters were lying on his table. One was from the owners of his barque, asking him to call on them at ten o'clock that morning, the other was from Nell Levison. The latter was short but plain: "I shall never marry a drunkard. I never wish to see you again." He dressed and went to the owners' office. The senior partner did not shake hands as usual, but coldly bade him be seated. And in another minute Proctor learnt that it was known he had been seen drunk in the street, and that he could "look for another ship." He went out dazed and stupid.

For three days he kept up his courage, and then wrote to the owners of the barque and asked them to overlook the matter. He had served them well, he urged, and surely they would not ruin him for life. And Rothesay, to whom he showed the letter, said it was one of which no man need be ashamed. He would take it himself, he added, for he felt he was in some degree to blame for that fatal night. Take it he did, for he felt certain that it would not alter the decision of Messrs. Macpherson & Donald—he knew them too well for that. Then he came back to Proctor with a gloomy face, and shook his head. The wretched man knew what that meant, and asked him no questions. Rothesay, sneak and traitor as he was, felt some shame in his heart when, an hour later, Proctor held out his hand, thanked him, and bade him good bye. "I'm clearing out," he said.

Then for four years Proctor was seen no more in Sydney. He went steadily to the devil elsewhere—mostly in the South Sea Islands, where he was dismissed from one vessel after another, first as skipper, then as mate, then as second mate. One day in a Fiji hotel he met a man—a stranger—who knew Rothesay well.

"What is he doing now?" asked Proctor.

"Don't know exactly. He's no friend of mine, although I was mate with him for two years. He married a girl that was engaged to another man—a poor devil of a chap named Proctor—married her a week after Proctor got the run from his ship for being drunk. And everyone says that it was Rothesay who made him drunk, as he

was mad to get the girl. And I have no doubt it's true. Rothesay is the two ends and bight of a damned sneak."

Proctor nodded, but said nothing.

He drank now whenever he could get at liquor, ashore or afloat. Sometimes he would steal it. Yet somehow he always managed to get another ship. He knew the islands well, and provided he could be kept sober there was not a better man to be found in the Pacific labour trade. And the "trade"—*i.e.* the recruiting of native labourers for the Fijian and Queensland sugar plantations from among the New Hebrides and Solomon Groups—was a dangerous pursuit. But Proctor was always a lucky man. He had come down to a second mate's berth now on the brig *Bandolier*; but then he was recruiter as well, and with big wages incurred more risks than any other man on the ship. Perhaps he had grown careless of his life, which was lonely enough, for though not a morose man, he never talked with his shipmates. So for two years or more he cruised in the *Bandolier* among the woolly-haired, naked cannibals of the Solomon Group and thereabout, landing at places where no other recruiter would get out of his boat, and taking a box of trade goods with him, sat calmly down on the beach surrounded by savages who might without a moment's warning riddle him with spears or club him from behind. But Proctor knew no fear, although his armed boat's crew and the crew of the covering boat would call to him to get aboard again and shove off. Other labour ships there were cruising on the same ground who lost men often enough by spear or bullet or poisoned arrow, and went back to Fiji or Queensland with perhaps not a score of "recruits," but Proctor never lost a single man, and always filled the crazy old *Bandolier* with a black and savage cargo. Then, once in port again, his enemy seized him, and for a week at a time he would lie drunk in the local hells, till the captain bought him out and brought him on board again. Going back to the recruiting grounds with an empty ship and with no danger to apprehend from a sudden rush of naked figures, the captain gave him as much liquor as he wanted, else Proctor would have stolen it. And one night he was drunk on his watch, ran the *Bandolier* upon a reef, and all hands perished but himself and six others. One boat was saved, and then followed long days of hunger and thirst and agony upon the sea under a blazing sun, but Proctor brought the boat and crew safe to the Queensland coast. A month later he was in Sydney penniless, and again "looking for a ship." But no one would have him now; his story was too well known.

And so for a week past he had slept in the park at night, and

wandered down about the wharves during the day. Sometimes he earned a few shillings, most of which went in cheap rum.

Half an hour's walk through the long shady avenue of Moreton Bay figs, and then he emerged suddenly into the noise and rattle of the city. Four coppers was all the money he possessed, and unless he could earn a shilling or two during the day on the wharves he would have to starve on the morrow. He stopped outside the *Herald* office presently, and pushing his way through a number of half-starved outcasts like himself, he read down the "Wanted" column of the paper. And suddenly hope sprang up in his heart as he saw this—

WANTED, for the Solomon Islands Labour trade, four able Seamen used to the work. High wages to competent men. Apply to HARKNESS & Co., George Street.

Ten minutes later he was at Harkness & Company's office waiting to see the manager. Ten o'clock, the clerks said, would be time enough to come. Proctor said he would wait. He feared that there would be other applicants, and was determined to see the manager before any one else. But he need not have been so anxious. Men such as Harkness & Company wanted were hard to get, and the firm were not disposed to be particular as to their character or antecedents, so long as they could do the "work" and hold their tongues afterward. Ten o'clock came, and at half-past ten Proctor and two other men went out of the office each with a £1 note in his pocket, and with orders to proceed to Melbourne by steamer, and there join the barque *Kate Rennie*. Before the steamer left for Melbourne, Proctor had parted with half of his pound for another man's discharge. He did not want to be known as Proctor of the *Bandolier* if he could help it. So he was now Peter Jensen; and Peter Jensen, a hard-up Norwegian A.B., was promoted—on paper—to John Proctor, master. At Melbourne they found the barque ready for sea, and they were at once taken to the shipping office to meet the captain and sign articles, and Proctor's heart beat fiercely with a savage joy when he heard the voice of the man who had stolen Nell Levison from him! So Rothesay was the captain of the *Kate Rennie*! And the Solomon Islands was a good place to pay off one's old scores.

The *Kate Rennie* sailed the next day. As soon as the tug cast off, the crew were mustered on the main-deck, and the watches and boats' crew picked. Peter Jensen, A.B., was standing furthest away when the captain's eye fell on him.

"What's your name?" he asked, and then in an instant his face paled—he recognised the man.

Jensen made no answer. His eyes were fixed in a dull stare upon the features of a little boy of six, who had come up from the cabin and had caught hold of Rothestay's hand. For Nell Levison's face was before him again. Then with an effort he withdrew his gaze from the child and looked down at the deck.

"You can have him, Mr. Williams," said Rothestay curtly to the mate.

From that day till the barque made the Solomon Islands, Rothestay watched the man he had injured, but Jensen, A.B., gave no sign. He did his work well, and spoke to no one except when spoken to. And when the boy Allan Rothestay came on deck and prattled to the crew, Jensen alone took no notice of him. But whenever he heard the child speak, the memory of the woman he had lost came back to him, and he longed for his revenge.

One night, as the barque was slipping quietly through the water, and the misty mountain heights of Bougainville showed ghostly grey under myriad stars, Rothestay came on deck an hour or two before the dawn. Jensen was at the wheel, and the captain walked aft, seated himself near him, and lit a cigar. Williams, the mate, was at the break of the poop, and out of earshot.

Presently Rothestay walked over to the wheel and stood beside the steersman, glancing first at the compass and then aloft at the white swelling canvas. The barque was close-hauled and the course "full and by."

"Is she coming up at all?" said Rothestay quietly, speaking in a low voice.

"No, sir," answered Jensen steadily, but looking straight before him; "she did come up a point or so a little while back, but fell off again; the wind keeps pretty steady, sir."

Rothestay stood by him irresolutely, debating within himself. Then he walked up to the mate.

"Mr. Williams, send another man to the wheel, and tell Jensen to come below. I want to speak to him about Bougainville; he knows the place well, I have been told. And as neither you nor I do, I may get something out of him worth knowing."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the Welsh mate. "But he's mighty close over it, anyway. I've hardly heard him open his mouth yet."

A minute or two passed, and Jensen was standing at the cabin-door, cap in hand.

"Come in," said Rothestay, turning up the cabin lamp, and

then he said quietly, "Sit down, Proctor; I want to talk to you quietly. You see, I know you."

The seaman stood silent a moment with drooping eyes. "My name is Jensen, sir," he said sullenly.

"Very well, just as you like. But I sent for you to tell you that I have not forgotten our former friendship, and—and I want to prove it, if you will let me."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply, and the man's eyes met Rothestay's for one second, and Rothestay saw that they burned with a strange red gleam; "but you can do nothing for me. I am no longer Proctor, the disgraced and drunken captain, but Jensen, A.B. And, with sudden fury, "I want to be left to myself."

"Proctor," and Rothestay rose to his feet, and placed his hands on the table, "listen to me. You may think that I have treated you badly. My wife died two years ago, and I——"

Proctor waved his hand impatiently. "Let it pass if you have wronged me. But, because I got drunk and lost my ship, I don't see how you are to blame for it."

A look of relief came into Rothestay's face. Surely the man had not heard whom he had married, and there was nothing to fear after all.

For a minute or so neither spoke, then Proctor picked up his cap.

"Proctor," said Rothestay, with a smile, "take a glass of grog with me for the sake of old times, won't you?"

"No, thank you, sir," he replied calmly, and then without another word he walked out of the cabin, and presently Rothestay heard him take the wheel again from the man who had relieved him.

Two days later the *Kate Rennie* sailed round the north cape of Bougainville, and then bore up for a large village on the east coast named Numa Numa, which Rothestay hoped to make at daylight on the following morning.

At midnight Jensen came to the wheel again. The night was bright with the light of clouded stars, and the sea, although the breeze was brisk, was smooth as a mountain lake, only the *rip, rip, rip* of the barque's cutwater and the bubbling sounds of her eddying wake broke the silence of the night. Ten miles away the verdure-clad peaks and spurs of lofty Bougainville stood clearly out, silhouetted against the sea rim on the starboard hand. The wind was fair ahead and the ship as steady as a church, and Proctor scarce glanced at the compass at all. The course given to him was W.S.W., which, at the rate the ship was slipping through the water,

would bring her within two miles of the land by the time he was relieved. Then she would have to go about and make another "short leg," and, after that, she could lay right up to Numa Numa village.

Late in the day Rothessay had lowered one of the ship's boats, whose timbers had opened under the rays of the torrid sun, and was keeping her towing astern till she became watertight. Presently Proctor heard a voice calling him.

"Peter, I say, Peter, you got a match?"

Looking astern, he saw that the native who was steering the boat had hauled her up close up under the stern.

"Yes," he answered, taking a box of matches out of his pocket and throwing them to the native sailor in the boat. "Are you tired of steering that boat, Tommy?"

"No, not yet; but I wanted smoke. When four bell strike I come aboard, Mr. Williams say."

Two bells struck, and then Proctor heard Williams, who was sitting down at the break of the poop, say, "Hallo, young shaver, what do you want on deck?"

"Oh, Mr. Williams, it is so hot below, and my father said I could come on deck. See, I've got my rug and pillow."

"All right, sonny," said the mate good-naturedly; "here, lie down here on the skylight."

The child lay down and seemed to sleep, but Proctor could see that his eyes were wide open and watched the stars.

Four bells struck, and Proctor was relieved by a white seaman, and another native came to relieve the man who was steering the boat, which was now hauled up under the counter. Just then, as the mate called out, "Ready about," Proctor touched the child on the arm.

"Allan, would you like to come in the boat with me?"

The boy laughed with delight. "Oh, yes, Peter, I would like it."

Proctor turned to the native who was waiting to relieve the man who was steering the boat. "You can go for'ard, Jimmy, I'll take the boat for you."

The native grinned. "All right, Peter, I no like boat," and in another moment Proctor had passed the child down into the boat, into the arms of the native sailor whose place he was taking, and quickly followed. As she drifted astern, the *Kate Renne* went about, the tow-line tautened out, and a delighted laugh broke from

the boy as he sat beside Proctor and saw the white canvas of the barque looming up before him.

"Hush!" said Proctor, and his hand trembled as he grasped the steer-oar. Then he drew the child to his bosom and caressed him almost fiercely.

For half an hour the barque slipped along, and Proctor sat and steered and smoked and watched the child, who now slumbered at his feet. Then the stars darkened over, a black cloud arose to the eastward, the wind died away, and the mate's voice hailed him to come alongside, as a heavy squall was coming on. "And you'll have trouble with the captain for taking his boy in that boat," added Williams.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Proctor, as he looked at the cloud to windward, which was now quickly changing to a dullish grey; and then he sprang forward and cut the tow line with his sheath-knife.

Five minutes passed. Then came a cry of agony from the barque, as Rothesay, who had rushed on deck at Williams's call, placed his hand on the tow-line and began to haul it in.

"Oh, my God, Williams, the line has parted. Boat ahoy, there, where are you?"

And then with a droning hum the squall smote the *Kate Rennie* with savage fury, and nearly threw her over on her beam ends; and Proctor the Drunkard slewed the boat round and let her fly before the hissing squall towards the dimmed outline of Bougainville.

For two days the *Kate Rennie* cruised off the northern end of Bougainville, searching for the missing boat. Then Rothesay beat back to Numa Numa and anchored, and carefully examined the coast with his boats. But no trace of Proctor nor the child was ever found. Whether the boat was dashed to pieces upon the reef or had been blown past the north end of the island and thence out upon that wide expanse of ocean that lies between the Solomons and New Guinea was never known, and the fate of Proctor the Drunkard and his innocent victim will for ever remain one of the many mysteries of the Western Pacific.

THE VEDDAIS OF CEYLON.

THE navigators of Tyre, who carried on a perilous trade with the East by way of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, had accidentally lighted upon a mysterious isle lying to the south of Malabar, whose coast they frequented to secure the precious products which went to adorn the Court of Solomon some three thousand years ago. It had seemed to them as if the island was habitually visited by awful storms of lightning, and the summits of its mountains were perpetually plunged in clouds that collected from a thousand miles round. The torrent beds were frequently filled with foaming streams engendered by the tropic rains which fell upon the mountain slopes, and the dense forests that flourished in the incessant humidity offered an impenetrable barrier to the stranger who would have explored the interior. The coast had been visited by adventurers from the Eastern Archipelago as well as from Arabia; and these, following the courses of the rivers which debouched from the hills to the south and west, had become aware that precious gems existed in the sands which were rolled down.

Herds of elephants roamed in the secluded depths of the forests, and the gorgeous peacock stalked and strutted in the sparser jungles of the south and north-west undisturbed for the most part by the arrow of the hunter. At times, from the coast of India, came in frail craft fisher-people to dive for pearls in the sandy beds that fringed the gulf between the peninsula and Ceylon. So that there was much profit, even if there were some risk, in a voyage from the Arabian to the Indian Seas. Those who went to trade at the emporiums of Sinhala or Ceylon would hear rumours of a mysterious race who lived within the forests, but who were never seen by those who touched on the coasts. Some said it was not human, but a race of demons. It was not anyhow akin to any known to the adventurers whose ships anchored here for trade. Sometimes by night dried meat and honey would be brought and laid out for barter by these forest dwellers, where they would attract the notice of visitors, and again by night the articles given in exchange would be removed. The phantom people were rarely seen. Those who had penetrated

the river gorges of the stupendous mountains surrounding Adam's Peak had met occasional families who had fled to secrete themselves in the forest shades, when they perceived intruders. They were described as black and naked, covered with hair, carrying bows and arrows, and as dwelling in holes in the ground. These were the Veddahs, commonly agreed to be the aboriginal race of the island. It has been conjectured that they migrated from India. It might have been at a time when the journey could have been undertaken on dry land, before the link between India and Ceylon was broken by encroachment of the sea. They do not now trust themselves on water, and would hardly have approached Ceylon by sea. Bodily characteristics show that the Veddahs belong to the pre Aryan type; a small, not to say dwarfish race, dark, but not actually black, and not woolly-haired like the negro. The average height of a man is under five feet, and of a woman under four and two-thirds feet. Some in the last century have been said to have lived in the forest-covered plains of the north, and some are still found not far from Anuradapura. They appear two thousand years ago to have been available in that part of the island to help in building the dagobas and irrigation works projected by the Indian kings of Ceylon, and are spoken of in Sinhalese records as Yakkos. But Hiouen Tshang, in the seventh century, states that the "Yakkos" had withdrawn into the south-east corner of Ceylon, a wild and forest-covered country, where for hundreds of years they would, unmolested, have been able to pursue their occupation of hunters, which has, in fact, from time immemorial been theirs. Still, it might well be that a number of them had amalgamated with the invaders from Bengal, who arrived in Ceylon several hundred years before the Christian era, and had lost their identity, while the more timid and comparatively few had retired to the secrecy of the dense forests, which they instinctively loved. We find them to day in very diminished numbers scattered in small communities, mostly in the forests to the eastward of the mountains of Ceylon, and some close to the coast of the same part. These latter have mixed with the Tamil population; in the interior, fifty miles distant from the sea, it is found that a mixture, if any, has taken place with the Sinhalese of the central province. Altogether they are estimated to number but two thousand souls at this time. Formerly the Veddahs subsisted entirely by hunting, the collection of wild honey and edible roots found in the jungles. They were not averse to carrion or vermin when other flesh could not be got. It is said that they do not eat the elephant, bear, leopard, and the jackal, and prefer deer and monkey meat, as well as the iguana

and tortoise. The flesh of the deer is cut into strips and dried in the sun, and is then used as an article of trade with the Moormen, who penetrate the tortuous paths of the forest in order to procure it and honey and wax, in return. Sometimes the flesh is preserved in honey in the cavity of a tree, plugged at the orifice with clay.

Now the habit of wandering at will through the forests and of sacrificing game at will has been checked, and the movements of the small families and communities of Veddahs have been confined to certain tracts allotted for cultivation. This is restricted to that of dry crops, dependent upon the rainfall from the north-east quarter, which prevails from November to February. Irrigation is not practised, and the streams at other times of the year than that mentioned are almost dry. The patches that are tilled are small clearings in the forest enriched by the ashes of the undergrowth and trees which have been burnt to clear the land: a rude barrier of logs and interlaced branches marks the boundary to protect the growing crops against the incursions of deer, wild pig, and elephants. The food supplies thus raised consist of Indian corn, yams, cassava or manioc, chills, and a small round grain known as "Kurraima," from which flour is made by pounding in a wooden mortar. Sometimes they are almost destitute of food when the rainfall is scanty, and then they have recourse to jungle leaves and roots. Tobacco is not grown, nor is it used: the bark of a certain tree is chewed instead. Salt is an uncommon luxury, and was formerly unknown to the Veddahs. What they assimilated when exclusively on a flesh diet was no doubt sufficient, but at present they seem unhealthy from improper food. Numbers of children have died from diarrhoea, and the fell disease called "parangi" is common. It is manifested often in open sores, and in its worst form attacks the joints. The writer has seen several children suffering from it, and in one instance the victim (a girl) was, although only six years of age, segregated in a wretched little hut, like a caged bird, where she spent the long hours *groping* about the mud floor and playing with a few stones. A sad sight, truly! Consistently with their nomadic habits the Veddahs formerly sheltered themselves in caves or in trees by night, and in present years a distinction has been made, in point of civilised qualities, between the "gala" or rock Veddahs, and the "village" Veddahs, the former retaining the old instincts of primitive hunters, and the latter having been induced by Government to settle upon certain forest clearings and to cultivate them crudely. The former, the "rock" or unreclaimable Veddah, has now almost disappeared. The Government Agent of the Eastern Province saw one at

Bintenne last year, but is unaware of the existence of others. Those engaged part of the year in cultivation now live in rude huts alongside of the fields, or "*Chenas*," upon which they are occupied. The huts of each family appear to be separate. In some cases they are not sufficiently high to admit of an upright posture being assumed by the occupants. The supports are of rudely cut timbers, with cross pieces of saplings, thatched with jungle grasses, and covered at the sides with pieces of rough bark with many interstices, through which the interior can be seen. Small sheds behind the huts are occupied by the women at the time of menstruation. There is no furniture of any sort; merely a few clay pots for cooking—and these they do not manufacture for themselves; not a blanket for a coverlid at night; possibly a meagre fire over which a few chillis are being dried to fit them for market.

The people are very poorly clothed, some hardly covered in any way, and the meagreness of their forms is thus fully displayed. Even the women can at times make no decent appearance, and feel painfully embarrassed before a stranger in making their ancient and dirty rags cover the parts which they are anxious to conceal. Ashamed of possible exposure, they will even fly with their babies into the undergrowth of the forest. If treated kindly, however, the anxiety to cover themselves becomes less apparent, and allowing the rags to fall from their shoulders, they will put their children to the breast, averting their gaze the while from the intruder.

Their persons are dirty. In the rainy season they do not wash in the streams, considering the water to be too cold. Their teeth and hair are uncared for. The latter is worn long, and the moustache and beard are allowed to grow without check; so that in some cases the whole face is set in a great tangle of hair, and has a resemblance to that of the large Wanderoo monkey, an inhabitant of the same forest. The iris of the Veddah is brown, and thrown into strong relief by the extent of white in the eyeball. The eye has been compared to that of the deer, but has a melancholy and perplexed expression which is not easily forgotten. The owner seems to be conscious that he belongs to a dying race, and is the victim of a fate which is slowly pushing him to annihilation. Against the gloom and the conscious uselessness of their existence there is no healthy reaction. With the exception of those on the coast, who have been brought under instruction, the mental condition of these unfortunate people is pitiful. They have no depth of feeling, but display a morose indolence. They do not laugh, and despise those who do. If laughed at they are deeply offended, as also if

they are treated rudely, and, at all times shy, they will not willingly appear again before the person who has thus committed himself. The lovely blossoms of the orchids which hang from the forest boughs, the flashing hues of magnificent butterflies, the ever-changing hues of a tropical sky, the brilliant plumage of the wild fowl—all these seem to meet with no response in their vacant minds. They have no preference for bright over neutral tints. No sound of music or of song disturbs the depressing stillness of their isolated abodes. The memory which might, in conjuring up scenes of the past, relieve the dread monotony of their existence, is defective. No games nor dances enliven their early days; upon what worlds exist beyond the confines of the forests in which they dwell they are unable to speculate; nor, except by the recurrence of the annual rains, and by light and darkness, do they appreciate the division of time by hours, days, and years; nor can they use numbers to express quantity, nor even figure it by the use of the fingers.

Upon the mind which is not susceptible to the beauty, the vastness, and the orderly methods of the mighty universe, it will be easily understood that religious impressions, or susceptibility to religious influence, is small. They fear visitation by evil spirits who may do them material hurt if not appeased by proper ceremonies. The departed souls of the dead hover in the air unseen. These are "Yakkis" or "Yakuns." When they are well disposed, they come to their living relations; when these are ill, they visit them in dreams, and grant them success in the chase. But the Veddahs perform no religious ceremonies themselves. Both in Bintenne and in the country north of the Kandyan province the devil dancer officiates for them. This is especially the case when there is sickness. Also at the time of the "Weesak," or celebration by the Buddhists of the birth of Buddha in the month of May. This, no doubt, is imitative. Again, the grandmother after death, or more probably the "Mother of All," the earth, or the female principle in creation, is worshipped under the name of "Mahakiriamma" (great mother of milk). Further, some Veddahs of Bintenne have learnt the names of Tamil or Hindoo deities, and believe, or profess to do so, that a supreme spirit, "Katragam Deo," pervades the universe, and that they are dependent upon his benevolence for their food. They do not unite with the Buddhists in acts of worship, and, in fact, appear only, in times of trouble generally, to invoke the "Yakkis" who occupy the unseen world, especially those of dead children.

The adults do not wear charms, but they repeat invocations

against evilly disposed "Yakkás," wild buffalos, elephants, and bears. They do not fear snakes, nor have they antidotes nor methods of cure for snake-bites. In this respect they differ from the jungle tribes of India. The Veddahs think that the snakes are restrained from hurting them by the "Yakkás"; but if a "Yakká" is offended, a snake may be permitted to do mischief. The person wounded will then die unless the devil-dancer is able to obtain pardon for him.

The Veddahs do not exhibit outside their huts any skulls, bones, feathers, or skins of animals and birds killed in the chase, or deceased in the village, as is sometimes done in parts of India. The fact is, they scarcely exhibit emotion, and appear to be stoically indifferent to most impressions. There is nothing in their habits to show that they have at any time risen above the condition of a savage tribe of hunters.

Currency has been given to the idea that early in the history of the Sinhalese the Veddahs were regarded as of high "caste"; and it is recorded that a king of Ceylon married a Veddah "princess." It is quite possible that to conciliate the primitive inhabitants of the island, and to use their labour in the construction of large irrigation works, and to avail themselves of the knowledge the jungle tribes possessed of the water-courses, the early kings may have professed to treat the Veddahs with a certain amount of respect, but there is nothing in their habits and social observances which would entitle them to consideration among "caste" Hindoos; indeed, rather the reverse. It is stated that King Dutegemunu in 160 B.C. appointed the Veddahs servants of the God Skanda in the temple of Katarugama Dewule built by him, but that this was done, as alleged, "on account of the purity of their caste," may well be doubted; probably, rather for the convenience of the moment. An analogous case occurs in the history of the Rameshwaram Temple, when the chief of an aboriginal people in the Ramnad district bordering the Paumben Channel was made "lord of the Causeway" by the Pandyan King of Madura, because he happened to be in the vicinity and was able to supply help to the pilgrims, and labour for the repairs of the great temple, and of the numerous small shrines that lined the approach to it. A Hindoo of "caste" would regard the Veddah of to-day with disdain, owing to his neglect of cleanliness, his want of discrimination in diet, his indifference to religious ceremonial, and his admission without prejudice of aliens to marriage with his women. It is not likely, from what is known of the Veddah of to-day, that he has become degenerate from his

original type. The influences to which he has been subjected would rather have tended to improve him. The conclusion is that the Veddahs have only been wild hunters, as the name implies, and no more, and that they experienced exceptional treatment from the early kings who came from India, rather from the singularity of their characteristics than from the "purity of their caste."

In their family lives as well as in the social arrangements of their small communities the character of the Veddahs is attractive from the mildness and docility exhibited. If there be no great demonstration of affection there is gentleness of treatment of husbands with their wives and parents with their children. Marriage takes place early. The physical structure of the girl, in the early stages of puberty, is held to render union more attractive than at a later age. This feeling is indeed common throughout India too, and children of tender years have had to be protected from undue license by legislation. It is hinted that in North Central Ceylon Veddah girls are "married" at eight years of age, and boys at twelve years, but the word has probably been misused for "betrothed," for they do not live together as a rule in any tribe before puberty. In Bintenne the ages are given respectively as thirteen and eighteen years; and this information, afforded by the local rate Mahatmya, or headman, agrees rather with the result of personal inquiry by the writer, who was told that the marriageable age of a girl was from ten to twelve years.

The young man who would marry a girl places his bow and arrows against the door of her father's hut. If the proposal thus signified is approved, the parents of the youth with the latter attend at the girl's house with presents of monkey-meat, honey, venison, yams, or such food as may be available, and the bride is presented by the bridegroom with a piece of cloth seven cubits in length. He remains with her that night. Next day the bride and her family attend at the young man's house, with some other elderly people, and the bride is left in her future abode. There is no further ceremony; the union is simply witnessed. The girls are modest to strangers. They do not willingly expose themselves to view, and if pressed to do so stand silent with averted face, and their eyes fixed upon the ground. Adultery is not common. Polyandry is unknown. But both have been practised, it is said, when the people have had the bad example of the Kandians before them.

When families have suffered isolation in the forest, marriage has taken place between brothers and younger sisters; with the eldest sister it is considered unchaste. Marriage between father and daughter has been known. Such alliances as these do not appear to

be usually practised, and would seem to have been due to stress of circumstances.

There is no ceremony performed at the time of child-birth, but the mother puts a necklace upon the child during the time it is suckled—for about eighteen months—to defend it from evil “Yakkas,” or otherwise, as in India, to avert the “Evil Eye.” The children remain unclothed for several years.

The majority of the Veddahs are said to be short-lived. To attain sixty-five years of age is uncommon. The information furnished from the north central and the Bintenne districts show that sickness is quickly diminishing their numbers.

The Veddahs have been said to bury their dead wrapped in the skins of animals, and those present would on such occasions partake of food—the roast flesh of a monkey or iguana with honey and roots. Inquiry to-day does not bear out these notions. In Wellasse, bordering on the Bintenne district, no ceremonies are observed. In the latter locality the Veddahs are said formerly to have thrown the dead into the jungle or left them where they died. In one part of Bintenne the writer was told that the hut occupied by the dead person was burnt over the corpse. In the Aniradapura province (presumably to the eastward, where the Veddahs are found) a native official who knows their habits states, “as soon as life is extinct three or four able-bodied men go into the jungle and dig a hole almost knee-deep with pointed sticks, wrap the corpse in a mat, tie it up to a pole with the face upwards, and depositing the corpse in the hole, cover it with earth.” Females do not attend the burial. On the seventh day after death a space is cleared near their huts, they collect the fibre of the Velan and Halmilla trees, and the branches of a tree called Dummah, and decorate it for the devil-dancer, who performs there from one evening until the next. The object is to induce the spirit of the dead person to join those which have gone before, and to prevent it from visiting the living. But this practice does not appear to obtain in Bintenne.

As regards the attempts made to impart religious instruction to the Veddahs, it would appear that they have not been wholly successful. Mr. Gillings, writing in 1849 in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Ceylon*, states that up to the year 1844, in Bintenne, 163 men, forty-eight women, and eighty-five children had been baptized, but had since relapsed into their former habits. It seemed doubtful if they had any conception of God. These early efforts seem to have been due to the Rev. R. Stott, of the Wesleyan Mission. He was accompanied in his first visit by Mr. Atherton, of

the Civil Service. At Batticaloa, Government assistance was promised in settling the Veddahs upon cultivable land, and a free school was to be established for every thirty children willing to learn. According to present accounts the work so promisingly begun came to nothing. At this time, and for the past four years, there is a Wesleyan Mission to the Veddahs on the sea-coast, fifteen miles north of Batticaloa. The reserves allotted to the Veddahs in 1841 had been gradually sold up, and the poor people were said to have been "shoved out by the Sinhalese fishermen on the sea-side, and by Tamil and Moorish capitalists on the land-side," until they were worse than slaves. The Mission has twelve acres of land, which have been planted with cocoa-nuts, manioc, and Indian corn. Employment is thus found for a number of the Veddahs. A school containing forty children has been established, with a resident instructor. The writer, who recently visited this settlement, could not help being struck with the improved intelligence and the bright aspect of the children who had been collected for his inspection, as compared with the dull and unimpressionable condition of those met with in the inland forest tracts. There seems good prospect of effecting a similar improvement if efforts can be made to reach these latter, who at present are wholly without instruction. In addition to the Wesleyan Mission there is a Church of England school for Veddah children at Vendeloos Bay, north of Batticaloa.

E. O. WALKER.

NOTE.—The authorities from whose writings quotations have been taken are the Rev. J. Gillings, Professor R. Virchow, Sir Emerson Tennent, Messrs. Harts'orne and Bailey.

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

"Esprit à la fois exquis et dur."—*Vinet*.

"IN the year of grace 1827 I was a Romantic," so writes Prosper Mérimée, with a touch of the mild irony he so assiduously cultivated; but it may be doubted if he ever deserved the designation, since nothing could be less suited to the temper of his mind than the generous ardour of the enthusiasts who so victoriously opposed feeling to reason.

He was equally interested in every side of human nature, looking on with amused eyes at all its variations, but taking an individual part in none, and sedulously concealing any personal bias or any warmth of partisanship. A profound reasonableness was a part of his nature, and romance a mere adjunct to be used for literary purposes.

In his preface to the "*Lettres à une Inconnue*" Taine describes him as "tall, erect, pale, who, except for his smile, had the look of an Englishman, with a cold and distant manner, repelling in advance all familiarity;" and a later picture of him in his comparative old age is better still. "It was at Fontainebleau, in 1860, when I met the Empress coming from the *Jardin Anglais*: an old man was walking at her side, his eyes upon the ground; he was well, even coquettishly, dressed in the old Court style; his forehead was deeply wrinkled—his eyes, under bushy eyebrows, round, cold, a little hard; the whole attitude correct and very stiff. I thought him probably an English diplomat." As a child he was happy in a domestic life of peace and industry; his parents were both artistic, full of thought and intelligence. The love of home, so early fostered, always clung to Mérimée; and after all his travels he always returned to the same quarter in Paris—endeared to him by his early recollections.

As soon as his college days were over, he joined a small circle of celebrities who met together one day a week at the house of Etienne Delécluze, painter and art critic, where Ampère, Sainte-Beuve, Marc Girardin, and other less well-known writers held long literary discussions, and where Mlle. Louise Monod set herself the task of teaching her

illustrious pupils the beauties of English poetry. Mérimée was the most punctual and most assiduous of them all ; he never stopped short on any road to learning. What he ignored, he ignored to perfection ; and what he knew, he knew better than anybody else. It was here that he fell under the influence of Henri Beyle, who was at that time a contributor to a London magazine and came to Mlle. Monod for information. It was an evil influence, and somewhat confusing, when the author of the "*Chartreuse de Parme*"—*romantique avec passion, avec furie*—produced his brochure on Racine and Shakespeare ; but it directed many of his opinions and in some degree his literary style.

It was from Beyle he learned many of his theories, his prejudices, and the general scepticism which overshadowed his life and haunted him to the end ; from him the sophistry which turned sentiment into affectation, and led to a dread of display or spontaneous emotion, however natural and sincere. One would almost think that Mérimée was describing his own character when, on the death of Beyle, he wrote of him : "One of his most striking traits was his fear of being duped, and a constant preoccupation to avoid such a misfortune ; producing a fictitious coldness—a cruel analysis of any generous action—a strong resistance to feeling, much less real than affected."

It was this example which put Mérimée on his guard against impulse, hasty expressions of opinion, or anything heartfelt ; he seemed to act as if in the presence of an unfriendly witness, nervously diffident lest he might become the subject even of the most innocent raillery, coming at last to be in sad earnest the cynic he wished to appear. So true is it that certain affectations often finish by turning into facts ; and no man can habitually suppress all his natural feelings without finally cutting them off at the source.

By some curious but enviable management, moreover, he was able to assume the self-possession of a man of the world—a cold air of indifference which grew upon him, and was supported by a manner so cool and distant as to discourage the most intrepid of interlocutors. Devoted to mystification, nothing pleased him better than to affect a seriousness he did not feel, and which was really foreign—for the ludicrous side of things was always uppermost to him ; he had an immense fund of wit and drollery, and would tell the most laughable stories without the least change of countenance or the ghost of a smile. So far, however, such flashes of fun were only on the surface ; he had a strong tendency to melancholy, and times make a sad return upon himself—his own life—and fused instinct of failure would feel that he had been under-

valued and misunderstood, being himself alone responsible for the injustice, if there were such, since, as Taine sums up his life, he had never drawn on all his own resources, and never attained to all the happiness he had a right to expect.

The biographer who chose to compare him to a human Mephistopheles, and described him as darting a murderous epigram in the choicest language, was evidently inclined to sacrifice something to flowers of rhetoric; for although he may have used strong words in strange places—have called revolutions *détresses*, and dealt irreverently with the political code of eminent churchmen—there is no real bitterness in his animadversions; there is sarcasm and cynicism, but nothing that was not honest—nothing in the least degree satanic.

An incident of his childhood is supposed to account for his extreme sensitiveness to ridicule. He relates that one day, having been blamed very seriously for some trifling fault and having been sent away in disgrace, he overheard it remarked in a tone of amusement, "Poor boy—he thinks he has committed quite a crime."

The idea that his tears and repentance should be a matter of derision produced an effect upon him that he could not get over. He said he would never be sorry for anything again. The anecdote, so often repeated, has probably gained more significance, certainly more importance, than it deserves.

Always studious and with an inborn bias towards authorship, it might be thought that he would have dedicated himself to letters; but it was not so. He took up writing as a pure amusement—his experience of comparative, though by no means excessive poverty, and his own practical good sense, teaching him that literature is best cultivated from an independent position; and that no Muse, however alluring, was ever known to provide nourishment for her votaries. Having no particular political opinions, he soon found the occupation he required; industry and a certain amount of *savoir faire* were sufficient stepping stones to advancement. He obtained a place in Government offices under many changes of Ministry, distinguishing himself in all by his steady, unambitious, and unassuming capability. Profound convictions were not required, and are seldom lucrative. But it was the Second Empire that brought him fairly to the front, that determined his views, and gave him all the worldly prosperity—even more than all—that he desired.

In a letter to Dr. Véron he sketches the manner of his first introduction to the Count and Countess Montijo. "Chance took me to Spain, where I met with some kind, hospitable people, who *treasted me in the most cordial way*. I found there a little girl, to

whom I used to tell fairy tales—to make peace for her when she had been naughty, and to scold well myself, having very little patience with young people. The other day this little girl told me she was going to marry the Emperor.”

His close friendship with Madame Montijo, always his best and most sympathetic friend, remained undiminished, although the marriage of his *petite Eugénie* with Napoleon III. placed him in a position requiring much tact and delicacy; all the more that it was the pleasure of the Empress to bestow on him far more distinction than he had any claim to expect. His good taste stood him in stead, and with all the honours showered on him he never lost an atom of self-respect, or for a single moment his perfect regard for *les convenances*. When all Europe was speaking of him, it was as much to his credit as to her own that to the Empress he was always her old friend—always “Monsieur Mérimée.”

In 1843 he was elected to fill Charles Nodier's vacant chair at the Academy, and it was to his infinite disgust that he found himself called upon to make the orthodox eulogium on his predecessor.

He writes to Madame Montijo, “I must first read his works, which is not very easy or particularly amusing; and must praise them, which will go against the grain.” He grew exasperated with his subject, and such was his sincerity that not the most ardent of his partisans could find anything to admire in his discourse. It could not fail to be remarked that as a matter of fact Nodier had been the exact reverse of what Mérimée wished to be. In politics—in history—in love—Nodier had let his imagination play a prominent part; whilst his successor was, above all, remarkable for the fixity of his ideas, his absolute frankness, and the dry precision of his words. Mérimée made it all too clearly understood that he was by no means the dupe of a sentimental enthusiast; but he had promised himself to be moderate and *flat*, and he kept his word.

His nomination to the Senate with a dotation of 30,000 francs was not mentioned by himself to any of his friends, who got the information from the pages of the *Moniteur*. It hardly seemed to afford him any satisfaction; but that he was really gratified may be seen in a letter to Madame Montijo, thanking her with his usual tact for the honour he owed to Eugénie. “You have made me a Senator,” he writes. “I am told that the Empress embraced her husband when he announced it; this little detail gave me, I assure you, more pleasure than the fact itself—to which, indeed, I am hardly reconciled.”

Always scrupulous in money matters, he refused to continue to

receive the stipend of Inspector of National Monuments on the receipt of this new source of revenue. An anecdote bearing on a delicacy so rare is told of him, that one day the Emperor, having long availed himself of his assistance in collecting materials for the Life of Caesar, remarked that so much work was not to be gratuitous, whereupon he replied, "Sire, I have all the books that are required, and I calculate that I shall be able to defray all other expenses at the cost of some quires of paper, about twenty pens, and a bottle of ink."

Mérimée seemed to renew his youth in a Court full of gaiety and splendour, where he found himself so valued, and could not but be aware that he was one of the most notable figures. His presence was essential on all gala days and generally at more intimate réunions; to dine at the Tuileries was by no means an infrequent distinction; and at Compiègne and Biarritz he was the familiar friend and companion, indispensable for all expeditions and parties of pleasure. But he was not spoiled, and used to speak of his favouritism, without a trace of vanity, in an amused and ordinary tone.

This festive life, however, had its drawbacks; the constant ceremonial, the interminable banquets, the long journeys, his own personal effort and success in such a brilliant and dissipated world enslaved and wearied him; he had lost his *vieille liberté*, and could not help deploring the taste for entertainments *si peu intellectuels*. Moreover, failing health made even pleasure arduous; but this was unsuspected. His energy never failed; his wit—his zeal—his capability were always at the disposition of his "host and hostess"; he was the prime mover in fêtes—theatricals—charades—in all the distractions and constant whirl of the gayest Court in Europe. That his patience and his talents were thoroughly appreciated, there is no doubt; and it may be easily guessed that his position was one of no small difficulty in a time and place where *tout était permis, mais il fallait être aimable*.

In his literary work Mérimée may be said to have wasted priceless faculties; it was not genuine. He affected the manner of schools which, he frankly observed, did not coincide with his own opinion; and, to begin with, wrote Spanish sword and cloak comedies, which he called translations in order to mystify his public, remarking, with some inconsistency, that to produce such masterpieces nothing more was required than the knowledge of a few words in a foreign tongue, a map of the country, and a tolerable style. It may well be asked, "Could anything be more withering?"

It was upon his style that Mérimée depended; it is the word which occurs in almost every review, every valuation of him. The

word, besides its actual meaning, implies no ordinary degree of merit ; and if in the present case it signifies individuality, the point may be conceded, but on no other ground whatever. Is it to be named in the same breath with the sympathetic style of Gautier, the correctness of Sainte-Beuve, the poetry of Georges Sand ?

His frigidity and want of *élan* in his short stories and historic sketches are reflections of his own personal characteristics. Not for a moment is any degree of warmth or sympathetic suggestiveness allowed to colour their sterility, and the self-effacement attributed to him as a charm, and which is so much admired in other distinguished writers, was the simple sign of that marble impassiveness it was his aim to assume. He looks upon the tragedies of life as an unmoved spectator ; his men and women are made of equally stern and stoic material ; so that the only wonder would be if their creator could show any fellow-feeling for them.

Sainte-Beuve's *résumé* of his talent, drawn in his usual manner of inseparably connecting the man with his work, is very noteworthy. " Born, as I imagine, with much sensibility, he was quick to perceive that it would be a pure matter of loss in the midst of a century of egotism and irony ; he took care, therefore, to conceal it as much as possible, to let it take up the least possible space, and to let it appear in art only in the guise of bitter, violent, heroic passion, not under his own name lyrically, but in drama and story by means of fictitious personages—and even these personages are chosen by the artist for their vigour, and given the briefest and strongest words, in the fear of exaggeration or anything approaching to it. He desires to keep strictly to that which is simple and certain."

" Colomba," the best known of his brief romances, owes something of picturesqueness to the wild beauty of Corsica, which seems to harmonise with barbaric customs and savage passions. Colomba herself—fair, blue eyed, with " voice soft and musical"—is terrible in her fury of revenge, her willing sacrifice of the living to the dead, her marvellous cunning and cruelty. She has a conscience all her own !

In the " *Vénus d'Ille* "—a modern version of an ancient legend—where a bridegroom, incautiously placing the wedding-ring on the finger of a beautiful bronze statue, is enfolded in an inexorable embrace ; in " *Tamango*," the pitiless slave dealer ; in the " *Taking of the Redoubt*," where the author says it must be confessed, to the disgrace of humanity, that war with all its horrors possesses an unspeakable charm—for those who look on ; and in " *Matteo Falcone*," the cruellest story in the world, there is the same callous presentment

of uncivilised human nature. But the mountain heights, the mysterious slopes, the solitary plains, form an impressive background. Mérimée's idea was to write for the select few—disdaining the commonplace, and useless adjuncts. He aimed at concentration, at abridgment: and believed that the omission of detail would preserve his work from the caprices of fashion, leaving only the bare skeleton of human nature, with the wild instincts and impulses which no change of time or custom can ever destroy.

Only in the "Corsican Brothers," although still a story of the *vendetta*, there is sentiment and pathos. The story, dramatised for the Princess's Theatre, and put on the stage with all the perfection of ideal pictorial and literary art, produced a profound impression. No one who had the good fortune to see Charles Kean personating by turns Louis and Lucien dei Franchi, with the whole weight and intensity of a tragic actor, could ever forget it.

Perhaps the best test of the judgment formed in France of Mérimée's literary work is to be found in the sensation excited by the publication of his "*Lettres à une Inconnue*" three or four years after his death. It was a success of curiosity, and fluttered the dovescots of Parisian society to no small extent. The *littérature d'indiscretion*, always palatable, was the more welcome since it was expected to reveal the deep secrets of one whose life had been an enigma. Even politics were at a discount, and men of business stopped each other in the street to ask who was the "Inconnue"? How could she have lived in their midst unnamed and unsuspected? Might she not, after all, be one of the writer's favourite mystifications—a mere romance? And how, if true, could the woman he had thought his friend deliver him over without scruple to the contemporary gossip he so much dreaded and despised? It was indeed one of fate's cruel ironies that the man who in his lifetime had one fixed idea—to hide himself, to wear a mask, to take shelter under every form of wilful misrepresentation—should, when the grave had closed over his body, become the prey, naked and defenceless, of vulgar curiosity!

But no small disappointment must have been felt when the revelations turned out to be so little startling, containing absolutely nothing piquant, hardly more interest than that which always attaches to one of those friendships touching closely on the borders of love, which are assumed to be impossible, but which experience proves to have often existed and to be far less unusual than is generally supposed.

Visionary in the extreme—carried on for half a lifetime with but

little personal intercourse, there is doubtless something out of the common in such a relationship. Mérimée himself declares it to have been an affair of the head rather than of the heart, and on his side certain early mistakes and disappointments may have put an end to the delusion of love ; we can do no more than guess at the feelings of the "Unknown."

The reader who expects to find some new biographical light thrown on the existence of the writer, any reference to the politics of the day, any discussions on art and literature in these rather over-estimated letters, will find himself at fault. Graceful and polished, one is very much like another. Friendly, intimate familiarity mingled with some interchange of confidences, tender assurances, playful reproaches, are delicately balanced ; so that at any moment the scale may be turned, friendship may be abandoned, and "love be still the lord of all."

It is very shadowy, and we can only conclude that Mérimée had no desire that it should be otherwise, and that the womanly pride of the "Inconnue" prevented her from taking a step in advance.

We are not told how the acquaintance began. The first letter dates from 1831, the last was written in 1870 ; and only an hour or two later he had ceased to breathe.

The terms on which they stood shortly after their first meetings are defined by Mérimée, who writes : "I will remain in Paris during October in the hope of your return ; you shall see me or not, according to your pleasure. You tell me of reasons which prevent you from finding occasions to see me ; I respect secrets, and do not ask your motives ; only I entreat you to tell me really and truly if you have any. Is it not some absurd scruple ? Have you been sermonised about me ? You are very wrong to be afraid of me ; your natural prudence probably counts for something, but be assured I shall not fall in love with you. Some years ago that might have happened ; now I am too old and have suffered too much."

She seems to have continued this reluctance, as if some barrier, either real or imaginary, kept them apart ; for in a later letter he says : "If I am not mistaken, we have seen each other six or seven times in six years ; and in adding up the minutes we have passed three or four hours together, during half of which time we hardly spoke."

This statement will not appear so exaggerated when we come to the name and position of the "Unknown."

Again he writes : "All is mysterious in you : you act in a diametrically opposite manner to that in which other people would

conduct themselves : you say you are going into the country : well, that is as much as to say you will have plenty of time, for there the days are long and the want of something to do leads to the writing of letters ; at the same time, the watchfulness of your Dragon being less checked by the occupations of the town, you will have more questions to undergo when letters are brought to you." He often assures her that friendship is his only aim. "I have long sought for a woman with whom I should not be in love, and in whom I could place confidence : probably we should both be gainers by a close acquaintance—but still, do as your high prudence enjoins you."

This tone, half tender, half playful, goes on for some time, but Mérimée, unlike La Fontaine, who said he was blind as a mole to the faults of those he loved, became more and more critical as he grew more interested, and his irony and depreciations must have been rather hard to bear. He writes : "You have many ridiculous ideas (forgive the word), but of these I am unwilling to deprive you, as you have nothing to put in their place : you become daily more egotistical—you are one of the chilly women of the north." He accuses her of caprice, hypocrisy, even of treachery—and this looks a little more loverlike ; but it is all said with a lively badinage which she seems to have returned in kind, and which suggests something of unreality and make-believe.

But, as time passes, a change takes place. They see each other more frequently : visit museums and galleries together—both lovers of art—and take long walks in the woods near Paris, which, he says, when they are over, had become a part of his life. But again she seems to withdraw into the shade, and again he accuses her of "convent ways, pride, and infernal coquetry !"

Still, we only possess one side of the question. It is impossible to divine the real intentions of the Inconnue, since many passages in the letters, which would doubtless have been enlightening, have been suppressed in publication, probably at the desire of their possessor, who, although ready to reveal the sentiments of her correspondent, was evidently more guarded as to her own. Her name and position long remained a secret. The *Revue des deux Mondes* declared her to be an Englishwoman moving in the best society ; the *Quarterly Review* inclines to the belief that she was French by birth—*dame de compagnie* to a Madame de B——, giving only the initial letter by way of elucidation. Other reviews and criticisms frankly own to want of information ; but the mystery was sure to be discovered sooner or later, and in a lately published Life of Mérimée, *Augustin Filon reveals that Mademoiselle Jenny Dacquin, the*

daughter of a Boulogne advocate, was no other than the heroine of the letters; and there seems no manner of doubt that he speaks with authority. Her name in full and her address, 35 Rue Jacob, was given by Mérimée himself to Madame Montijo, in order that some handkerchiefs might be sent her, of which she makes mention in one of the letters.

Filon defends himself from a breach of confidence by remarking that scruples would be out of place, since the person chiefly interested had already given to the world the documents on which he comments, adding that her only mistake was in not having taken the public altogether into her confidence, since there were no susceptibilities to be wounded and nothing wrong to be concealed; "but," he continues, "the last idea to enter a woman's head is to refrain from *making the toilette* of a document." Such being the fact, all the difficulties and ambiguities disappear. Mlle. Daquin could not have been quite free either as *institutrice* or *dame de compagnie* to receive her friends at her own will and pleasure, nor could she make appointments to meet them when and where she chose. Mérimée speaks of her *dragon* and of some one who had the right to question her proceedings, and seems to understand, although still in a tone of complaint, that it is quite on the cards that they should miss each other in the same place, or even remain in the same *salon* together without exchanging a word.

A less conventional man might have surely hesitated, in his own position, to engage himself seriously, or to go beyond the bounds of a platonic friendship. Perhaps the only curious part of the matter is the thirty years' correspondence, which remained always on the same footing—the attachment unaltered, tender, disinterested, perfectly sincere.

More valuable, although much less generally noticed, are Mérimée's letters to Panizzi, revealing a new—a political Mérimée, conversant with the affairs and strategy of his own and other countries. The true story of the Second Empire grew day by day more clear under his steady and brilliant touch; for, perfect courtier as he was, he was no time-server, and had always the courage of his opinion. Panizzi, as a political exile, had found refuge in England, where he obtained the post of librarian at the British Museum. His friendship with Mérimée began with a formal correspondence on the subject of some manuscript, copied from the archives of the Vatican by Beyle, under his pseudonym of Stendhal, and was cemented by the bonds of scholarship. During his frequent visits to London, where he had many influential and distinguished friends, Mérimée's

happiest days were passed amidst the learned dust of Bloomsbury Square, and the sympathy between the two men is made evident through two thick volumes of letters. From these it is clear that long before the crisis Mérimée was well aware of the futility of the Emperor's experiment at Liberal measures. "Personal government," he said, "has become impossible; and parliamentary government without good faith, without honesty, without capable men, appears to me not less impossible." A Liberal in the days of the July revolution, he no longer believed in liberty.

In failing health he had established himself at Cannes; but when the war broke out he returned to Paris—to the Senate—to the side of the Empress. One of the best things said of any man was said of him: "*Il est le serviteur de l'infortune, et aux mauvaises heures il était là.*"

After the disaster of Sedan all hope was over. He died, almost suddenly, on his return to the South; and was buried—without any of the parade which, as Senator, Academician, and man of letters, he might have commanded—in the little English cemetery at Cannes, where he still lies. His friends will remember him as the type of a school which exists no more. Elegant, chivalrous, with a delicate sense of honour, somewhat overbearing, he had all the virtues and all the faults, all the prejudices and affectations of the old French aristocrat; and warm-hearted, in spite of outward frigidity, there was no one more loyal or more sincere. Nearly at the last he said, with one of his enigmatic smiles, "How is it the most indifferent men are the most beloved?"

C. E. MEETKERFF.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

THE mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland may date their celebrity from the time of the Lake poets. Until Wordsworth and Southey settled in their midst and found inspiration and congenial quietude under their abrupt little heads, they were not thought much of by the majority of Englishmen. People who could afford to travel for pleasure crossed the Channel for their "sights." They made straight for the Swiss Alps if they wanted mountains. Lakeland was then in the rough state ; neither its roads nor its inns were of the kind to help the tourist on the way to enthusiasm. Poet Gray (of "Elegy" renown), as long ago as 1769, did some tramping in the Cumberland dales, and was fitly impressed. But out of question he would have felt more civilly towards the district if it had yielded him a larger share of the creature comforts to which he was accustomed. We learn from his diary something on this score. When he came afoot to Ambleside he found "the best bed-chamber" of the inn there as dark and damp as a cellar, so that he "grew delicate, gave up Wynander-mere in despair," and resolved to go on to Kendal directly. Things are very different at Ambleside now. No one need anywhere in the district be driven away for lack of accommodation. Almost under the lee of Sca Fell Pike itself (where the mountains are at their wildest) one may nowadays enjoy a soft clean bed, as well as the good rich cream, fresh eggs, and Cumberland ham for which the local farmhouses are deservedly famous. Elsewhere, with capital roads for cycling or driving to their very doors, are hotels of excellent repute, even though unprovided with lifts and the very latest luxuries of metropolitan existence.

The poets made Lakeland romantic, and their memories have consecrated the district. It was an uphill fight with them on this first count. The critics in town laughed at Wordsworth for what they called his rhapsodising about the beauties of nature. They *thought him preposterous* ; his verse seemed to them only a jargon.

Poor, dear, town-nurtured souls : they knew no better. But sooner or later they were all forced to yield praise to the Rydal poet. There was no standing against the man who could write such magnificent lines as these :—

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. —Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

And so, little by little, the rest of us learnt the glorious lesson which Nature as undefiled as she may be found can and will teach to those who come to her. Early in the century many great men ran north from London to see if Wordsworth was a mere juggler with words. The charm of Lakeland became established. Even Charles Lamb, most thorough-going of Cockneys, had to confess that life held other joys as well as London. "I have satisfied myself," he writes to his friend Manning on September 24, 1802, "that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before ; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give us dim a ligh, as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination." He had been Southey's guest at Grata Hall, and had thence ascended Skiddaw. "It was a day," he continues, "that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks, I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being confronted by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness." If Lamb could be won to worship Nature in Cumberland, anyone might so be won. And now

at the end of this century every summer thousands of hard-handed factory workers run into Lakeland by excursion trains for the day or the week end and show just the same enthusiasm. It does one good to see how they are impressed. They may not signify their feelings in very elegant speech ; but that is a detail. The influence of the lakes and mountains is upon them, even (let us hope) on those of them who towards the evening of their pleasure lurch tipily from Windermere's crimsoned waters to the railway station whence they have to return to their many-chimneyed towns.

It took some time to establish the romantic reputation of Lakeland. The fashion of climbing its mountains followed even more tardily ; and of making them an exercise-ground for cragsmen latest of all. Of course, as mountains these little fellows cannot be expected to take high rank. Sca Fell Pike, the monarch of them, is only 3,210 ft. above the sea-level. There was some excuse for the American visitor who the other day found Helvellyn disappointing. He and his wife chanced to be on Ullswater in the wake of the Emperor of Germany, who was being introduced in very wet weather to some of the Lake district's beauties. The skipper politely explained to the American lady that she saw in front of her the highest mountain in those parts—Helvellyn. "Hel what?" exclaimed the lady. "Helvellyn," courteously replied the skipper. The gentleman from Chicago laughed, and guessed that "if the Rockies could just see this Helvellyn they too would laugh some." The same may be said of Sca Fell and Skiddaw. But really it does not matter. They may not be very majestic peaks, but they are excellently proportioned to their surroundings, and probably nowhere in the world in so small an area will you find such extraordinary variety of scenery, from sweet green glens with trout streams purling through them to lonely uplands and sharp-edged summit crags. Edmund Burke, in his "Essay on the Sublime," makes smallness an essential quality of beauty. The English Lake district will dispense with the attribute of "sublime" so it may keep its more caressing attribute of "lovely."

But to get to the rocks. These Cumberland mountains are remarkable for their steepness. The angle of their slopes makes them as a whole most attractive to climbers. Helvellyn and Skiddaw may be excluded perhaps, though one is unwilling to offer a slight to such sounding names. Skiddaw, especially, is only an undulating hump. Its bulk makes it impressive, and its situation at the foot of Derwentwater (fairest of lakes) keeps it an eternal favourite with the multitude. Deservedly so, too, for though anything but precipitous it is winsome for its cloud effects and the fine purple

carpeting of its heather. As for Helvellyn, it is but a grind to its summit, and no long one either. Wordsworth once wrote a local guide-book, and in it he says of Striding Edge—Helvellyn's boldest approach—"This road ought not to be taken by anyone with weak nerves, as the top in many places scarcely affords room to plant the foot, and is beset with awful precipices on either side." But by now Striding Edge has become a thoroughfare. I have seen a dozen young ladies with parasols take the Edge gaily in procession, and clamber to the breast of Helvellyn without much fuss. Wordsworth and Scott took it together in 1805 for a special purpose that has had much to do with the Edge's reputation for awesomeness. It was the year of Charles Gough's death on the mountain, and the poets wished to see the spot where the body had rested for so many weeks watched over by his little terrier. The poems that were the outcome of this friendly tour may be said to have made Helvellyn's reputation. One wonders how many times these lines have been repeated by Scott lovers on the great hill, referring to the little dog's watch over its master :—

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

As a clamber, Striding Edge is interesting ; but it has little or no risk, except in a very strong wind or thick fog. The screes on either hand are generally not so steep but that they would yield foothold or a grip to the man who fell on them from above. There is a tombstone midway on the Edge, commemorating a fox-hunter who was killed hereabouts while following the hounds many years ago. It is not a pretty object, and one would like it removed. But its inscription shows that the Edge is not the dreadful thing it has been described. There is another memorial stone on Helvellyn, where the route from the Edge gets on to the summit level. This is in honour of Charles Gough's dog, and also to remind the tourist of the young Quaker's melancholy end. Speaking for myself, I like not these mortuary erections. Moreover, they give an altogether absurd alarmist touch to the swelling heap of "Gial Mellin," the "yellow moor" mountain. They are as reasonable where they are as the novelist Mrs. Radcliffe's account of her ascent of Skiddaw in 1794, when, if she is to be believed, she found the air at so great a height "very thin," and "difficult to be inspired."

The Langdale Pikes, though a thousand feet less in elevation than Sca Fell, are noteworthy among the Lakeland hills. No mountains become so endeared to the visitor who is content to stay by Windermere and enjoy his views at a distance. From the lake

they are really beautiful, especially towards sunset time, when their audacious little heads are bossed against a sky of crimson and gold. When stormy weather is in the ascendant they are also the best things in sight, unless the clouds elect to cover them up neck and crop, and inky blackness reigns around them. Besides, they are so easy of access. The road from Ambleside—Lakeland's Piccadilly Circus—is a good and short one. In the season, coaches and charr-a-bancs follow each other by the half dozen up the Langdale Valley, and the two hotels at the base of the bracken-clad slopes which lead to the peaks have much ado to find luncheon for all-comers. In a couple of hours you may scramble to the tops of both the mountains. From either it is impossible not to admire the comprehensive view obtained; though the best part of it is that of the near cliffs of the little hills themselves. These are almost pretentiously steep. The crags of Harrison Stickle over the bright little Stickle Tarn and those of Pike o' Stickle from its cone into the valley of Mickleden are warranted to break necks. But the picnickers here for the day do not imperil their bones. They are generally content to gasp in the sunlight by the pretty cascades of Mill Gill or Dungeon Gill until luncheon is ready. By six o'clock the more serious-minded tourist may hope to have this part of the valley to himself. For him by-and-bye the Pikes will don their rosy flushes of the evening, and if he will rise as early as he ought here in midsummer he may also see them transfigured in the dawnlight. This last is the time to get on terms with these pleasant little hills. The dewy bracken is then sweet to smell, and the pools of Dungeon Gill invite to bathe. The moorland between the two summits is then, too, as lonely as the Sahara. Though you are within two hours' asport of crowds of tourists, you are as much secluded from your fellow creatures as if you were pent in by unclimbable precipices.

From the Pikes it is a rude scramble by Rossett Gill into the heart of Lakeland's peaks. This is work of course for none but pedestrians. That it is so may be surmised from the significant verse about it in a local visitor's book:—

If I were a lover and loved a lass,
Who lived on the top of Rossett Pass,
While I abode at Dungeon Gill;
I'd swear by all that's good and ill
To love and cherish her ever and ever,
But go up to visit her —never ! never !

And yet the whole ascent is barely a thousand vertical feet. From cloud haunted Angle Tarn on its summit, a climb of another

thousand feet brings one to Esk Hause, whence at discretion one may stroll up Great End or Sca Fell Pike, both easy to reach from this upland junction of many mountaineering tracks ; assuming, of course, that the day is fine and not plagued by storms and mist. In this eventuality, however, Esk Hause is just respectably perilous for the man who has no compass, and, without knowing the district, persists in stumbling on towards what he believes to be his predestined bourne. Sca Fell Pike has a cruelly bad summit from a shoemaker's point of view. It has also a selection of neat little precipices as capable as those of the Langdale Pikes of bringing a man suddenly to his end.

To get to the summit of Sca Fell Pike from any direction, it is necessary to climb from one mass of sharp-edged rock to another for hundreds of yards. The only obvious danger is that of a sprained ankle. Some of the fissures between the rocks appeal to the imagination. But the air is so good and pure here that even timid tourists, having got so far, are exhilarated into continuing until the huge cairn, with its sordid surroundings of sandwich papers and the broken glass of ginger-beer bottles, is at length attained. Then nothing remains but to enjoy a view of mountain tops that is quite savage in its unredeemed solitude and rockiness. Let Wordsworth—the greatest name in Lakeland—yield us his description on the subject : the rest of us can only echo his words. "Round the top of Scafell Pike," he says, "not a blade of grass is to be seen. Stones and tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, the skeletons and bones of the earth not needed in creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity."

The most impressive object to be seen from the Pike is Great Gable, with the track of Sty Head Pass climbing its bare side towards Sty Head Tarn, that home of descending waters and the Mountain Ringlet butterfly. Great Gable is only 2,949 feet in height, but he does justice to all his inches. No mountain has so fine a rock colouring—red where his screes break from the cliffs which form a girdle of little precipices about his crest ; grey to blue below ; green where moss and grass assert themselves, and black as to his frowning crags. No mountain looks so well when near to it, or

stands up so nobly when seen from a distance. One gets to love Great Gable after but a brief acquaintance with him. Having given Wordsworth's description of Sca Fell Pike, I cannot do better than quote Carlyle on Great Gable ; the more so as his "Sartor Resartus" has a rugged strength and charm somewhat comparable to these mountains themselves. "A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, like giant spirits of the wilderness ; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge first dried. Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over these stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire ; never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother and divine . . . a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if Death and Life were one ; as if the Earth were not dead, as if the spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion."

This has the true note. Most of us, when young or not quite young, have felt something like it when perched on one or other of the Lakeland peaks. For my part, though, I have ever been content to think my thoughts on Great Gable without such travail of soul as the pen and ink record of them involves. A cigarette and a soft nodule of moss for my head are all the aids to Great Gable's appreciation I crave. None the less, one is grateful to such men as Carlyle for putting one's own feeble and invertebrate ideas into such vigorous and suggestive words.

Great Gable is a favourite mountain with men and women who like out-of-the-way climbs. At Easter you may rely upon finding at the Wasdale Head Hotel at least two or three Alpine Club members, and as many Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates eager to flesh their abilities as cragsmen on the Sca Fell group of rocks. There will then be snow on the high peaks, if not in all the valleys and over the lower hills. Our enthusiasts have the district very much to themselves, and enjoy themselves accordingly. At such a time the Needle of the Great Gable is anything but an insignificant ascent. Even in midsummer it is accounted one of the very best bits of work in Cumberland. It is just a tooth of rock about a hundred feet in vertical height, thrust out from the cliffs on the Sty Head Pass side of the mountain. But where it descends towards the Pass it has further a precipitous slope of about five hundred additional feet. Its risks are therefore quite sufficient. A man need not tumble more than fifty feet to kill himself. Great Gable's Needle and the Matterhorn can do the business for him equally well, though the drop from

the final shoulder of the latter be anything between ten and forty times as far as that from the Needle's neck.

It is well worth while to discuss the Needle with men who have done it (women too, though not many), if you do not care to try it yourself. My acquaintance with it, for example, is merely ocular and by hearsay, and I am content that it should be so, after learning something of the trials of the man of the climbing party who makes the "running" for the others. It is his honourable office to risk his neck pre-eminently; to the others he lends his leverage and guidance. The worst part of the climb is, as one may guess, that from the neck to the Needle's cranium. On this latter there is just enough of a cranny for the insertion of a finger-joint, which has to suffice to lift its owner into position to use his feet. This ordeal past, the worst is over, and in due time the audacious tourists may hope to be arranged picturesquely on the restricted area of the summit. If they have a photographer handy, so much the better for their self-respect. No rock in Lakeland photographs more sensationally than Great Gable's Needle.

The Pillar Rock deserves mention immediately after the Needle. It is a bold little outcrop from the Pillar Mountain (2,927 ft. high) in Ennerdale Valley, which, and its lake, are commanded excellently from Great Gable. For long it reigned supreme in the district for its difficulties. This was before the face precipices of Sca Fell and the Needle had declared their possibilities as well as their charms. Men came to the Pillar Rock and took their chance somewhat recklessly. It has killed several of its admirers: notably in 1878 an ancient clergyman who had annually for a generation or two scaled it in safety. But as this enthusiast was eighty years of age, one must admit that it cannot be a very deadly climb, if proper care be taken. It is not in fact reckoned so now. There are many routes up it, and though it is advisable to use a rope if two or three men attack it in company, especially by a difficult way, it is successfully tackled by individuals. The cragsman who has done the Needle and the Sca Fell Rocks thinks "small beer" of the Pillar Rock. Yet it is not by any means a pinnacle to be despised or underestimated by the new hand at cliff work.

Sca Fell, like Great Gable, is a mountain that fascinates the more one knows of it. One can hardly forgive the Pike for ousting it from the position of the highest peak in England. True, there are but fifty feet between them, yet it is enough. The modern geography books insist upon the fact that Sca Fell is only the second mountain in the land. The cairn on the Pike is of a size to back up the geography books in their tribute to the Pike's proud standing.

Seen from the cumbered sides of Sca Fell Pike, Sca Fell's precipices are the most striking in Lakeland. The summit is a huge mass of fissured rock. These fissures, gulleys, and chimneys are the pet ascents of the mountain by men who can trust their nerves, the nails in their boots, the strands in their ropes, and their comrades. But there is always danger here in the looseness of the rocks. Disintegration goes briskly forward on Sca Fell as elsewhere. The knot of green slate that yielded secure grip last week may, after a wild five or six days of bad weather, have become treacherous. You can never trust the mountains implicitly. Every day they have to be proved afresh. This it is that makes them so alluring, since each attack upon them is open to yield a new and creditable victory.

It was thus that in the autumn of 1894 Milnes Marshall came to his end on Sca Fell. He was near the base of the cliffs, where a long slope of detritus glides towards the greensward far down. There was no suspicion of risk. He had perched himself, as he believed, safely enough in position to take such a photograph as only the climber can obtain. Then his foothold gave way. He fell only a few yards, striking his head upon the rocks. That was all. But it sufficed. His body lay on the easy screes almost within a stride of the place where he had set himself with his camera. There never was a more decided case of "hard lines." Milnes Marshall is missed in Lakeland. Like other men who have come hither early in their lives, he gave his heart to the district. He was well-known wherever there was crag work to be done. His portrait may be seen at the Wasdale Hotel, in the coffee-room, wrought large. And in the visitor's books here you may read folios of notes on the climbs in the vicinity such as Milnes Marshall himself was capable of making and criticising exactly.

Wasdale Head is the gloomiest little place in the Lake district when the weather is uncivil. But it is a place of memories. The hotel here is the successor to the inn kept in Wordsworth's time by old Will Ritson. Christopher North and many another man as notable found Will Ritson good company in his young days; and as an old man, the survivor of these great ones, Ritson loved nothing better than to tell of his adventures with the men who made themselves and Lakeland famous by their pens.

Nor is the weather always rainy here. The other day I found a sun hot enough for anything burning upon its precise little green fields and meadows. It was Sunday, and the tiny church was open, so that I could look yet again upon the worm-eaten rafters which are supposed to have come all the way from Iceland—by miscarriage.

one would suppose, seeing that the land of the Sagas is not rich in timber. They do not bury in the churchyard here. This seems a pity: the girdle of yew trees to the enclosure has so distinctly funereal an air. Besides, one would like to have men like Will Ritson resting in the secluded vale they loved so well.

From the hamlet it is a mile to Wastwater, which has been reproached over and over again for its sternness. Perhaps it *has* rather a tragic air when clouds rule the roost over Lingmell, the Screees, and Yewbarrow. But with bright sunshine it is gay enough. Then, even the precipitous Screees tempt to a scramble, which well repays the toil. And if one will only persevere towards the other end of the lake, the fiction of Wastwater's grimness will be quite dispelled. Viewed from the foot, Wastwater's mountains are a delightful sight. Their ruggedness is lost in the distance. One has to bring one's imagination into play to aid the belief that those fine smoothed outlines of hills can have such dark cracks and rifts in them as Piers Ghyll.

The Lake District mountains are almost a cult with some of us. We love them at all times, whether in their midst or away from them. Nor is the affection we bear them in the least degree lessened by the knowledge that some day we may break our necks on them. One must die somehow. I, as an old lover of the hills, would far sooner breathe my last among their rocks or on their purple heather than on a feather bed at home surrounded by medicine bottles.

CHARLES EDWARDS.

SOME FATAL BOOKS.

THE chronicles of literary martyrdom possess many features of unique interest, and have hitherto escaped the observation of the curious. With the exception of Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors," which treats only of the woes of some English authors, there is no book in our language devoted to this subject. A few scarce works written in French and Latin record the names of some authors who have suffered on account of their *cacoëthes scribendi*; but these were published more than a century ago "in the decent obscurity of a foreign tongue," and are only to be found in the libraries of the lovers of old books, or repose in dusty oblivion on the shelves of our public collections. The singular and rare work of Christian Klutz, entitled "*De Libris Fatalibus*," which I met with in a Dutch auction-room, first turned my attention to the subject; and I have derived much information concerning the records of literary fatality from such works as Peignot's "*Dictionnaire des Livres Condamnés au Feu*," "*Analecta de Calamitate Literatorum*," by Menkenius; "*De Infelicitate Literatorum*," by Valerianus; the famous dictionary of Bayle; and "*Infelix Literatus*," by Spizelius.

The writing of books seems to exercise a strange fascination upon all who have once felt the influence of the "scribbling demon." It has caused men to sacrifice health, eyesight, fortune, and even life itself for the sake of their works, which like unnatural children have often turned against their parents and caused them to be put to death. Often have authors vowed, like Borgarutius, who was much troubled about his work on anatomy, that they would write no more, nor spend their life-blood for the sake of so fickle a mistress or so thankless a public; but they have invariably broken their word, and again fallen a prey to their love of writing. La Fontaine's lines have found many sympathisers:—

O ! combien l'homme est inconstant, divers,
Foible, léger, tenant mal sa parole !
J'avois juré, même en assez beaux vers,
De renoncer à tout conte frivole.
Depuis deux jours j'ai fait cette promesse,
Puis fiez-vous à Rimeur qui répond
D'un seul moment. Dieu ne fit la sagesse
Pour les cerveaux qui hantent les neuf Sœurs.

It has been the fashion of authors of all ages to complain bitterly of the fickleness of Fortune and the ingratitude of their times. Bayle calls it an epidemical disease in the republic of letters, and poets seem especially liable to this complaint. Usually those who are most favoured by fortune bewail their fate with vehemence ; while poor and unfortunate authors write cheerfully. To judge from his writings one would imagine that Balzac pined in poverty ; whereas he was living in the greatest luxury, surrounded by friends who feasted with him. Oftentimes this language of complaint is a sign of the ingratitude of authors towards their age, rather than a testimony of the ingratitude of the age towards authors. Thus did the French poet Pays abuse his fate : "I was born under a certain star, whose malignity cannot be overcome ; and I am so persuaded of the power of this malevolent star, that I accuse it of all my misfortunes." He had courted Fortune in vain. She will have nought to do with his addresses, and it would be just as foolish to afflict oneself because of an eclipse of the sun or moon, as to be grieved on account of the changes which Fortune is pleased to cause. Many other writers speak in the same fretful strain.

But in the stormy period of the sixteenth century the pursuit of authorship encountered many perils, and the methods of criticism differed widely from those at present in vogue. To-day the writers of books have nothing more to fear than the loss of literary reputation, and the scathing reviews of adverse critics, and even these are milder and less scurilous than they were a century ago, when, if Shelley's story be true, poor Keats died of criticism, having been told "to go back to his gallipots," and that it was a wiser and better thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet. The authors of former days had far worse enemies to contend with than hostile reviewers, whom Joseph Kinson describes as a base and prostitute gang of lurking assassins who stab in the dark, and whose poisoned arrows he had often experienced. Imprisonment, banishment, an occasional application of the rack and other gentle implements of torture of an inventive age, death by burning or the axe, were some of the punishments inflicted on incautious scribes who showed themselves obnoxious to the ruling powers. The tender mercies of the Inquisition were cruel, and woe betide the luckless author whose expressed opinions ran counter to the ideas of that dread tribunal ! The ignorance which these critics often displayed was amazing. One mathematical work which treated of the innocent study of Trigonometry was condemned, because it was supposed to contain a secret attack on the Doctrine of the Trinity. Another book, "On Insects,"

was doomed to the flames, because it was suspected of being a violent attack on the Jesuits. When such errors were possible, it is no wonder that the path of luckless authors was strewn with thorns, and well might Galileo exclaim, in the bitterness of his soul, astonished at the appalling ignorance of his censors, "Are these then my judges?"

The books which have caused most trouble to their authors may be divided into four classes:—I. Books concerning Religion; II. Books offensive to Morals; III. Books concerning Politics and Statecraft; IV. Libellous and Satirical books.

Almost all fatal books may be assigned to one of these classes. The first *genus librorum* may be subdivided into five species:—(a) Atheistical books, of which the number is not very large; (b) books advocating theism; (c) non-Christian works, of which the catalogue is not very lengthy; (d) heterodox books written by heretics, schismatics, &c.—these are very numerous; (e) books relating to the divisions existing among Churchmen, of which we have found a very large number.

The second class, composed of books offensive to morals, may be subdivided into three branches:—(a) Books which treat of dangerous and doubtful themes, without actually incurring the charge of obscenity, containing discourses on such subjects as vice, virtue, the manners and usages of society, e.g. Rousseau's "Emile," or Toussaint's "Les Mœurs," &c.; (b) immoral books written in prose, of which the French school has furnished many examples; (c) immoral books written in verse, e.g. Voltaire's "La Pucelle," and many others.

The third class, which includes all books relating to politics and statecraft, and also historical writings, may again be divided into three classes:—(a) Books which treat of the nature of government in general; (b) books which censure some one particular government of a country; (c) books which relate to certain parties in the administration of a government, of which works there are many examples.

The fourth class needs no subdivision, and satirical and libellous writings seem to have always fared badly from the days of Augustus Cæsar to our own. Was not Cassius Severus, a great satirist, condemned to exile and compelled to pass a quarter of a century in so great poverty that he could scarcely cover his nakedness—*vix panno verenda contextus*? Roman emperors condemned their traducers to banishment; in times less remote satirists have fared far worse.

As an ancient edict condemned the authors of libellous

books to be flogged, and if they dared to repeat the offence to death.

As we scan the roll of literary martyrdom we read of "mighty poets in their misery dead," of theologians burned at the stake, of fanatics and freethinkers tortured beyond the dreams of Eastern despots, of scientists and philosophers driven to recant truths now accepted as commonplaces, of historians despised, of statesmen decapitated, and of obscure satirists banished and made miserable. With such dangers awaiting the incautious scribe, it is marvellous that any dared to write a book; but such is the irresistible fascination of the pursuit of literature, that when once the hand has learnt to use the magic pen no fear of future woes can check its onward course.

Theology naturally claims a large share of books which have proved extremely dangerous to their authors; burnings and brandings, the greater and lesser ban, and a lengthened acquaintance with prison bars have been some of the rewards which their industry has reaped. Most of the fatal books which treat of this subject belong to the stormy period of the Reformation, when they met with severe critics in the merciless Inquisition. There was no appeal from its decisions; liberty of conscience was unknown in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and while we may congratulate ourselves that we live in more peaceable and enlightened times, we can but admire the courage and constancy of our predecessors in the ranks of authorship who dared so many perils for the sake of the faith they revered, and too often sacrificed their lives for their convictions.

We will now examine a few of these notorious works which brought so much trouble upon their writers. In 1675 Michael Molinos, a Spanish mystic, produced a work entitled "*A Spiritual Manual*," which was designed "to release the soul and lead it along the interior way to the acquiring the perfection of contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace." For this crime he was tried ten years later, and when at length sentence was pronounced upon him he was conducted in his priestly robes to the church, where he was bound, and holding in his hand a wax taper was compelled to renounce sixty-eight articles which the Inquisitors declared were deduced from his book. He was then doomed to perpetual imprisonment. On his way to the prison he encountered one of his opponents, and exclaimed "Farewell, my father; we shall meet again on the day of judgment, and then it will be manifest on which side, on yours or mine, the truth shall stand." After a captivity of eleven long years the unhappy author died. We have less sympathy for the

supple Churchman Antonio de Dominis, who twice changed his creed, than for the harmless and pious quietist. The name of the former was once famous in England. Pampered with preferments by James I., envied by less fortunate English Churchmen, satirised by the wits as "the fat bishop," the former Archbishop of Spalatro, a convert to Anglicanism, like Jeshurun, waxed fat and kicked. His learned work, "*De Republica Ecclesiastica*," caused him much trouble; for having demonstrated in this work the errors of Rome and the advantages of the English communion, discontented with the ample revenues of the Deanery of Windsor and the rich living of West Ilsey, he desired to return to his former faith. Tempted by offers of rich rewards he crossed the Channel, and was immediately seized and ultimately conveyed to the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, where he soon died—as some writers assert, by poison. His body and his fatal book were burnt by the executioner, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber.

Translators of the Bible have, in all countries, fared ill. Everyone has read of the burning of William Tyndale. The Spanish translator, Arius Montanus, only just escaped a like fate. He was "an engineer hoist with his own petard," for, after devoting much labour and industry in compiling the "*Index Expurgatorius*," he lived to see his own work, a polyglot Bible, figuring on that once dreadful list. Antonio Bruccioli, who published at Venice in 1546 an Italian version of the Scriptures, was condemned to death by hanging, but by the intercession of powerful friends his punishment was modified to exile. Euzinas, a Spanish translator, was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, but contrived to escape from his dungeon; and a French translation of the Bible sent Louis Le Maistre, better known as De Sacy of Port Royal fame, to the Bastille. This prison was a noted House of Correction for audacious scribes.

Savonarola died at the stake, nominally on account of his sermons and books, really because he was a person inconvenient to the Pope; and everyone knows the graphic description of the tragic scene of his martyrdom recorded in George Eliot's "*Romola*." The Reformers, when they had the power, were not a whit more clement to literature than their opponents. Servetus, on account of his book "*De Restitutione Christianismi*," was burnt alive at Geneva by Calvin: his brow adorned with a crown of straw sprinkled with brimstone, his fatal books at his side, chained to a low seat, and surrounded by piles of blazing faggots, the newness and moisture of which added greatly to his torture.

The names of many other divines, learned and unlearned, might

be mentioned whose works have been very fatal; but theology was not the only branch of literature which brought trouble upon its professors. Fanatics and freethinkers, astrologers, alchemists, and magicians, men of science and philosophers, historians, politicians, and statesmen, satirists, poets, and dramatists, all have experienced something of the same fatality, and suffered prosecution and persecution, fines, a passing acquaintance with the stocks, prison, pillory, ear-cropping, exile, and sometimes death. The victims of fanaticism were usually fitter for an asylum than a prison. Kulmann, their prince, saw strange visions and wrote his mad ravings in two books, entitled "*Aurora*" and "*Prodromus Quinquennii Mirabilis*," which caused him to be exiled from Holland, his native land, whence he wandered through many countries, and was finally burnt at Moscow in 1689. Simon Morin, on account of his "*Pensées*," published in Paris in 1647, was condemned by the Parliament of that city to do penance, dressed in his shirt, with a rope round his neck, a torch in his hand, before the entrance of Notre Dame, and was then burnt with his book, his ashes being cast into the air.

Three famous advocates of polygamy—John Lyser, Bernard Ochin, and Samuel Willenborg—all suffered various pains and penalties on account of the errors expressed in their works. It is curious to note that Lyser had no inclination to practise what he preached: he abhorred womankind and ever remained a bachelor. Probably the love of notoriety, which has proved fatal to many authors, led him to advocate so vehemently his strange opinions.

Books relating to alchemy and magic have caused much trouble. Edward Kelly, the companion of Dr. Dee, had his ears cut off at Manchester, and his friend and patron, whose works were edited by Casaubon, was obliged to fly from England, and seek shelter at the court of the Emperor Rudolf. The impostor, Joseph Francis Borri, an Italian chemist and charlatan, who claimed after the fashion of alchemists to have discovered the philosopher's stone, wrote a book entitled "*The Key of the Cabinet of Borri*," and was imprisoned for life in the Castle of St. Angelo. Urban Grandier, an amiable cleric of France, offended Richelieu in his book, "*La Cordonnière de Loudun*," and consequently, when a strange frenzy broke out among the nuns of the convent of which he was Director, he was accused of witchcraft, and condemned to be burnt. When he ascended the funeral pile a fly was observed to buzz around his head, and a monk standing near declared that as Beelzebub was the God of Flies, the devil was with Grandier in his dying hour, and wished to bear away his soul to the infernal regions.

Among scientific writers one Roger Bacon was imprisoned on account of his books, and everyone knows the treatment which Galileo received at the hands of the Inquisition. Jordano Bruno, an Italian, who was a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, on account of his book, "The Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast," was burnt at Rome in 1595. With a courage worthy of a philosopher, he exclaimed to his merciless judges, "You pronounce sentence upon me with greater fear than I receive it."

Lucilio Vanini was an Italian philosopher of much learning, who, after the fashion of the scholars of his age, roamed from country to country, like the knight-errants of the days of chivalry, seeking for glory and honour, not by the sword, but by learning. This Vanini was a somewhat vain and ridiculous person. He assumed the high-sounding cognomen of Julius Cæsar, and soon wrote a book which caused him to be accused of Atheism. He was burnt at Toulouse in 1619.

The catalogue of historians who have suffered on account of their works is very long. One Antonius Palcanus actually dared to attack the Inquisition itself, and for his pains was hung, strangled, and burnt at Rome in 1566. He stated that that dread tribunal was a dagger pointed at the throats of literary men. As an instance of the foolishness of the method of discovering the guilt of the accused, we may notice that Palcanus was adjudged a heretic because he preferred to sign his name *Aenius* instead of *Antonius*, his accuser alleging that he abhorred the sign of the Cross in the letter T, and therefore abridged his name. By such absurd arguments were men doomed to death.

In England political works have slain many authors. The Marprelate tracts, breathing forth terrible hate and scurrilous abuse against "bouncing priests and bishops," doomed Udal and Penry to the block, and Hacket, Coppinger, and Arthington to severe penalties. Dr. Leighton, a Scottish divine, on account of "Syon's Plea against Prelacy" (1628), was ordered "to be committed to the Fleet Prison for life, and to pay a fine of £10,000 to the King's use, to be degraded from the ministry, to be brought to the pillory at Westminster while the Court was sitting, and be whipped, and after the whipping to have one of his ears cut, one side of his nose slit, and be branded in the face with the letters S.S., signifying Sower of Sedition; after a few days to be carried to the pillory in Cheapside on a market day, and be there likewise whipped, and have the other ear cut off, and the other side of his nose slit, and then to be shut in prison for the remainder of his life, unless his Majesty be

pleased to enlarge him"—a sentence sufficiently severe to deter any rash scribe from venturing upon authorship!

John Stubbs, who wrote "*Discoverie of a Gaping Gull*," &c., protesting against Queen Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou, together with Page, his bookseller, was brought into the open market at Westminster, and had his right hand cut off with a butcher's knife and mallet. With amazing loyalty Stubbs took off his cap with his left hand, and shouted "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" Prynne's punishment on account of "*Histriomastix*" was sufficiently severe; he was condemned to lose both his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be kept in perpetual imprisonment.

To satirise the foibles and weaknesses of mankind has always proved itself to be a somewhat dangerous pastime, as many authors have found to their cost. Italian air seems specially to have favoured this species of writing, but Italian susceptibility has been rather fatal to satirists. The most venomous of all was Gaspar Scioppius, who had such a singular lust for powerful invective that he cared not whom he attacked, and made himself abhorred by all. He earned the title of "the Attila of Authors," and boasted that he caused the death of two of his literary opponents, Casaubon and Scaliger, who, worn out by vexation and disappointment, produced by his attacks, ended their lives in misery. This "public pest of letters and society," as the Jesuits loved to call him, saw the interior of a prison cell at Venice, on account of his attack on the Jesuits in a book entitled "*Relatio ad reges et principes de stratagematibus Societatis Jesu*" (1635), and only escaped death by means of the protection of a powerful Venetian. Powerful friends were certainly useful in the days of savage and relentless criticism. Alphonso V., King of Aragon, performed the charitable office of rescuing, from the clutches of the merciless Holy Office, Laurence Valla, who had incurred the wrath of the Inquisition by his work on the Donation of Constantine. Notwithstanding, the poor author was compelled to renounce his heretical opinions, and was beaten with rods. The severity of Valla's Satire, and the correctness of his Latin, are borne witness to by the following witty epigram:—

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.
Jupiter hunc cæli dignatus honore fuisse,
Censorem lingue sed timet esse suæ.

One of the most famous early Italian satirists was Pietro Aretino, who earned the title of *flagellum principum*, and wrote many rude and obscene satires on great men, varied by several theological

works and a paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms. He was an utterly worthless fellow, and almost deserved his fate, if the story be true, that he, the *flagellum* of princes, was beaten to death by order of the princes of Italy. Another story states that he who laughed at others all his life was himself killed by laughter; his risible faculties being on one occasion so violently excited by certain obscene jests that he fell from his seat, striking his head against the ground with such force that he died. A similar uncertainty of fate enshrouds the death of poor Niccolò Franco, a true poet of Italy of the sixteenth century, who heaped scorn upon the fashionable vices of his age, and inveighed against the reprobates and fools, the crowds of monsignors who were as vain of their effeminacy as the Scipios of their deeds of valour. The Pope and Cardinals, stung by his shafts of satire, cruelly avenged themselves upon the unhappy poet. Some say he was hung on a beam attached to the famous statue of the gladiator, in front of the palace of the Orsini, called the Pasquin, to which the deriders and enemies of the Pope were accustomed to affix their epigrams and pamphlets. Others declare that he suffered punishment in a funeral chamber draped with black; while another authority asserts that the poet was hung on a forked-shaped gibbet.

I met with a copy in a catalogue of old books of Boccacini's "*Ragguagli di Parnasso*" (1612). This was a fatal book. It represents Apollo as judge of Parnassus, citing before him kings, authors, warriors, statesmen, and other mighty personages, minutely examining their faults and crimes, and passing judgment upon them. Inasmuch as these people whom Apollo condemned were the author's contemporaries, it may be imagined that the book created no small stir, and aroused the anger of the victims of his satire. The poor author fled to Venice, where he imagined himself safe; but assassins were not hard to find in the seventeenth century, and one day four strong ruffians seized the obnoxious author, cast him upon a couch, and beat him to death with bags filled with sand.

One example of French satirical writing may be mentioned. Count Roger Rabutin de Bussy exercised his keen wit on the court intrigues and lawless loves of the grand monarch. His first book, "*Les Amours du Palais Royal*," excited the wrath of Louis XIV. This was followed by his "*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*," wherein he described the lax manners of the court, the intrigue of Louis with La Vallière, and lashed all the fair court dames with his satire, amongst them Mesdames d'Olonne and de Chatillon. Unhappily he had the indiscretion to show the book when it was yet in MS. to

his intimate friend, the Marchioness de Beaume. But the best of friends sometimes quarrel, and, unfortunately, the Count and the good lady quarrelled while yet the MS. was in her possession. A grand opportunity for revenge presented itself. She showed the ladies of the court the severe verses which the Count had written. So enraged were they that they carried their complaints to the King, already smarting under De Bussy's satire, and the poor author was immediately sent to the Bastille, and then doomed to perpetual banishment.

Everyone has heard of the fate of Daniel Defoe, the illustrious author of "*Robinson Crusoe*," who was condemned to prison and the pillory for his "*Shortest Way with the Dissenters*." A parody of Young's "*Night Thoughts*," entitled "*Les Jours d'Ariste*," sent Durosoy to the Bastille, and a scandalous poem carried by a gust of wind through an open window condemned Pierre Petit to the stake.

It would be an easy task to multiply instances of literary martyrdom, and to add to our long list of unhappy authors. One writer lost his life on account of a single couplet of verses. This was Caspar Weiser, Professor of Lund in Sweden. When the city was captured by the Danes in 1676, Weiser greeted the conqueror with the following couplet:—

Perge, triumphator, reliquas submittere terras :
Sic redit ad Dominum, quod fuit ante, suum.

This was fatal to him. The Swedish monarch recovered his lost territory, and the poor poet lost his head. The same hard fate befell John Williams in 1619, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on account of two poems, "*Balaam's Ass*" and "*Speculum Regis*," the MSS. of which he foolishly sent secretly in a box to James I. The monarch always feared assassination, and as one of the poems foretold his speedy decease, the prophet incurred the king's wrath, and suffered death for his pains.

We have often heard of authors being compelled to "eat their words," but the operation has seldom been performed literally. One instance of this, however, we can mention. When the Danes lost much of their power during the Thirty Years' War, and were overshadowed by the might of Sweden, one Theodore Reinking, lamenting the diminished glory of his nation, wrote a work upon the history of his country and the guiles of the Swedes. It was not a very excellent work, neither was its author a learned nor accurate historian, but it aroused the anger of the Swedes, who cast Reinking

into prison. There he remained many years, when at length he was offered his freedom on condition that either he should lose his head or eat his book. The author preferred the latter alternative, and with admirable cleverness devoured his book when he had converted it into a kind of sauce. For his own sake, we trust that his work was not a ponderous or bulky volume.

The pains and penalties of authorship have indeed been great, and no other pursuit has had more unhappy victims. The present race of writers may congratulate themselves that they live in peaceable and enlightened times, and need have no fear of being compelled either to eat their books or lose their heads.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

THE history and treatment of the North American Indians is an indictment of the American nation. From the period when negotiations were first entered upon with a view to compensation and the relief and future maintenance of the red man, in exchange for land surrendered to the Government down to the crisis which culminated at "Rosebud," the conduct of the executive has been marked by vacillation and duplicity.

The Indian problem, that is, the proper distribution and settlement of the aboriginal tribes of the North American Continent, is a subject which has been earnestly discussed both in and out of Congress the discussion being signalised on one occasion by a sharp division of parties at Washington—but without any effective legislative results, legislation seemingly being unable to cope with the difficulty.

It has been asserted, and probably with some degree of truth, that there are but few persons who really comprehend the anomalous, not to say critical, situation of affairs in the region in which the savage roams. The Government of the United States commenced upwards of sixty years ago the formation of "reservations" or native settlements for the large Indian population which was then scattered over the wide area east of the Rocky Mountains, the outside boundaries of these reservations to form the limit of Indian territory. The object which the Government of the day sought to accomplish was the withdrawal from their lodges and hunting-ground of most of the formidable tribes of Indians, and their settlement as far as practicable within what is known as "Indian territory," where they would be taught the arts of civilisation and self-support.

Previous to the year 1836 the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles ceded their reservations east of the Mississippi for reserves of land which comprised nearly the whole of the Indian territory. The remainder of the tract was ceded in similar reservations to three remnants of tribes—Senecas, Shawnees, and Quapaws in exchange for lands in Ohio. The limits of these

reservations remained substantially unchanged until 1860, when new treaties were made with the five principal tribes, by which they ceded part of their reservations for money or exchanged them for other lands in the territory. In the following year several other tribes, including the Kiowas and Comanches, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Osages (a remnant of the Sacs and Foxes), the Pottowatomies, and small detachments of the Ottowas, Peorias, Koskoskias, Piankeshaws, and Miamis, obtained reservations on tracts thus relinquished to the Government. These reservations, in addition to those retained by other tribes, comprised the whole territory, with the exception of a small remnant of the land purchased back from the principal tribes in 1866.

When this system of establishing Indian reservations began it was supposed that the red man would be moved indefinitely out of the track of American progress. But within a comparatively few years the stream of white immigration had rolled up to the very borders of the Indian territory, which it encircled with a *cordon* of prosperous states, the resources of which were found to be of greater importance than those of some of the older states from which the Indian had been originally removed. This tide of settlement westward necessitated the construction of railways, and as the route of many of the new lines penetrated Indian reservations it became necessary to extinguish by some means the Indian title. Railway officials and others availed themselves of the opportunity then offered to acquire immense tracts of valuable land at a nominal price. The native Indians were induced by promises of having better reservations granted to them elsewhere to surrender the title to their lands for a small and in some instances utterly insignificant amount. The Indians on a "reservation" form a small principality ruled over by the agent appointed by the Government, who is invested with absolute control, and whose jurisdiction is final and complete. He is the custodian of both money and property voted for the Indian Service, and his official position and contact with the native tribes secure to him very considerable benefits, among other things being the control of the trade in arms and illicit articles. This individual, who receives his appointment as the reward of political services without regard to qualification or ability, is in the majority of cases utterly unfit for the responsible duties he is called upon to discharge, and evidences of his venality and incompetency are of almost daily occurrence.

The area of the Indian territory proper embraces upwards of 62,000 square miles, about 40,000,000 acres, and is occupied by members of numerous tribes, each tribe claiming a distinct organiza-

tion, and in many cases a separate reserve. These tribes differ widely in the degree of civilisation to which they have attained. About 70,000 make a permanent residence of the territory, and the balance, nearly 100,000, nominally occupy the reservations assigned to them. These vast tracts of land are held by a title in common to all members of the different tribes. There is no individual proprietorship, and consequently no motive for individual enterprise. As the lands are inalienable from the tribes, except to the Government, white settlers cannot occupy the country, and trade intercourse between them and the nomads is harassed by jealous and vexatious restrictions. No one tribe can speak for the rest, therefore if one or two or more of the tribes should consent to a certain negotiation among themselves or with strangers outside the territory, the objections of other tribes might prevail against the arrangement.

The Indian territory is said to be capable of sustaining a population of three millions in comfort; but, as it is at present administered, it barely affords support for an inconsiderable number of savage and indolent aborigines, and a tribal pride, half civilised ideas, and hereditary jealousy of encroachment have led the latter to adopt a policy alike prescriptive of the interests of white men and suicidal to their own.

A reference to the character and proceedings of one great tribe, the Apaches, will be sufficient to illustrate at least a portion of the difficulties which beset the question of settlement in a consideration of the relative privileges of the Indian and the rights of the white settler.

The Apaches are divided into numerous bands, who are governed by petty chiefs, and, including the Mojaves and Yumas, number about 15,000. The principal divisions of the Apaches are named Coyoteros, Tontos, Gileños, Mescaleros, Ticanillas, Mojaves, and what is known as Cochises¹ tribe. Each of these tribes or bands is governed by a petty chief or captain. The Apaches have no common head, and when the chief of one of these bands is not acceptable to his people he is removed and another chosen in his stead. In this respect they are republican. They have lived principally by theft and such supplies as they could obtain from the natural product of the country. They have levied their contributions for centuries upon Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango. They often travel hundreds of miles from their mountain homes, and unexpectedly sally forth upon a settlement to murder and devastate, to capture herds, and to carry into captivity women and

¹ Named after one of the most bloodthirsty of the Apache chiefs.

children. They are exceedingly fleet, both in traversing the vast plains and in climbing the rugged mountain ranges, and are excellent horsemen. Their weapons are the bow and arrow, which they never abandon, although they may possess arms of precision. They also use a shield or *chimal* leopard's skin, ornamented with feathers, and having a small mirror in the centre, with which they succeed in dazzling the enemy. When pursued they practise every art to draw the pursuing party into an ambuscade, when they fall upon them unexpectedly, and celebrate their victories by infernal dances around the scalps torn from their victims.

General Crook describes the Apaches as the "wildest, fiercest, most cruel, and barbarous in all their habits and instincts of the American Indians." Repeated attempts have been made to induce the Apaches to remain on reservations, but they have gone off upon various pretexts; and while receiving support from the Government they have committed unprovoked attacks upon unoffending citizens, resorting to both robbery and violence, and when their infamous work was accomplished they would return to the reservations for safety and rest.

The Apaches are of a bronze colour, and in common with most of the aborigines of the North American continent wear long hair, but have no beards. They are polygamists, and have as many wives as they can induce to live with them. The women do all the hard labour, and are often treated with great severity. They have no ceremony to celebrate the marriage relation, but after marriage the Indian expects and demands fidelity on the part of his wives, and any deviation from the path of virtue is punished by cutting off the nose.

In south-eastern portions of Colorado and Southern Utah there are several well known Indian reservations and agricultural and industrial camps. The "Uinta," one of the principal reservations, is situate in a beautiful valley in the Uinta range of mountains, and contains 2,000,000 acres of land, of which about 1,500 acres are under cultivation, and upon which are settled the Uinta and White River bands of Utes, numbering in all about 900 persons. In addition to the Uinta tribes proper there have been absorbed among them numbers of the Timpanagos, She-be-re-chers, San Piche, Paisons, and Spanish Fork Indians, many of whom are advanced in agriculture, possess good farms, and live in comfortable huts and *so'che-ups*. Uinta is also the headquarters of the "Ouray" agency, and contains a good deal of productive farming land, being well watered throughout. The various tribes gathered under this agency

are exceptionally well cared for, being under the able management of Colonel Byrne, who has devoted many years to their advancement, and under whose wise administration they have progressed rapidly in husbandry and other industries.

The wealth of the Indian is of course centred in his ponies and mustangs, and for some years past a number of Utes have turned their attention to "freighting" and "lumbering," and have earned a good deal of money by it. There are about 300 Utes upon the Skull Valley reservation, who have been settled there for upwards of thirty years, during which period they have been successful in developing local industries, and in raising grain crops and vegetables. Inclusive of the "Shoshones" and "Snake" Indians, the Utes and Piutes number over 10,000. The Indian chiefs of Utah are Tabbie; "To-que-ner" (blackfox), one of the chiefs of the Utes proper; and "Tab-i-oona." The Utes have no marriage or religious ceremony: they buy and sell their women and daughters. The labour incident to a campaign devolves chiefly upon the wife, or "squaw," even to the construction of the *wick-i-up*, and upon her shoulders rests the burden of the lures and penates in their wanderings. She saddles the horse and equips the "brave" for the chase, unloads the game brought in by the hunter, and dresses the native skins. Both men and women are inveterate gamblers, the latter using sticks to gamble with for beads and paint.

The most advanced of the native tribes are the "Cherokees" and "Nex Perces," members of both of which tribes have not only distinguished themselves in industrial progress, but have produced some well-known scholars and teachers, who render a great service to their less educated kindred.

Among the different tribes are several native interpreters, who are employed by Government and attached to the reservations. One of the most intelligent of these is an aboriginal of Utah county, named "Komas." He was taken to the eastern states some years ago by Lieutenant Graffan, by whom he was placed in Lincoln University, Pennsylvania. A short time back he was called upon to act as an interpreter at Washington upon the occasion of the visit of Utes there with Dr. Dodge, and recently he returned to Utah in company with Major Powell. He is a man of respectable address, can write a readable letter, and manifests a great interest in Indian matters generally throughout the West. His last work was to take a census of the Indians on the Uinta reservation.

It is creditable alike to the humanity and good sense of the Mormon community that the policy which has been adopted by

them towards the natives, since their settlement in the country, appears to have been a peaceable one. The Indians have been met by expressions of goodwill and treated with kindness. Both labour and means have been expended in locating farms for their use, in supplying them with implements, and instructing them in husbandry.

Investigation has shown that in the majority of cases hostilities between the white settlers and the Indians have been the result of reckless and ill-treatment of the latter by emigrants passing through the country. Some of the settlements now traversed by the Utah Northern Railway—a portion of the country visited by the Shoshones—have been more than once imperilled by the lawlessness of the whites.¹ One of the most serious conflicts with the Indians occurred in Southern Utah, when good progress had been made in the formation of outlying settlements. Its immediate cause was the death of an Indian from a blow dealt him by a colonist named Ivey. A war ensued which lasted several years, and which became known as the "Wah-ker" outbreak. A number of lives were lost on both sides, and several flourishing townships on the frontier had to be abandoned, and were afterwards burned by the Indians. Overtures of a conciliatory character were made to the Indians, and the authorities adopted the most pacific measures to allay the irritation between the two races, but unavailingly. The vindictive spirit of the Indian had been aroused by isolated acts of violence and outrage, perpetrated generally by some inebriate or reckless stranger, and robberies and retaliations continued to be committed until the inhabitants of Kane and Washington counties were compelled to guard their property with armed men. The vigilance of the militia, organised in the southern counties, assisted by detachments from places as far north as Salt Lake, contributed to hold the Indians in check, but not until several of their number had fallen victims to the insatiate ferocity of the savages.

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In striking contrast to the Sioux and Apaches are the Pimas, a community of Indians residing on the Gila river, who are supposed

¹ A short time previously to the opening of the Pacific Railway a strong party who were travelling from the Missouri to California encamped on the river *Madad*. The next day, without any provocation, they wantonly shot a number of Indians (who proved to be Squaws), while the latter were crossing the river on horseback, and took the horses which had been ridden by the Indians, afterwards continuing their journey westward. As soon as the circumstance became known to the warriors of the tribes, they made a descent upon the settlement. A company of volunteers were at once equipped, and ascertaining by the aid of some friendly natives the cause of the Indian outbreak, they succeeded in restoring peace; the injured tribes accepting payment from the settlers for the loss they had sustained in Squaws and horses.

to have inhabited that region for several hundred years. They have a reservation twenty-six miles long by four miles wide, upon which are ten or twelve villages with a population numbering 3,000, including a tribe called the Maricopas, who took refuge with the Pimas about ninety years ago, and have since affiliated with them.

The Pimas are brave warriors, and, in conjunction with their allies, have successfully fought the fierce Apaches for many years. They cultivate fields of wheat, corn, and cotton; they spin and make up articles of clothing and weave blankets. Probably the Pimas enjoy the best social record of any of the nomads; they are credited with being friendly and truthful. Emigrants, worn and weary after their tedious journey through the interior, have been uniformly treated with kindness, and received protection and a generous hospitality in the Pima villages.

Exploration has been of late years pushed beyond the limits of Mormon settlement, penetrating new country south of the Rio Colorado. That it is not unattended with peril, even in the territory occupied by the peaceably disposed Navajos, is sufficiently proved by the recent experience of a Nevada "prospecting party." Mr. S——, one of the principal residents of Poche, and the leader of the party, narrating his adventure, says: "At the beginning of the year we had reached the Colorado, and after a short stay at the residence of Mr. J. D. Lee, of Moweeabbe, were preparing to resume our journey southwards, when a native chief rode up to the house, who proved to be 'Tubay,' belonging to the Moquis tribe of Indians.

"Mr. Lee speaks the Indian language fluently, and through him we soon learned the cause of the chief's visit. A Navajo Indian, friendly to Mr. Lee, had arrived at 'Tubay's' lodge that morning (having ridden all night), and requested the latter to inform Lee 'that three natives had been killed and wounded (it was alleged) by Mormons a few days before in an affray in the neighbourhood of Grass Valley, on the north fork of the Sevier river, that the wounded Indian had arrived at his camp the night before, and was actively engaged in inciting the Navajos to war; that the young men were clamouring for revenge, and to warn him that he would probably be attacked within four days.' The information was not a little startling. There was no possibility of obtaining assistance nearer than 150 miles. Mr. Lee's family consisted of himself, his wife and son, and several young children. After a brief consultation, we sent a letter to Fort Defiance announcing the condition of affairs, *Tubay promising to forward it by one of his Indians*, and Mr. Lee

and his son started for Kanab to obtain assistance. After their departure we placed the house in the best condition of defence possible, and awaited the issue.

"On the third day a Piute Indian sent by the Navajos arrived. After a long talk, we gathered that the young men of the tribe, who were at first determined on war, had resolved by the advice of their chief to await the arrival of Jacob Hamlin, who had for several years acted as the representative of Brigham Young in all negotiations of importance with the Indians, and learn what settlement of the affair he was prepared to offer. This augured a more favourable issue than we had been led to expect, since two of the slain Indians were sons of one of the chiefs.

"On the 29th, Messrs. Lee, Hamlin, and Smithson arrived, the advanced guard of a party from Kanab then on the road. Mr. Hamlin, after staying only to take some refreshment, started at once for the nearest Moquis village, eight miles off, to send a messenger to the Navajos, notifying them of his arrival, my brother and myself accompanying him. We reached there at sundown, and found to our great disappointment that with the exception of a lame Piute all the Indians were gone to a big dance at the Oriba village, twenty miles distant. We remained there that night, and the next morning we started for the Oriba settlement, taking Huck-a-Bur, the lame Indian, who was a good interpreter, along with us. After we had ridden about twelve miles, we met the Indian envoy who had been sent on the former occasion. He expressed himself greatly pleased on seeing Hamlin, saying that the Indians were anxious to meet him, and urged him to go back with him to the camp of a Navajos chief, which he said was not more than fifteen miles distant.

"After consultation we consented, and rode some twenty-five miles instead of fifteen before we reached the Navajos camp, which consisted of only two lodges. A tall, powerful Indian, on whose head the snows of many winters rested, welcomed us with impressiveness, and an embrace like the hug of a grizzly, and invited us to enter.

"The *wick-e-up*, which was substantially built of heavy cedar logs about fifteen feet long, was circular in form, like the skin lodges of the Indians of the plains, with an opening near the top to give a vent to the smoke, and being covered with bark and dirt, it was very warm and comfortable. This was the more agreeable to our party, as it had been snowing hard all the afternoon. There were three Navajos and three squaws, one of the latter being a very pretty girl, and the two Piutes. The chief we came to see was not there, but *was (they said) only distant a few miles.*

"As we were anxious to return we pressed the Navajo to despatch the Piute to him that night in order that he might meet us early next morning, and close the business that day. Hamlin, though perfectly familiar with the Piute tongue, knew very little of the Navajo language, and the services of Huck-a-Bur were called into requisition. After a friendly smoke, the Navajos present expressed themselves anxious that the affair should be settled without further bloodshed, and that this was the wish of the principal men of the tribe. The Navajos had long known Hamlin, and they believed he would do what was right. The affair thus far seemed to promise a favourable termination; we were furnished with a substantial supper of broiled goat's flesh and cornmeal mush; the Squaws grinding the meal in the old-fashioned way between two stones, and after smoking several pipes with our savage friends, we retired to rest on a pile of buffalo skins and Navajo blankets, worth a horse apiece, and slept soundly.

"The next morning the Indians gave us an excellent breakfast, and we passed the morning sauntering about, examining such articles of Indian manufacture as were new to us, and endeavouring to while away the time until the arrival of the chief. A little before noon twelve Navajo braves armed with rifles and bows and arrows rode up at a gallop, and dismounting, entered the lodge without shaking hands, and called in an insolent tone of voice for tobacco. We gave them some, and after smoking awhile they threw everything out of the lodge, saying there were more Navajos coming, enough to fill the lodge. Sure enough, several others soon rode up, making nineteen in all, but no chief. To our inquiry as to his whereabouts, they replied that he had gone to Fort Defiance.

"We took our seats, completely filling the lodge, and all hands smoked in silence for some time. Presently the Indian whose lodge we occupied commenced talking, and spoke with only occasional momentary interruption from the others for about an hour. After he had finished, five or six others talked in rapid succession, and from their earnest tones and impassioned gestures, so different from the usual manner of Indians, we could see they were much excited. Without understanding what they said, we could gather enough to know that the temper they were in boded no good to us. One old scoundrel of brawny frame, with hair as white as snow, spoke in a stentorian voice, and his frequent gestures looked decidedly ominous. When they had talked for about two hours there was a pause, and the interpreter arose. Walking slowly across the lodge, he seated himself by the side of Hamlin. He was

a Piute—a slave of the Navajos—and as they have the unpleasant habit of sometimes killing their interpreters if their views are not expressed in accordance with their wishes, and as he was conscious that what he was about to reveal was not calculated to render us very amiable, I could excuse the tremor that shook him in every limb. Commencing in a low tone, he said: 'The Navajos believed that all Hamlin had said the night before was a lie; they thought he was of the party to the killing of the three men, and with the exception of our host and two others of the older Indians, they had given their vote for death. Most of them were of opinion that it was best not to kill my brother and myself, as we were Americans, but they intended to make us witness the torture of Hamlin, and then send us back on foot.' Hamlin behaved with admirable coolness—not a muscle in his face quivered, not a feature changed—as he communicated to us in his usual tone of voice what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all. When the interpreter had ceased speaking, Hamlin in an even and collected manner commenced his reply. He reminded the Indians of his long acquaintance with their tribe, of the many negotiations he had conducted between his people and theirs, and his dealings with them in years gone by, and challenged them to prove that he had ever deceived them, had ever spoken with a forked tongue. He drew a map of the country on the ground, and showed them the impossibility of his having been a participant of the affray. To their insolent query, *imne-cok'h nanajji?* (ain't you afraid?), he replied with great presence of mind, 'Why should we be afraid of our friends? Are not the Navajos our friends, and we theirs—else why did we place ourselves in your power?' He spoke for a long time, and though frequently and rudely interrupted, his patience and nerve never deserted him, and when he ceased it was apparent that his reasoning had not been without effect on their stubborn bosoms. But the good influence was of short duration. A young Indian—a son of the chief and brother of two of the slain Indians—addressed the assembled warriors, and we could perceive that the tide was rapidly turning against us. He wound up his impassioned harangue by springing to his feet, and pointing to an Indian who had not yet spoken, called on him to come forward. The Indian came and knelt in front of the young chief, who with one hand tore back the buckskin hunting shirt he wore, revealing the marks of a recent bullet wound, and with the other pointed to the fire, uttering, or rather hissing, a few emphatic words, which we learned afterwards expressed a demand for instant death by fire.

"The effect was electric! The sight of the wounded brave roused their passions to the utmost fury, and as we glanced round the savage circle our hands involuntarily tightened their grasp on our six-shooters, for it seemed that our hour had come. Had we shown a symptom of fear we were lost, but we sat perfectly quiet and kept a wary eye on the foe. The scene was intensely thrilling. The erect athletic form of the young chief, as he stood pointing his finger to the wound in the kneeling figure before him, the circle of crouching forms—their dusky and painted faces animated by every passion that hatred and ferocity could kindle, and their glittering eyes fixed with one malignant impulse upon us—the whole partially illumined by the fitful gleam of the fire light (for by this time it was dark), formed a picture not easily to be forgotten.

"The suspense was broken by the Navajo, our host, who once again raised his voice in our behalf, and a stormy discussion ensued, which ended by Hamlin compelling them to acknowledge that he had been their friend, that he had never lied to them, and that he was worthy of belief now. The strain was over, and we breathed freely again. We smoked the pipe of peace, and a roasted goat being shortly produced, we fell to with a will and gnawed ribs together, as amiably as if it had not been their benevolent intention just previously to roast us instead of the goat.

"By this time it was past midnight, the discussion having been prolonged for eleven hours. I never was so tired in my life. To remain eleven hours in a partially recumbent position, cramped for room, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, and momentarily expecting a conflict which must be to the death, is tolerably hard work.

"After supper it was arranged by Hamlin that we should go home in the morning and wait the arrival of the chief, for whom they promised to despatch a trusty messenger. We slept by turns till morning broke, when we bade our amiable friends good-bye, and started for the Moweabbe, where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, to the great joy of our party, who had given us up as lost.

"The following morning Mr. Hamlin left for St. George to lay the matter before the church authorities, by whom, we afterwards learnt, the affair was satisfactorily arranged."

A great number of relics and antiquities have been found in different parts of this and the adjoining territory, the most interesting discoveries having been made in Southern Utah. Among the latter are jugs, bowls, vases, &c., in terra-cotta; pipes, charms, and tablets

with rude inscriptions; an iron sword obtained in a mound at Fillmore, and crania of Mexican type. Of the specimens of mound pottery that have been preserved, one is a bowl that has the figure of a tessellated pavement, another is covered with Egyptian-like characters put on symmetrically but apparently without effort, leading to the supposition that large quantities of this ware had been manufactured. While the historical accuracy of these relics is unquestioned, there is little evidence to identify or connect them with a race corresponding ethnologically with the present aboriginal Indians. The remains indicate a civilisation more in accord with a former Mexican or Aztec occupancy.

It is known that during the Spanish Conquest, the Aztecs were driven from Mexico into the vast deserts lying to the north and west, and from there across the Colorado river. There are remains of cities and towns scattered throughout New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. On the north side of the Colorado and Green rivers the cañon walls are decorated with numerous hieroglyphics and picture writing, the meaning of which is entirely unknown to the Indians inhabiting that region. On the top of almost inaccessible cliffs, whose vertical height is from three to four thousand feet, and down into cavernous chasms, the remains of large towns may be still found. Here a numerous and powerful race—peace loving and industrious—lived for many years, tilling the soil and building houses three and four storeys high. Their underground houses, which they used as places of worship, as well as to work in, are still found in a state of preservation. These "kevas" are about twelve feet deep and from twelve to twenty feet square. In them the men used to weave blankets, meet to talk and smoke, and to hold council. At their seasons of worship they were used as temples, being cleared of everything unholy, and were entered only by men. The entrance is through a hole in the top, and thence to the bottom by a ladder.

Of their later history it is traditionally stated that besieged in their stronghold by the warlike nomadic tribes with whom they were unable to cope in the open field, they were reduced by starvation, disease, and the assaults of their enemies from a powerful nation to a few hundreds,¹ who, making a treaty with the Pah-Utes, returned to the east side of the river, there to remain, while the Utes should

¹ The Moqui Pueblos, the only descendants of this ancient race, are to be found living near the summit of almost vertical cliffs, several hundred feet high, 100 miles south-east of the *Paria*, where their small towns have been constructed, and where, on the *mesas* or surrounding plateau, they cultivate grain crops to some extent, raising Indian-corn, melons, &c. Wood, which is scarce, is obtain-

occupy the opposite country. The excavations made during the past year by a portion of the Ordnance Survey in Arizona, laying bare the foundation and part of the wall of what appears to have been a massive structure, with the remains of an aqueduct near the river, sufficiently attest the antiquity as well as the skill of the former occupants of the country. But our whole knowledge of this interesting people, presumably descendants of the once powerful Montezuma, is legendary and shadowy in the extreme.

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able seven or eight miles distant, and is brought into camp on the backs of women. I have seen a train of these women with great piles of "brush" fastened on their backs winding across the valley in Indian file, and with a celerity that would do credit to a mule train. They obtain a supply of water from the reservoirs which are cut out of the rock. These water-pans are bowl-shaped, and are about ten feet deep, and perhaps thirty feet in diameter, and they are generally supplied by the springs which flow from the base of the limestone cliffs.

JANET: A STUDY.

NOBODY could tell why everyone fell in love with Janet, only it had always been so. You could not call her exactly pretty only you couldn't take your eyes off her. She never seemed to encourage male attentions, only there was never a time when she had not received them.

The baby boys offered her sweets when she was a baby girl. When she was six the older boys brought her pennies which her nurse took away, and when she was ten the clergyman's son nearly slew the village attorney's young hopeful, because he boasted that Janet had given him a kiss for an orange. Old gentlemen played at ball with her in the park when she went to London, and when she was twelve the jobmasters would give her rides for nothing, and the coachman would let her sit on the box and handle the reins when nurse drove out with the baby.

Janet never cared much for dolls, except one sailor-boy doll, but she was passionately fond of cats, and never tired of fondling a tame rabbit that would follow her about like a dog.

Janet had few girl friends, and those few were jealous of her. So she kept changing them, and she never seemed quite happy except with men, and with them she was always at her ease; and it didn't seem to matter much what men. She patronised the boys of her own age, and would talk to them like a mother, which annoyed them intensely, only they felt they would rather be talked to that way by Janet than not at all.

By the time she was fifteen she was so accustomed to receive all sorts of presents, homage and flatteries from all sorts and ages of males, that she sometimes forgot to be even grateful, and it never seemed to occur to her that any return was expected, or, indeed, at all necessary. She always liked men older than herself, and they liked her. She said boys were so tiresome, and required such a lot of explanation and bother, and weren't worth it.

Nothing could be more demure, as a rule, than Janet, but her eyes were never quite at rest, and she had a way of looking over your

shoulder when speaking to you, and just meeting your eyes for a moment on and off, which made you keep looking at her and waiting for the next time.

People said her eyes had something electric about them. She could not help that, but she was not quite unconscious of the fact, and she seemed to feel it might be too much for you—or herself—if she looked at you too often or too long.

Janet did not talk much, but she made her men talk, or, rather, she provided a certain atmosphere in which the poor things seemed unable to keep anything to themselves. One man would tell her how tired he was of the girl he was engaged to. Janet was only sixteen, but nodded her head as if she quite understood, and thought it most natural. Another declared he was so wretched and so short of money that he intended to commit suicide. Janet put her arm on his wrist, and opened her large eyes wide, and said "Don't."

"No, I won't!" said the man, "because I—I love you!"

"You mustn't," said Janet.

"I can't help it."

"Poor boy!" He was five years older than she was.

"Don't call me poor."

"You said you hadn't a cent."

"You're laughing at me!"

"No. I'm sorry for you—so very sorry—because you are so nice and kind and clever, and I'm sure you'll get all right."

"Not if I mayn't love you."

Janet had heard this so often, although she was but sixteen. So she did not crimson, nor get nervous, nor consult her mother. She merely said, "Oh, talk sense! Sit down and tell me all—will you?" Would he? Could he help himself? Was not this the most blissful moment he had had for weeks, months, years? And when he had finished telling Janet he tried to kiss her hand, which she allowed him to do, and then she jumped up and looked a little frightened. The gong rang for lunch. "You oughtn't, you know," she said; "and I should be very angry, only you're so unhappy, and—and—all that," and then the door opened and in came mamma.

Well, that and dozens of other flirtations—no, not exactly flirtations, only sympathetic relations, *moments sensibles, battements de cœur*—came to nothing. And Janet used sometimes to lie awake and think what love really might be, and wonder whether she would ever feel at all like the men who were always ogling her, and making love to her in season and out of season. Not that Janet was indifferent to these attentions. The male companionship magnetism,

acting chiefly through the battery of eyes, day by day, year by year, seemed at once to develop in her many strange and complex sympathies, and each time there was something new about it; and although the men all said very much the same thing, they were all delightfully different, and their sentimental eloquence seemed to bathe her at times in a beautiful dream of tenderness, mingled with a growing sense of exhilaration. Beside which, life without men felt so dull and sunless.

When Janet was seventeen she was sensible of a change in herself. She was losing self-reliance. Captain Mildmay's attentions had certainly been rather marked, and, what is more, sustained.

It was a glorious summer's day. She stepped into the boat, and whilst she took the strings and sat in the helm to steer, the captain's strong arms pulled her down the river and round a little wooded island, and the boat was suddenly slid up alongside the bank. He seemed tired of pulling and she of steering, and so, shipping his oars without more ado, he came and sat down at her feet and looked straight in her face. Of course he was talking and she was listening. He was telling her of his campaign at Chitral, of the inhuman hardships that don't sound very heroic when told in cold blood, especially when hot blood has not been copiously shed. Then he spoke of standing face to face with death in so many forms, of the loneliness of exile, of his day-dreams, and the need a man has of love, and the bliss of finding the girl who responds, or might (as she would) respond to his passion. The captain's hand had somehow found hers; in another moment, before she knew what he was doing, the captain's moustached lips— Of course Janet was angry—oh, she was quite angry but she would not have had it otherwise. Still she was alarmed at a certain novel feeling that she was powerless, and *liked* being powerless; and so in a very pleading and earnest voice—for her anger had died away very quickly—"Dear, good Captain Mildmay, be kind, be generous. Row me back, please do—and *now*!" and she felt for the strings of the rudder. "Oh, Janet—Miss Armitage, I mean—you are cruel," but, like the gentleman he was, he rowed her back.

It was only a fortnight after this that she met at dinner young De Winton, who was reading for the Bar, and actually devilling a little for the great Sir Spankum Batten. They met at a house two miles from her father's, in the environs of Sousby-on-the-Marsh. De Winton took her down to dinner, and made himself vastly agreeable. The pony-carriage not arriving, the young man offered to accompany Janet home. As he was a distant relation, no obstacles

were raised. The night was fine—too fine—the air balmy, and glow-worms were in the hedges as the soft moon rose over the hill.

"If we gather the glow-worms in a handkerchief," said De Winton, "we can make a lamp."

They were some time over it, but they made a lamp.

More than once in the darkness of the hedges Janet's foot slipped, and more than once De Winton's arm was rather more than ready to support her. The road got a little rough. They had to cross a stubble field. She took his proffered arm, and the next was a field of new-mown hay. She leaned for a moment rather heavily on De Winton, and felt an odd, faint helplessness coming over her, similar to what she had experienced in the boat.

"You are tired," said the young lawyer. "Sit here for a moment on this haycock." She sank down, and felt for the first time very tired, but so happy.

"I don't feel," said the lawyer, heaping the hay behind her back and making a pillow for her head, "I don't feel as if I wanted to get to the end of our walk—do you?"

"I don't know," said the girl.

"You needn't know ; can't you feel?"

"Feel what?" said Janet vaguely, with that sense of drifting just as she had drifted on the river in the boat, a fortnight since, with Captain Mildmay.

"Feel," said De Winton, with fervour, as he pressed closer to her side, "that it is heaven to be here—to me at least it is—with you, Miss Armitage. I never met anyone like you—I never shall."

"Hush," said Janet, "you don't know what you are saying ; help me up—they will be anxious—I must get back home ;" but the words died on her lips and she made no effort to rise. And they sat there some time longer.

It certainly was late when she arrived home—the family had gone to bed—all but the housekeeper who let her in. This worthy woman was not surprised, and did not appear to notice Janet's heightened colour. The old housekeeper was nearly seventy, and had left off being surprised at anything, and so she accepted Janet's explanation as very simple and natural. The pony had gone lame, and none of the family were anxious about Janet, as she was dining at an old friend's and would surely be put up for the night, or be supplied with a safe escort. Was the escort so very safe?

As Janet sat on the foot of her little bed that night she asked herself that question. Was her escort safe?—was any escort safe? She remembered Captain Mildmay. She was sorry he was so very

much in love, but she enjoyed his being in love very much. And then she thought of what happened in the hayfield. She was not quite sure whether De Winton was quite so much in love with her as Captain Mildmay, but she thought he too must be or why did he—

Remember, Janet was only seventeen. She was very much in love herself at the time with—both, in fact, but she knew perfectly well she did not want to marry either of these gentlemen. She felt if she married Mildmay, De Winton might come along and seem preferable, and she was quite sure if she married De Winton it would be perfectly fatal to both were Mildmay to come along or, or—some one else. And yet Janet was all the time brooding over the perilous new pleasure of feeling so delightfully helpless and under the spell of attractions which she had been in early girlhood quite able to control, but which as she ripened into womanhood seemed now rather awkwardly to control her—a startling development this, which threatened to take her more and more out of her own keeping. She did not like that.

That night, as she thought of Mildmay and De Winton, her early girlhood with all its light experiences and surprises seemed to float away from her for ever. She sounded the depths of her nature, and felt for the first time she had been an unconscious trifle with some of the deep things of the soul; that she was without discipline or stability or strength, and in danger of wrecking the happiness of other people beside her own.

Janet felt she wanted advice. Some girls would have looked out for a woman friend, but she could never take counsel with women friends. She wanted a man's advice, and not a young man's either; the young men had confused her, and she wanted to see clear. The young men could not control themselves, and how could they guide her, who needed above all things at this crisis in her life—for it was a crisis—guidance and self-control?

There was only one person in the whole of Sousby-on-the-Marsh to whom her thoughts instinctively turned. It was Dr. Farnand. He must have been over fifty, but he was a great favourite with women, and he had recently lost his wife—a very cross-grained jealous woman to whom he behaved like an angel, and for whose death he seemed at first quite inconsolable; but he sought comfort in increasing assiduity in his attentions to the poor and in unwearied kindness to those who could ill afford to pay.

Dr. Farnand had attended Janet in such slight illnesses as she had had. Indeed, he had brought her into the world and watched

her at times with some anxiety. "My dear child," he had once said to her, "you should find something to do; pleasure is all very well, but I don't believe you ever learned very much as a day-scholar at Miss Multiple's academy, and you seem hardly ever to open a book."

Janet did not like being lectured, but she did not mind dear, kind Dr. Farnand; he might say anything he chose to her. Had he not sat up with her all one night when she had the fever, and was he not the only person whom she felt indisposed—perhaps unable—to disobey? And then he was really very amusing with his butterflies and beetles and tame bats, and quite "sort of young," as she used to say, and always treated her like a sensible girl and an equal, instead of talking nonsense, or trying to take little sly liberties—like some elderly men she came across, and he always told her quite frankly what she wanted to know, and managed to say the right thing; and now she had never been in quite such a mental muddle.

It was certainly very shocking to like two men almost equally and to feel happy in the same way with both, and—and unable to take care of herself with either. That was the worst of it. So on the whole Janet was not happy at all—in fact, she was miserable without exactly knowing why. Other girls seemed so delighted with lots of admiration, and the more men made love to them the better they seemed pleased. But Janet was different. She wanted to understand herself. She wanted—yet it had never occurred to her before she wanted to be *right in her own eyes*. She felt that the unconscious fascination which seemed to radiate from her was getting quite embarrassing. For years it had only embarrassed other people, now it began to embarrass her. It led her into situations in which she lost her head—if not her heart. Yes, Janet sadly needed advice.

"Good-morning, Miss Janet; and where have you been all this time? We missed you in the choir on Sunday." The doctor reined up his horse as he spoke, and Janet, she hardly knew why, felt her face flush as she gave him her hand, and then turned to pat the horse's neck—it seemed such a relief to pat something just then.

"There were plenty of others to sing. I don't suppose I was much missed."

"I missed you," said Dr. Farnand. "Pray, is that of no consequence, Miss, and am I of no consequence?" And there was a half-serious twinkle in his kindly eye which drew a sudden but quite genuine admission from the young girl.

"I had rather you missed me than anyone else."

"There are so many new friends to think of now, no doubt," he said.

"New friends?" said Janet. "Who? What—what do you mean?"

"Why, their name is legion, I think. There's Captain Mildmay, for instance, and the clever young legal gentleman De Winton, and Major——"

"I'm sure you need not go on, Doctor. You're my best—my very best friend, and you always were. These others make me——"

She paused. The doctor leaned over his horse's neck and looked at her with that grave little smile of his which somehow always seemed to invite confidence. She met his eyes just for a moment and then looked over his shoulder as was her habit.

"Make you what?" said the doctor. "What do they make you?"

"Miserable," said Janet. "Are you going home, Doctor?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because—I want you to speak to me. I—I want advice. Will you?"

"You look uncommonly well," said the doctor cheerily, with a little laugh, "but I dare say I can write you a prescription. I should be more or less than a doctor if I were not able to do that for you, ill or well; but I should not advise you to take it. What's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter, and I want advice."

The doctor looked at Janet's fresh bright face. She certainly was bewitching. Pretty was not at all the word, as from beneath her long dark eyelashes she stole another timid, but almost beseeching glance at him, with a world of imploring meaning in it, as who should say, "Oh, do—do understand that I want to say a lot of things I can't say—and do help me—don't make it difficult for me to tell—to tell——" And poor Janet had not in the least made up her mind what she meant to tell.

The doctor looked puzzled and a little grave.

"We are close there," he said. "I will go round to the stable and leave the horse, and if you go straight to the house and ask for me and say you will wait till I come in, I will see you in my consulting-room, where we shall be quite undisturbed."

Janet felt dreadfully nervous now as she sat down in the doctor's ante-chamber. She knew his house well. It had always been from childhood a delightful house to her. She remembered how he used to take her on his knee when she was only six, and tell her to put out her tongue; and mix a nasty little draught of something, and coax her to swallow it; and then give her a bonbon and a kiss and

tell her she was a brave little girl, and not like some who were naughty and would not take their medicine. So she had always felt a pride in being a good patient. Then she remembered how, when she was twelve, she had sprained her knee badly and was carried helpless into his surgery, and how gentle and kind he was, and how cleverly he found the exact spot, and then discovered in a cupboard a sort of sheath which exactly fitted her bruised leg, and how tenderly he bandaged it up, and how quickly she got well, and how she looked forward to his visits and did not seem to be shy or to mind him a bit, but she felt dreadfully shy and nervous now. Then her eye caught a desiccated poppy's head which reminded her of some delightful rambles in the fields and woods, with other children (the doctor loved children), on what the doctor called his half-holiday. She remembered when the poppy was gathered and how interestingly he explained everything about the flowers and the bees and the moles and the rabbits, and taught the children to lie very still in the woods and beside the hedges, and make friends with the birds and the wild animals; and once when they had strayed rather far and she was not feeling very well, and completely tired out, she remembered—she was only nine then—how he had carried her for more than a mile, and how lovely it was to be rested and carried like that— At this moment the door leading into the medico's sanctum opened, and Dr. Farnand beckoned Janet in with a smile, and then she suddenly found herself all of a tremble. He held her little hand firmly in his, and drew her to a chair beside him, and said cheerily:

"Now, Miss Janet, you must tell me everything, and see if I can help you in any way. I always have helped you, haven't I?" Suddenly Janet's nervousness left her. The interview was not going to be nearly so embarrassing as she had thought.

"Yes, Doctor, you have always helped me, and that's why I want you to help me now."

"Ah! my dear, don't be too sure I can help you now; you know when you were a child it was easier, but now you are quite grown up—and grown-up people are more difficult to help—and the friend of the child cannot always be in the same way the friend of the woman."

"Not always, but sometimes, perhaps," and Janet stole another of those wistful piquant looks at her chosen adviser.

Then she said, plunging: *à medias res* with a kind of desperate courage: "Do you think it is very wrong—wicked I mean—to love two people at the same time?"

"Men?" interposed her listener.

"Yes, two men—because—I—do."

"Very much?"

"Well, a good deal."

"And not one more than the other?"

"Perhaps one a little more than the other. Oh, I daren't tell mother; she would think it so shocking. Do you think it shocking?"

"No," said the doctor quite genially—almost casually. He really felt quite relieved, if this was all the subject matter of the confidence. "I think it very interesting; but could you not fix on the one you love best, and confine yourself to him, and let the other go?"

"I don't know," said Janet, picking her way; "perhaps I might, but perhaps the other wouldn't let me go."

"Oh, but that would not so much matter if you made up your mind; he would have to let you go, and then when you were married——"

"That's just it; you see I don't want to marry—at least, not either of *them*."

"You are in love," said the doctor judiciously, putting one forefinger on the other, "but you don't want to marry," and he shifted his forefinger on to his second finger; "is that it?"

"Yes, I think that's it; is it very dreadful—very wrong, I mean? Did you ever know a case like it?"

"Plenty," said the doctor, still in a deliberative mood.

"Then what am I to do?"

"Well," said her adviser, "you see, something would depend on the sort of men and the depth of your own feelings. You see, I don't know either of the gentlemen."

"Oh, yes, you do!"

"Captain Mildmay and Julius de Winton?"

Janet nodded her head.

"Both very eligible young men, my dear, and which of them do you like best?"

Really the conversation was becoming quite practical and businesslike.

"Captain Mildmay, I think."

"But why are you not *sure*?"

"Because—because," and the episode in the moonlight fields with De Winton seemed to rise up so vividly before her that it actually choked her utterance. The doctor waited patiently; he had risen from his chair and stood on the hearthrug, looking down at her very

sympathetically, but apparently unwilling to force her confidence any further.

Janet felt the moment had come ; she did not look up, but she knew his eyes were looking her through and through. She did not want to conceal anything from him, she only longed for him to penetrate the inmost recesses of her heart. Oh, if he would only take her in his arms as he had done when she was a tired child ! Now she was a tired, surexalted, bewildered woman, and she needed rest quite as much. She could have told him all—quite all.

Her whole soul seemed to go out to that calm, stable, kind, masterful man with such nimble, easy sympathies, full of such resource, generosity, and strength. He was old enough to be her father, no doubt, but why did he stir in her such new depths ? He was not like Mildmay nor De Winton. She could command them, but he dominated her. Well, that was just what she wanted ; until she came to him she did not know that, but she knew it now. Poor Janet ! this was a new emotion, and it alarmed her ; it was very trying to have so many new emotions, but she surrendered herself to its teaching, as usual. From this moment she cast all reflection to the winds, and spoke just what was uppermost in her heart, and did what she seemed impelled to do by an influence beyond her control. Since falling in love with Mildmay and De Winton, Janet seemed to have entered a phase of life in which one influence after another was beyond her control.

The doctor repeated his question in a lower, softer, but strangely penetrating tone of voice. She felt as if his eyes were actually burning her—she dared not look at him.

"Why are you not *sure*?" and again Janet began "Because——" but this time rather desperately, as if the pent up waters that had met with a momentary check were now determined to sweep away all obstacles and rush forth.

"Because I *can't* be sure which I love best—they won't let me be sure—I don't want to be sure—oh, what nonsense I seem to be talking, but can't you understand?" and she looked up appealingly in his face for reassurance, and thought she saw just a suspicion of moisture in his kind, friendly eyes as he stood there quietly waiting, expectant, patient, and diffusing such a sense of comfort and protection around her that the perplexed girl felt the tears gathering in her own eyes, and all barriers were at once down between them.

"You see," she continued rather hurriedly, "dear Doctor, I haven't been always a very good girl. I used to tease the boys and make them wild with jealousy, and they used to tease me, but I didn't

mind that because I knew I could pay them out—because, you see, they cared for me more than I cared for them. But when Captain Mildmay came along I just felt as if all the others were nothing to me—for the time being, at least. I was only sixteen when I knew him first, and now I am almost eighteen, and I saw him at intervals, and when he went away everything seemed dull and dreadful, and I only thought of the next time I should see him, just for a few minutes perhaps, and I lived on that." She paused. The doctor sat down by her in his arm-chair.

"Go on, my dear."

"Well, Doctor, this went on till I met Mr. de Winton. Of course, I had known him for a long time—he was one of the older boys I used to tease occasionally when I was only about ten and he was sixteen, nearly seventeen I think, but he took an immense fancy to me, and then I lost sight of him, till he was quite grown up and ready for the Bar, with, as every one said, splendid prospects before him. When I began to talk to him I saw how superior he was in mind to poor Captain Mildmay, who only talked about his campaigns and shooting and all that; but De Winton knew everything, and made me even take an interest in books and such things; and one summer's night I walked home with him through the fields. I felt I didn't care about Mildmay any more, and thought I cared only for De Winton. And then De Winton went away and Mildmay came back, and we went out fishing together down the river just as usual, and I didn't say a word about De Winton; and then we left off fishing and sat down on the bank and watched the dragon-flies flitting about amongst the water lilies—and—and presently he—he kissed me—it was not the first time—and I felt I cared for him more than De Winton—more than anybody. Yet I felt I couldn't marry either of them, because—because I couldn't trust myself. Do you understand and aren't you sorry for me, dear Doctor? Tell me what to do. I know what I want now; I did not know before. I want some one strong, much older than myself, some one to keep me in order, and punish me if I do wrong, and love me all the same."

She looked up in his face now; it was such a handsome, kind face, so she thought; her cheeks were flushed. He took both her hands—he knew what she meant—and a whirl of thoughts, rather wild thoughts, chased each other rapidly through his mind. That lonely me, those tiring daily rounds and his solitary meal when he came me, and the still more solitary night; and then he looked at that light, kaleidoscopic, fascinating little creature who sat there, like a soft bird nestling by his side; that quick, alert, and supple body in

such blooming health; those confessedly roving desires and passionate needs, all that intelligence and capacity wasting itself for want of direction. But he checked his thoughts, and as a man and an honourable man accustomed to a professional repression of himself with women, he checked his impulses; for Janet's magnetism and odd hypronic sort of charm that had made havoc of male sympathies for years, all the years of her budding girlhood, seemed to steal like a sort of sweet subtle narcotic through his veins. So he ended by again taking both her hands firmly in his, and said with a vibrating voice which went through and through her: "Listen, child—because you are scarce more than a child, and you don't know your own mind, even on your own showing—go home and tell your mother what you have told me, and tell her you have spoken to me if you—like—about what was in your heart, and say that I don't think you're old enough to be married at all." This plausible and enigmatic falsehood, which allowed of so many different constructions, seemed to Dr. Farnand the only way out of his present difficulty.

"But," said Janet, with a flush of ingenious inspiration, "I know if I wait I shall be less fit to be married."

"But, child, you said just now you didn't want to be married."

"No, I didn't—or I didn't mean to say that. I meant I didn't want to marry either of those men, or—or—any quite young man. I think when I was younger I didn't care for boys, and now I'm older I don't care for—I mean I don't care to marry a young man. Oh, I've thought it all over. You think, because I'm only seventeen, I don't know my own mind, but I do in some ways. I find it out quite suddenly, and then I feel sure. A girl who has had a life like mine ever since she can remember, and has been plagued and teased by boys, and made love to—yes, made love to—by men old enough to be her great grandfather, knows what she wants even when she is perplexed—as I am now. I can tell you all, can't I, dear, kind, patient Doctor? Mother doesn't know half what I've been through. I'm not really fickle, and I hope I'm not very bad either—not yet. I only want conditions and I should be all right if I got them; and I know I want some one much older—ever so much older—than myself; not any one; *some one*, I say, who would be very, very kind and patient with me and very firm too, and take care of me, because—because—" and Janet, before she half realised what she was doing, had slid right down on the floor at the doctor's feet, and, laying her bright head on his knees, sobbed out—"because I can't take care of myself!" Then, recovering herself, she looked up at him with the deep crimson in her cheeks, and the passionate, almost

angry tears still flashing in her eyes, and gasped out in a sort of choking voice :

"I know you won't have me. You're too wise and great and clever ; but I shan't be happy with any one else, and I could try and grow like what you want. Mother often says I'm not a fool. Oh, I would try so, and I could love you so much—so much !"

The doctor had never had such an odd case. He laid his hand upon the girl's bright hair and patted her gently on the shoulder, as she lay all crouched up and nestling against his knees. Suddenly she knelt up straight before him, growing quite calm and serious.

"Dear, dear Doctor, will you think for me—will you think over it?"

"My little bird," said the good man, taking her soft, plump hand, "I will think over it. It is very strange—all very strange."

"Yes," said Janet, "it is all very strange ; but it is now or never with me."

"Go home at once and tell your mother what you have said to me. It is the only thing to do. Don't you see that?"

"And must I tell her what you said?"

"I haven't said very much, have I?"

"Not very much, but you haven't quite said 'No.'"

"Well, you can tell her all I have said—and done. I have not done very much, have I?"

"No," said Janet. "You have not done very much ; only—only just enough."

"Then you can tell her all I have done. And now go, child, and if you are not allowed to see me any more, whose fault is it?"

"Mine," said Janet. And she went out.

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In this way the doctor guarded himself, and in this way the doctor won his bride—or his bride won him. Mildmay married in disgust ; De Winton married for money. Janet married the doctor and became quite the rage in Sousby-on-the-Marsh, and the doctor took very good care of Janet.

H. R. HAWES.

THOMAS GRANTHAM: THE BRAINBREAKER'S BREAKER (1644).

A PROTEST AGAINST CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOLS.

THOMAS GRANTHAM is a curious example of the restless schoolmaster of the Commonwealth. He is interesting in his personal life and in his views on education. He was a student at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and took his M.A. degree in 1634. He became curate first at High Barnet and then at Easton Norton, Northamptonshire. In 1644 he commenced schoolmaster in Bow Lane, London, and afterwards removed to Mugwell Street, near Barber-Chirurgeons' Hall. In 1650 he was living "over against" Gray's Inn Gate. Another change was made, this time to the Old Bailey. In 1656 he was ejected from the living of Waddington, near Lincoln.¹

Grantham has himself supplied a most picturesque account of the manner of his ejection, and as this gives some indication of his temperament and character it is not without personal interest to reproduce the main points of his "Complaint to the Lord Protector . . . concerning the unjust and illegal ejecting of miserable ministers." London, 1656, 12mo. After this heading of the "Complaint," there follows this note: "These are to be distributed by the author, Professor of the speedy way of teaching the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, living at Mr. Martin's in the Great Old Bailey, near the 'Ship.'" Thomas Grantham makes a very touching appeal. He reminds his readers that the Great Turk walks once a month in a certain place to hear any man complain of injustice done to him, and he is sure to have satisfaction. Amongst the Romans, any man dissatisfied with a judgment could appeal to Cæsar, and in the greatest persecutions it has always been usual for Christians to set forth their apologies. After referring to the justice of Solomon and of Moses, and to Augustus Cæsar, so to say, in the same breath, Grantham goes on to say, "if justice hath her thousands, mercy hath her ten

¹ The above facts are taken from Mr. Gordon Goodwin's article on Grantham in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxii, p. 409.

thousands." Now Grantham changes the basis of his claim. It had been the cry for justice; it appears now as a plea for mercy. "Thrice happy are we who have a Ruler whose name implies that attribute (of mercy). Whence is mercy expected to come but from a Protector?" [in big capitals].

Then in half-heroics, Grantham bewails the triumphs of his enemy. "There is nothing grieves a man more than a false accusation laid upon him; but for an innocent man to continue all his lifetime under the burden of it, and to let a Knave, nay, rather a Devil (for he is called the accuser of the brethren), to go away victorious and bragging over the ruin of a man, what patience can bear it? *Actum est de homine quando actum est de nomine.* A man in an ill name is half hanged."

Now it is time, Grantham feels, to say his say: "The case is thus. There came two or three ignorant, lying men of my parish to the Commissioners, and said I was insufficient for the ministry; there was no oath given, the Commissioners without any trial of me ejected me. At my next summons, so soon as they read the Article to me, I desired to be tried; without any trial they ejected me. The ordinance runs thus. There must be five Commissioners at the least, and five ministers at least; and if upon examination or proof made upon oath it shall appear, and be declared under the hands of the said Commissioners or ministers who shall be present at such examination or proof, that the minister or schoolmaster is ignorant or insufficient, then [is he] to be ejected. It is repeated often that five ministers should be there at least. Now there was never a minister there present, and the five Commissioners differed; but let them all agree, there must be five ministers at least, and I desire but the oaths of these five Commissioners present.

"Now in this case I think it necessary to set down the names of these five Commissioners—Mr. Harvoy, of Lincoln, an attorney, and sequestrator for Lincolnshire, when time was; the Mayor of Boston, Mr. Whiting, the chairman for this purpose (I should have named him first but only I saw him rely much upon the Attorney's distinction); Mr. Yarborough; Captain Tompson [*sic.*]; Captain Hart. Now Mr. Harvey received a great sum of money of my parish some years before this Commission came down to put me and my curate out; and upon this score I except against him. I must needs be short, and so I bundle up all their cruelties as quick as I can. Before ever they called me to trial, they took all my profits of hay and corn, for that was the time the fittest for them to begin; I was eighteen weeks after that before I was ejected; they left me not one farthing to

maintain me all this while. Now there is two things sticks in my stomach : first to have my goods taken away before I be proved to be guilty ; secondly, when I come to my trial to be put out without any trial or examination at all, which is plum against the Ordinance. As they took my tenths, take you but notice of the tenth part of their cruelties ; they summoned me to Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, when my parish was in the Liberty of Lincoln, but two miles from my parsonage at Waddington, and forced me to ride thirteen or fourteen miles, and to be there at eight of the clock in the morning, and stay two or three days and have never a word said to me. All this while they knew I had no money, nor a bit of bread to eat, nor drop of beer to drink, nor bed to lie on : all the relief that I had was from a very poor alehouse ; and my enemies did strive to dry up that little spring, to starve me or to put me to flight.

“ Take a little of the witnesses : one being so poor a man that he could not get to be a soldier, and was but an inn mate lately come to town ; the other confessed he went to speak against me in heat of blood, because I would not take such a one for my curate, and he being told how he was bred from a boy to be a coachman to my Lady Grantham, and being charged of ingratitude, he fell so mad, that he openly professed himself sorry for what he had done ; there was another that would often come to his wife and say, ‘ Wife, let me cut thy throat, for now the evil spirit is upon me, and I must do it whether I will or no,’ and this he did very often, besides stranger things that I will not now speak of : to speak further of the cruelty of these five Commissioners, and some of the dregs of my parish, I forbear at this time to do it because that I will not spot this paper, which I dedicate to my Lord Protector, only let me end with this as I began. My Lord Protector hath found the hand and finger of God, in God’s mercy of his deliverance and God’s finger when he pointed him out to those that sought his ruin : I desire only a fair trial and proof against me, and not to be hanged until I be tried.

“ Any man may guess that I can write a volume of this, but I end now in brief, and will be bold to say, that those men shall be more excusable before God and man who have sought my Lord Protector’s life than those men who do tyrannise under him, and do scratch and bite and tear and worry the lives and estates of his peaceable subjects.”

When Thomas Grantham reached London he found a new vocation awaiting him, that of a schoolmaster ; but he was as far as ever from being satisfied with his surroundings. His neighbours at

Waddington, nay, his very parishioners, did not suit him. Nor in London was he contented with his fellow schoolmasters. His discontent with his professional brethren was of a sort with which modern educationists will readily sympathise. In his "Brainbreaker's Breaker" he inveighs, with justice, against the Orbiluses of the time. He writes in well-timed wrath: "When I consider the great expense of time, expense of many years, and very seldom to any purpose, may be a little smattering of Latin and less of Greek: after all these considerations, pity to youth, and indignation against these furious whippersnappers conspired in me to redeem those tender years from this great captivity. Would it not pity any man, who had the bowels of compassion, to see those cheeks, may be such as our Saviour kissed when He took the little children up in His arms, to see them torn, hugged, tugged, pulled, and cuffed, by a rude, unhallowed hand? He that hath seen this, as I myself have seen a great part, although nature had denied him the happiness of his pen, yet indignation itself would make him write."

So far Grantham speaks as a man with a mission. He is the brainbreaker's breaker. He not only attacks this bad custom; he points out what he considers the reason of its existence, and the obvious remedy. The root of the evil, he declares, is "this lip-labour," the "learning of grammar word by word without book." He stigmatises this method as the Diana of the schools. "Oh," says he, "how great is this Diana of the common schools! It is a heavy and grievous burden, which is imposed merely out of ignorance, or knavery, to make one go his journey with a great deal of sorrow and grief, and disheartens thousands from being scholars." He quotes authorities to show how impossible it is to teach grammar by this method. "Read Ascham," says he. Erasmus, too, says the same. Brinsley condemns it. "Comenius hath writ sharply against this dog-bolt way." Then he gives his own reasons. He urges that in all arts, such as geometry, arithmetic, logic, navigation, pupils are taught without having them "cuffed in, word by word, without book." It is absurd to teach a boy to make Latin by the Latin rules, when a boy understands not Latin. "Just as if," adds Grantham, "a man should teach one an art in French, when he understands not French." Even if a boy could say his Latin rules, without book, to another boy or by himself, when the master walks into the room with his rod in hand and imperious look, "it puts a boy clear out."

Μηνυφθροναρνν: The Brainbreaker's Breaker: or, The Apologie of Thomas Grantham for his Method in Teaching. Dwelling in Lothbury, London. 1644. 6 pp. 4to.

The rest of Grantham's pamphlet deals with his alternative system, which is : that the scholars understand the rules and apply them so often that in the end "the rules come without book whether they will or no."

Finally, Grantham is willing to pit boys who have been with him a year against any school in England, the contest to be in the following points :—

1. Who understands the Greek and Latin grammars best in accents and dialects, and all things necessary?
2. Who understands a Greek or Latin author best?
3. Who can prove a Greek or Latin verse best?
4. Who can make a Greek or Latin oration, or a Greek and Latin verse best and soonest?

The highest of his scholars is thirteen years of age. One of his boys in his "highest seat" is but ten years old. His system apparently had limits of application. He himself says : "Some I have, I confess, cannot do a quarter so much, which is no fault of mine, for I often tell them if they be careless and will not mind, and will not learn without cuffing, pulling, lugging, and whipping, they must go to masters that delight in this way of teaching ; they may be taught in many places, very reasonably this way, as for a noble or seven shillings a quarter. At some free schools," he adds sarcastically, "they may have it for nothing." Having for the time exhausted his advocacy of his method of teaching, he cites the testimony of a parent of one of his pupils, Master Foucks (? Foulkes), which begins :—

"Good Mr. Grantham—I never thought to have been so happy in this world as you have made me in little Henry. You have created him an infant Grecian, which is a miracle." In addition, he prints a testimonial which has sixteen signatures of country clergy and gentlemen as to his "ready and creditable way of profiting scholars in learning." With somewhat damaging candour they add, "Although we fully conceive not his method of teaching ;" yet one thing was clear to them : Grantham's pupils could give rules from Latin and Greek grammar, "for everything they do."

In 1650 Grantham published his "*Brainbreaker's Breaker newly Broke Out Again.*" In this pamphlet Grantham develops his "Propositions" :—

The first of these suggests a plan for the establishment of a system of what we now call "payment by results." He says : "My counsel is to take away all the revenues that belong to free schools and let it [them] be committed to a treasurer, and every one in any part of the kingdom that makes a scholar fit for the University, he

shall have £10 out of the common stock and the scholar preferred. If he makes him fit to be an apprentice to a chyrurgeon or a lawyer's clerk he shall have £5. By this means none shall have any money but those that deserve it."

Mr. Robert Lowe's later scheme can hardly be said to have been so happy as Grantham's. The latter was suggested with regard to large general ends, but at the same time there is an indefiniteness as to when a scholar is to be "fit for the Universities," and as to the test which is to be applied to determine this, and as to who is to apply the test. So, too, with regard to the fitness of the chyrurgeon's or the lawyer's apprentice. Mr. Thomas Grantham, however, merely stated his principle and took the liberty of men with original ideas of leaving the filling up of details to others.

The other propositions consist in a favourable comparison of his own methods with those of others. In the first place he contends that amongst students he has had graduates, masters of arts, physicians, lawyers, and asks if the ordinary schoolmaster was ever known to benefit such in languages. Secondly, pupils of other schoolmasters constantly come to him for a month or two before going to the universities "to be oiled over," and declare they learn more in that time than in the previous four years. Thirdly, the ordinary schoolmaster professes to make a boy a Latin poet, but these pupils can neither speak Latin nor understand an author. Will any one think a man to be a French poet when he cannot speak French, or to be a good French orator when he cannot understand it. These verses of the pupils are "only patched up of phrases (a mere delusion!)"

More "of this" Grantham declares he has written in his "Six Queries to the Free Schools in and around London." These queries it would be interesting to see, but apparently no copy is forthcoming.¹ For three years Grantham had kept well before the best schools of London a challenge to send seven boys of any school to be pitched against seven of his in a public competition test. It seems on one occasion the challenge was accepted, and Grantham is not loth to give an account of the occasion.

"When the best scholars of one of the primest schools in London contended with ours, there was a gentleman of the Inns of Court that delivered [judgment] in a Latin speech. *Vobis laudem, illis palmam tribuo*. 'I give you praise,' saith he to the scholars of that great school, 'but I give Master Grantham's scholars the victory.'"

After this neat, laudatory pronouncement on his own work,

¹ At least in the British Museum Library.

Grantham, with the magnanimous generosity of victory, says: "I desire that there may be an act of oblivion of the abuses and mistakes of both parties, and that we may all join together and study reformation of the schools; that schoolmasters may no longer make merchandise of the precious time of youth, which is of that great height that it is many times the destruction of soul and body; and if the sin of scandal shall deserve the weight of a mill-stone, what shall he deserve that keeps youth many years in teaching and can show no progress to the purpose?" He cannot, however, end his pamphlet without another and still more thorough going challenge: "I should be happy in London, before authority, to have a dispute with these [ordinary] schoolmasters, [and in such a way] that there may be an account taken of every boy that goes to school, what he is when he goes, and how much he hath profited when he comes away."

There can be no doubt that Grantham became fascinated with his own success, so as to care more for his method than he did for mere money-getting. Whether he was unduly carried away will be seen from the following passage: "I will undertake in two months to make him that can read English to construe an author in Latin and Greek. He shall make Greek and Latin verses and orations. His progress in Hebrew shall be correspondent." As a gauge of his sincerity, the rest of the passage must be added: "Because men may think that a man doth this for money, I will desire but two shillings a day whilst I teach for the public good, and all the rest shall go for charitable purposes. Only I desire that I may make choice of what kind of charity the money may be bestowed upon."

Grantham further wrote¹ "A Discourse in Derision of the Teaching in Free Schools and other Common Schools." He signs himself, "Thomas Grantham, Professor of the Greek and Latin Tongues in London." The book is dated 1644. The ground gone over is very similar to that in the "Brandbreaker's Breaker," but the introduction of the masters in free schools into the dialogue gives Grantham scope for satire, of which he does not fail to make the most.

Grantham, indeed, may be classed amongst the satirists. He would not hesitate to put the schoolmasters into Barclay's Ship of Fools—except that he would rather stow them away in "a rotten carcass of a boat." He would enjoy Erasmus's inclusion of school-

¹ Grantham also wrote *Animadversions on Camden's Greek Grammar*, in the preface to which he again is said to refer to his method of teaching. But this I have not seen.

masters in the "Praise of Folly." Himself he says : " How do all wise men laugh to scorn your schools ! " But strong as he is in his scorn, still more conspicuous is he as a crank. His pet subjects were a rational method of language teaching and the abolition of corporal punishment.

As a satirist and as a crank he said his word as to the school-masters' work. Looking back, after the experience of two centuries and a half, our generation knows that in both matters he was in the right. He therefore merits a position, modest it may be, but real, in the history of education in the Commonwealth period.

FOSTER WATSON.

SOME FAMOUS POLITICAL PHRASES.

IT is one of the privileges of the great to coin phrases which become part of the common currency of language, or to issue for circulation tokens which have been minted in obscurity by others. No one has been more happy in this respect than Mr. Gladstone. "Old Parliamentary hand," "advancing by leaps and bounds," "within the range of practical politics"—these are of the very halfpence of controversial currency, and, so far as I know, they are Mr. Gladstone's own.

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Other utterances of Mr. Gladstone, not less famous, were adapted—consciously or unconsciously. When, for instance, he apologised for certain expressions offensive to Austria, used before he came into office in 1880, and pleaded that he was, when he uttered them, in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility," he was varying but slightly an observation of the Duke of Buckingham, who, in his "Memoirs of the Court of England under the Regency," complains that Alison, in the "History of Europe," "leaves out of view the long-established fact that public men, when under the responsibilities of office, rarely realise the professions promulgated in the freedom of opposition." Other instances might, no doubt, be found of so obvious a contrast as that between the freedom of opposition and the responsibility of office, but it was reserved for Mr. Gladstone to bring the idea into the common stock of political phraseology.

A UNION OF HEARTS.

Another of Mr. Gladstone's notable expressions, which proved of high value to his party during the Home Rule controversy, was that he sought to bring about between England and Ireland a union of hearts. The Unionists might have discounted the phrase with some effect had they known that it was not only an old one, but had

actually been applied to the beneficial effect produced by the statutory union between England and Scotland. "That union," wrote Mr. Wyon, in his "History of the Reign of Queen Anne"—"that union, once so intolerable to her [Scotland's] pride, has ended by becoming an union in reality, of interests and of hearts."

INTOXICATED BY VERBOSITY.

Probably no political phrase ever made so great an impression on friends and opponents as that memorable denunciation of Mr. Gladstone by Lord Beaconsfield shortly after the Russo-Turkish settlement in 1878. The great rivalry of the two men was at its height, and the passions of their respective partisans were deeply stirred, when Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech at Knightsbridge, delivered a personal attack on Mr. Gladstone which was received by the Conservatives with rapturous delight, and by the admirers of the Liberal leader with burning indignation. The *tour de force* is worth recalling in full :—

I was astonished (he said) to learn that the Convention of Constantinople has been described as "an insane convention." That is a strong epithet; but I don't pretend to be as competent a judge of sanity as the right honourable gentleman who used it. I will not say to the right honourable gentleman what I had occasion to say in the House of Lords this year—*Novus Anticypum*¹—but I would put this issue to an intelligent English jury. Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention—a body of English gentlemen nominated by the favour of their Sovereign and the confidence of their fellow subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence and not altogether without success, or a sophistical rhetorician, debilitated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to mangle his opponents and to glorify himself?

No one appears to have doubted that this somewhat coarse idea of a speaker being intoxicated by his verbosity was Disraeli's own conception. Whether this be so or not, it was certainly not new. I have found two instances of it—one in fiction, the other in fact. Lord Lytton, in "My Novel," says of Captain Dashmore, candidate for Hazeldean, "His bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence." But a more notable instance is an earlier one mentioned in the "Greville Memoirs." Sir William Knighton, Privy Purse to George IV., said of the King: "He is uncertain, the creature of impulse. When he has got a notion into his head there is no eradicating it, and I have

¹ A Roman byword implying that a man is in need of medicine for lunacy.

known him when agitated, and perfectly fasting, talk himself into as complete a state of intoxication as if he had been dining and drinking largely."

This observation, coming from one who had been a physician, is extremely interesting, and if it was known to Lord Beaconsfield it gives an additional sting to the attack upon his rival.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

It would be absurd to suppose that this expressive phrase was quite new when used by Lord Beaconsfield on his return from Berlin. It occurs in one of Burke's speeches on conciliation with America; and it was used in a Speech from the Throne on November 13, 1770. In more recent times Lord John Russell, speaking at Dandee in 1865, said, "As Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it has been my object to preserve peace with honour," and again, in 1871, Lord John (then become Earl Russell) claimed that during the Franco-German War Earl Granville had raised his reputation by "the maintenance of peace with dignity and honour." Lord Beaconsfield, by the dramatic circumstances of its proclamation, gave the phrase as a battle-cry to his party, and it will always be associated with his name.

COALITIONS.

As the utterance of a prophecy has sometimes the effect of bringing the event prophesied to pass, so a striking dictum may help to make the thing declared true. Of such is Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that "England does not love coalitions." It was made on that memorable December night when Lord Derby's first Ministry came to the ground. Knowing the strength of the allied forces who were to throw him out—Liberals, Peelites, and Radicals—Disraeli defiantly exclaimed: "I know that I have to face a coalition. The combination may be successful—a combination has before this been successful—but coalitions, though they may be successful, have always found that their triumphs have been brief. This I know—that England does not love coalitions." When the Coalition Government was ignominiously smashed up two years afterwards the prophecy was recalled, and it became crystallised into something like an axiom of English politics.

MEDDLE AND MUDDIE.

This phrase has often been ascribed to Lord Beaconsfield, being confounded perhaps with that other expressive alliteration used by

him towards the close of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, the history of which had, he said, been one of "blundering and plundering." "Meddle and muddle" occurred in one of Lord Derby's favourite attacks on the foreign policy of Lord John Russell during the 1865 Ministry. The Government policy, he said, was one of non-intervention,

but when I look around me I fail to see what country it is in the internal affairs of which the noble earl and her Majesty's Government have not interfered. *Nihil intactum reliquit, nihil letigit quod*—I cannot say *non ornavit*, but *non conturbavit*; or the foreign policy of the noble earl, as far as the principle of non-intervention is concerned, may be summed up in two short, homely, but expressive words—meddle and muddle.

The reader will observe here a striking combination of the old and the new styles in political oratory. The paraphrase of a classical reference for the amusement of the House of Lords, which would have been quite sufficient in the old days; and its distillation into a catchword for consumption by an uncultured electorate.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

If Lord Derby does not get the credit of the expression last dealt with, another is usually ascribed to him to which he is not entitled. This is the description of his Reform Bill of 1867 as "a leap in the dark." He fully adopted the words in his speech on the third reading—"No doubt we are making a great experiment, and taking a leap in the dark; but I have the greatest confidence in the sound sense of my countrymen" but Lord Cranborne (now Lord Salisbury) had made use of the phrase, as a reproach to the Government, in the course of the debates on the bill in the House of Commons. Nor is this the genesis of it, for I find in Walpole's "Life of Lord John Russell" a letter written to Lord John by Palmerston in 1859, when Russell was contemplating the introduction of his fourth Reform Bill, in which the sentence occurs: "As to our county franchise, we seem to be taking a leap in the dark." The simile here was essentially appropriate, as Palmerston added that they had no returns to show what numbers a £10 rental franchise would add to the county voters. The letter was not likely to come to the knowledge of Lord Cranborne—a member of the Opposition—and it may be conjectured that the expression "a leap in the dark" obtained conversational currency about this time in political circles. Another bitter

"They have interfered with everything, and have touched nothing which they did not put into confusion."

opponent of the bill of 1867, Mr. Robert Lowe (subsequently Lord Sherbrooke), invented after it was passed the well-known expression, "We must now at least educate our new masters."

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM AND THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

In one of his speeches on this measure of 1867, John Bright introduced two illustrations which have become historical. Speaking of Mr. Horsman, the most conspicuous of the Whigs who joined Lowe in his opposition to the Reform Bill, he said: "The right honourable gentleman is the first of the new party who has expressed his great grief, who has retired into what may be called his political Cave of Adullam, and he has called about him everyone who is in distress and everyone who is discontented." This happy idea added a useful word to the language of politics. A "cave" has ever since been a convenient name for a discontented section who break away from their party. Proceeding, in a high strain of delicate sarcasm, to illustrate the position of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, Bright said:—

I know there was an opinion expressed many years ago by a member of the Treasury Bench and of the Cabinet that two men would make a party. When a party is formed of two men so able, so discreet as the two right honourable gentlemen, we may hope to see for the first time in Parliament a party perfectly harmonious and distinguished by mutual and unbroken trust. But there is one difficulty it is impossible to remove. This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.

CALLING THE NEW WORLD INTO EXISTENCE.

Several of George Canning's oratorical exclamations live in history. In every way most notable is that with which, in December 1826, he justified his policy in recognising the independence of Buenos Ayres and other South American Colonies which had been in revolt against Spain, and at the same time refusing to restrain France from invading Spain, a policy which was supposed to imperil the balance of power in Europe.

It was he said) Spain with the Indies that excited the jealousies and alarmed the imaginations of our ancestors. . . . If France conquered Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No, I looked another way: I sought the materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.

The effect upon the House of this bold and striking image is described as having been terrific.

It was (said one who was present) as if every man in the House had been electrified. Mr. Canning seemed to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked that his flourishes were made with the left arm; the effect was new and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded, his nostrils dilated, a noble pride slightly curved his eyes, and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow and pointed to deeds of glory.

Greville says, however, that the speech gave offence to Canning's colleagues, who did not like the emphatic use of the first person singular in his pronouncement of policy.

ARCOPAGUS AND THE LIKE OF THAT.

It was in connection with the same events that Canning uttered his famous sneer at the Holy Alliance—the precious plan of the European Sovereigns to suppress all popular movements towards reform. “The time for Arcopagus and the like of that has gone by,” he said, referring to the irresponsible autocracy of the Athenian Council over the provincial States. “What should we have thought of interference from foreign Europe when King John granted Magna Charta, or of an interposition in the quarrel between Charles I. and his Parliament?”

RESTORE THE HEPTARCHY.

Better known, because more frequently quoted of late years, is Canning's contemptuous dismissal of the first proposal for the repeal of the Union—columns of argument concentrated into one pregnant sentence: “Repeal the Union? Restore the Heptarchy!”

POLICY IN A SENTENCE.

Another instance of a declaration of policy in one unforgettable sentence is that of the elder Pitt, in which he justified the Seven Years' War. “If,” he exclaimed, “I send an army into Germany, it is because in Germany I can conquer America.” The war, indeed, made England a world Power. It started with disasters which caused Chesterfield to cry in despair, “We are no longer a nation”; but in 1759, so numerous were the British triumphs in all parts of the world, that Horace Walpole declared, “We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one”; both of which phrases became famous.

RINGING AND WRINGING.

It was of a less successful war than this—the War of Jenkins's Ear—that Sir Robert Walpole, on being forced by public opinion into conflict with Spain, cried bitterly, "They are ringing the bells now, but they will soon be wringing their hands."

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

Another phrase, which until recent years has been universally ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole, is that "Every man has his price." The fact is that the declaration was not a general one, but was applied directly to the servent purists who denounced the Premier's corruption of his supporters. "Flowery oratory he despised," says Coxe, in his memoirs of Walpole. "He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, 'All these men have their price,' meaning that he could easily buy them did he think it worth while to do so." It is recorded in the "Memoirs of Sir John Barnard," a sturdy City merchant who was in opposition to Walpole, that on one occasion when the Minister made this remark some one asked triumphantly, "What, then, is Sir John Barnard's price?" "Popularity," replied Walpole. But, of course, if such things as popularity are to be included in the bribes by which a politician may be bought, the axiom loses half its sting.

AN INDICTMENT OF A PEOPLE.

Not many of Burke's sayings have become a part of stock political phraseology. A notable exception is that contained in one of his great speeches against the taxation of America, viz. "Nobody shall persuade me, when a whole people is concerned, that acts of lenity are not means of conciliation. . . . I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people"—a confession which Fox bitterly flung in the teeth of his old friend and master, when Burke denounced the French Revolution.

DITTO TO MR. BURKE.

More famous than any phrase of Burke's own—unless it be "The age of chivalry is past"—is that of his humble colleague in the representation of Bristol. This was a Mr. Cruger, a merchant in the American trade, who was returned for Bristol along with Burke in

1774 The great orator had delivered a glowing speech of thanks, and Cruger, having in mind perhaps the fate of one who follows "a well graced actor" on the stage, was content to add, "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke." This happy thought of a man whose very name most people would now find it difficult to discover, shows that time and circumstance may give to a phrase an immortality that the highest genius could not attain for it.

IMPATIENCE OF TAXATION.

A saying of Burke as to the impossibility of taxing and at the same time pleasing a people was exceeded in pith and point by Castlereagh's complaint of "ignorant impatience of taxation." It would appear, however, that Castlereagh was indebted to the reporter for the credit he obtained by this neat expression, for Mr. Frank Hill, in his monograph of Canning, tells us that Castlereagh really spoke of "the ignorant impatience of the remission of taxation," which was quite the reverse of his meaning. This is, indeed, but an example of his habitual clumsiness and confusion of utterance. He is said to have succeeded on one occasion in concluding a speech with the monosyllable "its."

FACT AND WIT.

Sheridan was more successful in his plays than in his speeches in coining phrases that stick in the public mind, but the world is not likely to forget the exquisite sentence in which he said of Dundas: "The right honourable gentleman has depended upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his wit." As was his wont, Sheridan had polished this gem with infinite care before producing it. The idea appears in several tentative forms in his note-books, and it is said that before launching it at Dundas he tried it, suitably adapted, upon a wine merchant, with whom poor "Sherry" probably had some dispute about one of those embarrassing wine bills of his.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD.

It has sometimes been assumed that this phrase had some reference to the neglect of education, the schoolmaster being suppositiously out of the country. The reverse is the case. It was in a speech in 1828 that Brougham exclaimed: "Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another

personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

ORTHODOXY IS MY DOXY.

According to Priestley's "Memoirs," this phrase originated about the middle of the last century during a debate in the House of Lords on the Test Laws. The Earl of Sandwich was remarking, "I have heard frequent use of the words orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean," when Bishop Warburton flashed out the witty "aside": "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy;" a theological treatise in a breath.

I'LL UNWHIG THE GENTLEMAN.

When Sir William Harcourt on one occasion directed this threat at a prominent Liberal Unionist, some of the newspapers actually printed it "unwig." It may be that Pitt, when he invented the phrase, was not unmindful of the pun, but the meaning, of course, was that he would make it impossible for Fox to be ever again recognised as a Whig. It was during the first incapacity of George III., when the Whigs maintained that the Prince of Wales had an absolute right to assume the regency, knowing that this would mean the immediate accession of their party to power. When Fox propounded this doctrine of hereditary right in the House, Pitt, slapping his thigh triumphantly, turned to the gentleman next to him on the Treasury Bench and exclaimed, "I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life." The sudden recovery of the King left the question of the Prince's right to the regency unsettled, and, of course, Fox remained the Whig leader, though with a reputation tarnished by the incident.

MAY GOD FORGET ME.

Another reputation which suffered during this trying time was that of Thurlow the Lord Chancellor who looked twice as wise as any man ever was. During the illness of the King, Thurlow was on pins and needles, swaying uneasily from one side to the other according to the nature of the medical reports; but when it seemed clear that the King would recover, the Lord Chancellor plumped down on the side of his Majesty in unmistakable fashion. In a voice broken

by sobs he declared his determination to preserve the rights of his Sovereign entire, and wrought himself up to these celebrated words. "And when I forget my King, may God forget me." The Chancellor's intrigues were not suspected in the country, and this apparently heartfelt declaration of loyalty made an impression it would be difficult to exaggerate, but within the House the effect was less satisfactory. Wilkes, who was standing by the throne, eyed the Chancellor askance, and muttered, "God forget you! He'll see you d——d first." Burke, with equal wit and with no profanity, interjected, "The best thing that could happen to you." Pitt was also on the steps of the throne, and he is said by Earl Stanhope to have rushed out of the House exclaiming, "Oh, what a rascal!"

AN ACCIDENT OF AN ACCIDENT.

This stinging jibe occurred in the course of a tremendous philippic launched by Thurlow against the Duke of Grafton—Junias's chief butt. In the course of a debate on the Earl of Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital the duke made some reflections on Thurlow's plebeian extraction and his recent elevation to the peerage. What followed, Charles Butler, who was present, described in his "Reminiscences." Thurlow rose from the woolsack and advanced slowly to the place whence the Chancellor usually addressed the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunderbolt, he said:—

I am amazed at the attacks the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords [*raising his voice*]. I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, and on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to this as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it singly and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do, but I must say, my lords, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say and I will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this honourable House, as Keeper of the Privy Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in the character alone in which the noble duke has thought it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable as the proudest peers I now look down upon.

Grafton, "the accident of an accident," was, it will be remembered, a descendant of one of the mistresses of Charles II. The impression created by this declaration was altogether favourable to Thurlow, and it was largely instrumental in giving him an ascendancy in the House such as no Chancellor had ever before possessed.

JOHNNY UPSET THE COACH.

Earl Grey's Government in 1834 lost a large body of support by its practical acceptance of the principle of the alienation of Irish Church revenues to secular purposes. When Lord John Russell announced himself in favour of the principle, Lord Stanley wrote on a slip of paper, which was passed along the Treasury bench, "Johnny has upset the coach," and before the month was out Stanley and Graham resigned, the fall of the Government happening soon afterwards.

JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDING.

After England had successfully supported the Sultan in refusing to surrender to Austria the Hungarian refugees who had fled to Turkey on the suppression of the revolt in 1848, a deputation waited upon Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office to thank him for his exertions on behalf of Kossuth and his colleagues. In his reply he said "much generalship and judgment had been required, and during the struggle a good deal of judicious bottle-holding was obliged to be brought into play." This happy notion seems to have first presented itself to Palmerston's mind in a different, and perhaps more humorous form. During the negotiations the British fleet had been sent to the Dardanelles with instructions to proceed to the Bosphorus if the Sultan asked for it. We learn from Mr. Evelyn Ashley's "Life of Lord Palmerston" that on being asked by the Russian Ambassador in London why the ships were there, Palmerston said, "It is for the Sultan like holding a bottle of salts to the nose of a lady who has been frightened." It would be difficult to find a better example than these two phrases afford of the apt use of simile—a delicate, inoffensive one for the suspicious ambassador; one drawn from the prize ring for the gratification of pugnacious British supporters after danger of hostilities was over. The bottle-holding phrase tickled the fancy of the public, and for many a day after *Punch* played upon the idea of Palmerston as "the judicious bottle-holder."

ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS.

The instance last mentioned is by no means the only one in which the pencil of *Punch* has helped to immortalise a striking observation. No one who has seen it is likely to forget the cartoon representing "Dizzy" as an angel. His celebrated declaration has been so much misunderstood as to be worth quoting here, though it

was not uttered on a political occasion. It was in 1864 that, in a reference to the conclusions of modern science, he said :—

I hold that the highest function of science is the interpretation of nature, and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But I must say that when I compare the interpretation of the highest nature by the most advanced and most fashionable school of modern science—when I compare that with the older teachings with which we are familiar, I am not prepared to say the lecture-room is more scientific than the church. What is the question which is now placed before society with a glib assurance which to us is most astounding? That question is this—Is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence these new-fangled theories.

JAMES SYKES.

A SHAKESPEARIAN PANTOMIME.

IT needs some courage to give utterance to the opinion that during the last fifty years or so pantomime has done yeoman's service in the cause of the drama. For managers of the patent theatres it has proved over and over again the true Pactolian stream, yielding of its abundance to enable more solid and less remunerative fare to be presented, without the dread of a balance on the wrong side. Even actor-managers like Macready, not at all inclined to "flicker down to brainless pantomime," have found their resolution wavering before such grateful results; much as the resolution of the drink anæsthetising divine wavers when he is proffered a substantial cheque towards the church funds from some large-minded brewer or other.

But time out of mind the man in the street has been attuned to look at things in a different aspect. Never more so than in the eighteenth century, when poor, simple-minded Harlequin was considered Shakespeare's bitterest foe. Remark, for instance, the tone in which Lewis Theobald, in 1725, dedicated his "Shakespeare Restored" to his friend John Rich, the great pantomime producer of Lincoln's Inn Fields. "It may seem," he says, "a little particular, that, when I am attempting to restore Shakespeare, I should address that Work to One who has gone a great way towards shutting him out of Doors; that is, towards banishing him the Benefit of the Stage, and confining us to read him in the closet. Let me stand excused from intending any personal accusation here; for it is not You, indeed, but that Affection with which *Entertainments of a different Species* are pursued, has done this; and therefore I would fain transfer the Fault from You to the Town. Let us lay it upon the Times, as we are pleas'd to do some of our sins upon Fate and Providence. Or perhaps the very frame of our nature is concern'd; and the Dissectors of an *Eye* and *Ear* can tell us to what Membranes or Organs owe the communication of Pleasures, in which the *rational soul* no share. So shall we be able to account both for the Reception. Grotesque and Opera.

"If Pantomime be a Debauchery of the stage, it is a vice which is so becoming in the Excellence of your own Performance, that I can scarce find in my Heart to be the first to wish it cur'd. Yet as it is fabled of *Achilles's Spear*, that it had a virtue to heal the Wounds it made; so we may prophesy, one Time or other, that the *Rust of Pantomimes* will be a salve for the Recovery of *Dramatic Poetry*."

Theobald to the contrary notwithstanding, the triumphal progress of Harlequin at this period seems to have done Shakespeare very little harm. Only a few months later, Rich favoured his patrons with performances of "*King Lear*," "*Henry VIII*," and "*Julius Cæsar*." But the same attitude of mind is to be noted in a musical entertainment called "*Harlequin Student, or the Fall of Pantomime with the Restoration of the Drama*," produced at Goodman's Fields in 1741. One of the features of this piece was an exact representation of Shakespeare's monument, "as lately erected in Westminster Abbey." It is otherwise noteworthy now as having afforded Garrick the basis of his famous "*Christmas Gambol in the manner of the Italian Comedy*," called "*Harlequin's Invasion*," which was produced at Drury Lane in December 1759, and enjoyed such vogue there as to be frequently revived during the succeeding quarter of a century. The invasion, of course, was that of Parnassus, from which the parti-coloured hero is driven with contumely, and King Shakespeare restored to his own.

All this by way of preamble. A little better than three years later, a pantomime writer whose name has not descended to posterity committed the audacity of the century. He united the forces of Shakespeare and Harlequin with the hope of conquering the public. The result was a harlequinade called "*Shakespeare's Choice Spirits, or Sir John Falstaff in Pantomime*," produced at Sadler's Wells in May 1763. With the rising of the curtain, the Spirit of Fancy slid down a rainbow to *terra firma* (just as the babies used to do in our nonage!), and began warbling as follows:—

From that bright mansion which gave Genius birth,
I, Fancy, on a rainbow reach'd the earth.
On this well-peop'd spot I'll keep my court,
And once more mix in pantomime sport.

It is Fancy, I know, nay you all know it too.
They first must please Fancy who wish to please you.
For each sex and age
I appear on this stage;
Some folks fancy this thing and some fancy that,
And some people fancy—they cannot tell what.

Examine the methods pursued by mankind,
What a number of fanciful projects you'll find.

As to ladies, you know,
They've a right to do so :

For what beauty fancies you cannot condemn,
Since the best of men's fancy, is fancying them.

Sincere wisdom, taste, learning, by me are inspired,
For what is not fancied can ne'er be admired.

No, no, no ; but mum

Among ye I'll come

To present a petition and beg a decree ;

That for my sake you'll fancy to-night what you see."

The Spirit waves her wand, the rocky landscape disappears, and Harlequin, Punch, Pierrot, and Scaramouch are discovered dancing before Falstaff, Doll Tearsheet, and Pistol. Then Fancy, bowing to the fat knight, sings :—

What, Falstaff my friend, my favourite Sir John,

In pantomime are you resolv'd to make one ?

Why welcome, oh welcome, 'tis right honest Jack,

We're a how here shall pierce you a butt of old sack.

Such liquor as Shakespear (my best begot) drew ye

When in Eastcheap with Prince, Poins and Gadshill he knew ye.

'Twas I, on this visit that summon'd you here,

And Jack Falstaff to night, in a dance shall appear.

If word catching critics should take this amies,

And say that great Shakespear is lower'd by this,

We tell them, and all other fault-finding pow'rs,

They may please their own fancy, and we will please ours !

Some very sorry pantomime fooling follows. Falstaff, Doll, and the rest are discovered in a tap-room drinking. An owl startles them by arising from the table and settling upon Bardolph's shoulders, causing the worthy of the rubicund visage to run distractedly off the stage. In another scene Doll, in endeavouring to elope with Harlequin, is seized by Pistol and a constable, but slips from them in leaving a false arm in possession of each. But the climax of inane buffoonery was reached in a scene representing Chelsea Bun-house, with Harlequin as the baker. Pistol having purchased some buns, finds them too hot, and places them in his hat to cool. Thus Harlequin steals, and claps suddenly on the owner's head. Falstaff, in laughing at the discomfiture of his satellite, sits down upon a chair on which a number of hot buns have been bountifully bespread. It is now Pistol's turn to laugh, and both run out making mows at each other. The whole concludes with the apotheosis of

Harlequin and Doll Tearsheet in the Temple of Fancy, before whom a grand dance is performed, in the course of which the executants, by a variety of movements, thread their way through the multitudinous columns of the edifice.

After this, we doubt not that if in the dim future some Vandal has courage enough to brave the famous curse of Stratford, he will find the honoured bones of Shakespeare painfully contorted.

W. J. LAWRENCE

TABLE TALK.

MR. J. H. MCCARTHY'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

SO far as the original scheme is concerned, the History of the French Revolution,¹ undertaken by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, is completed. Having just arisen from the perusal, not only of the two volumes recently issued, but of the two earlier which anticipated their appearance by seven years, I am in a position to commend them as a striking and brilliant study of the causes which led to that most gigantic of upheavals, and of the upheaval itself. To the immense literature on the subject, the stream of which goes broadening and deepening, England and America have largely contributed. To mention one work only, it is probable that three men out of four of the generation immediately past, and half that of to-day, derive their knowledge of the epoch and estimate of the principal actors from the powerful but prejudiced pages of Carlyle. That great thinker was, as Mr. McCarthy points out, much nearer the epoch depicted than is the writer of to day. Not all gain is it that impressions were then probably more vivid than now they are. It was less easy to grasp the entire field of action, and much less easy to comprehend the momentous issues to which that huge outpouring of Gallic strength and weakness was to lead. Add to this, that from all sources, and notably from the Venetian archives, a flood of fresh light has poured upon the Revolution and the movers in it, and a full justification of Mr. McCarthy's work is furnished, as well as a conviction that in some respects at least the position of the latest historian is the most favourable.

ITS SCHEME.

MR. MCCARTHY'S book stands in need neither of apology nor justification. In many respects it is admirable, and in so far as its scheme, as at present exhibited, extends it is adequate. I know no pages in which men may with more ease and pleasure read the story of the events preceding the practical imprisonment of Louis XVI. The narration is vivacious and dramatic, and the story told is impressive and thrilling. That must indeed be the pen of an expert which could render dull in the telling the most exciting

¹ London: Chatto & Windus.

and terrible of stories. Mr. McCarthy's pages are, however, as bright as they can be, and records such as those of the "Fall of the Titan" and the "Flight to Varennes" are profoundly stimulating. The summary, moreover, of the causes which led to the outbreak, though stronger from the literary than the philosophical standpoint, and revealing the undercurrent among the thinkers rather than among the workers, is eminently interesting and valuable. Mr. McCarthy dwells upon the darker rather than the lighter side of the eighteenth-century life, which, in spite of its heartlessness and debauchery—not greater perhaps, though more carefully concealed, than those of to-day—had a certain delicacy, daintiness, and refinement. This, as an historian of the revolution, he was bound to do. Sorry, indeed, and degrading from more than one point of view was that eighteenth-century life, and in one aspect—that of the immunities accorded the nobles—it was horrible. The present writer met with approval from those whose praise was worth having when, on being asked to point to a fouler page in history than the French Revolution, he advanced the page before.

THE NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

MR. MCCARTHY'S book is practically a history of the States-General. It closes at the moment when the National Constituent Assembly declared its labours at an end. The long-debated Constitution, with all its wild and abstract yet never ignoble declarations, had, after twenty-eight months of fierce and in a great measure futile debate, been passed. Louis, no longer, since his interrupted flight, master of his actions, or indeed anything except a prisoner, had—amidst public rejoicings which he could not and did not share, and protestations of loyalty the significance of which he had begun to grasp and was shortly to realise—pronounced his acceptance, and then retired to weep in such approach to solitude as was accorded him. He had then closed the session in an address, and heard the answer of the President. The mission of the Constituent Assembly was said to be closed, and such of the members as remained to the end dispersed. Wisest, if not loyallest, were those who had already taken refuge in flight. The curtain then fell on the first great act of what Mr. McCarthy calls "the great mystery or miracle-play of what may be called modern history." Executed Mirabeau—he had indeed just died—and Bailly, Lafayette, and the rest of those in whom men saw the champions of liberty. By the entrance stand Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and those by whom before many months had rolled by that unutterable iniquity, the

Reign of Terror, was to be established. It is a good point at which to break off, provided always that the history of the second act is in preparation.

AN ESTIMATE OF MIRABEAU.

THE one character that stands forward in Mr. McCarthy's pages in heroic proportions is Mirabeau. He was, it is said, "the one supremely great man whose name is recorded in the history of the early revolution." The saying is, indeed, accepted that "the history of the French Revolution is the history of Mirabeau so long as the life of the one and the life of the other ran together." Supremely great as an orator, resolute in his efforts at self-advancement, knowing his own mind and working steadily to his aims, he was the greatest man in the States-General and probably in France. He was, moreover, in spite of his difficulty in writing and the absence of style from his works, better equipped than any, it may almost be said than all, his competitors. His meannesses were, however, almost as conspicuous as his greatneses. He borrowed money almost as recklessly as our own Sheridan, and his joy was indecent on learning that Louis XVI. had paid his debts and made him an allowance. His pride in his birth, inconsistent as it may appear in one who took part in the abolition of titles of nobility, and his shame at the contemplation of his poverty and his poor establishment with but one servant, are condonable enough, but are scarcely heroic. To these aspects of Mirabeau Mr. McCarthy assigns no prominence, and he is justified in so doing. Mirabeau's stupendous immorality was characteristic of the age rather than of the individual. This the latest historian is at no pains to conceal, and he does not dispute the alleged fact, that the time immediately after the debate on the Regency and all but preceding his death was spent in reckless debauchery. Such was the France of the eighteenth century. It is for those better informed than I to say if it is not the France of to day.

A CONTINUATION OF MR. MCCARTHY'S WORK TO BE DESIRED.

IN taking leave of Mr. McCarthy's fascinating volumes, I can but repeat the hope that he will continue a work for which a chivalrous impartiality is not the least of his recommendations. He has dealt as yet with the time when Celtic passion was under the control of men who, while letting loose the torrent of revolution, believed in their power to dam its banks, or at least to guide its flow. The horrors to follow were as yet faintly indicated. The deaths on the lamp-posts, the tearing to pieces by the mob of those who had

made themselves unpopular, the carrying aloft of their heads upon pikes, and other even worse atrocities, were prophetic of the blood-fury which was to follow. While, however, we look upon these things with the loathing they must always beget in the minds of all except knaves and madmen, we must not draw comparisons wholly in our own favour. Our own revolutions were marked by no similar atrocities, and our nature is not capable of being easily roused, perhaps of being roused at all, to a similar frenzy. Neither in 1640, however, nor in 1688, had the public experienced such provocation or undergone such intolerable wrongs as goaded the peasants and the operative class into fury. No similar pinch of starvation had been experienced, no iniquities such as the condition of French law imposed had been known, and no hopes of a time of proletarian supremacy had been held out. Had our wrongs been those of the French, we should, I hope, have shown the moderation we have exhibited. The mob, however, of 1793 should be compared with that under Jack Cade rather than with the supporters of the Long Parliament.

THE LAST (?) FRENCH BULL FIGHT.

AS I have been dealing with the initial successes of the French Revolution, I may return to a subject on which I have more than once dwelt—the apparent incapacity of the French democracy to control the ferocious appetites of the populace. Again and again have I pointed out that the horrors of the bull fight, when permitted among the excitable Provençals and Languedociens, were certain to infect the North, and to sap the dignity, the health, and the very being of the whole French nation. Not with impunity can such things be tolerated; and if France takes the bull fight from Spain, she must be prepared to follow Spain into obscurity and extinction. I copy from the *Pall Mall Gazette* a portion of a description of a bull fight at Roubaix: “I witnessed on Sunday a spectacle of the most gruesome butchery that it has ever been my lot to see in the shape of a bull fight carried out strictly *à l’espagnole*; but the country was fair France, and the fair daughters of France were present in their thousands, and seemed perfectly callous to the cruel murder of Spanish bulls and the impaling of feeble old horses that might often have given them a pleasurable ride on the Boulevards.” A description of the horrors I spare my readers. I am told, and I hope with truth, that this is the last bull fight that the French Government will tolerate. If that is so, all is well, but action of the kind was more than expedient, it was imperative.

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GISMONDO:
A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY LESLIE GURNELL.

"*Aimer c'est vivre du trop tôt et du trop tard.*"

I.

HE half lifted, half pulled aside the heavy curtain, slippery with the touch of generations of fingers, and, stooping his head, stepped inside. As it fell noiselessly behind him, the bright outer world with its clear evening lights vanished abruptly, and gave place to a dim radiance of far-off altar tapers.

The change was so sudden that for a second or two his strong eyes saw little beyond the heads of the nearest people, but presently growing used to it, they travelled further with their usual keen sureness of vision and with a manifest definiteness of aim.

It was Sunday. He had left the mail train at Venice to speed on homeward with his late fellow passengers, and had reached Rome early that morning. It was his first visit, but he had quickly found out where people mostly congregate, and, having looked in vain for her face among the crowd of loungers on the Pincio and the press of carriages in the Borghese Gardens, he had turned at the hour of Benediction and gone up the steps of the Trinità de' Monti Church.

Clearly, piercingly, in their monotonous sweetness the children's voices rose and fell in answer to the priest's harsh, resonant voice at the altar, and for a brief while the remote, other-world pathos of

their Kyrie Eleison touched him with a thrill of unwonted emotion, and brought a softened look into his sun-scorched resolute face.

Then his own thoughts, his own desires, his own intentions, resumed their sway. He gently pushed a way for himself through the crowd of standing listeners, and, going a little farther up the narrow aisle, sat down at the end of one of the benches and stared eagerly, unabashedly about him, forgetful, as is the manner of most men, that his neighbours had come there to say their prayers.

At first his restless, unsatisfied glance roved to the farthest points of the little building, to where the white capped girls and black veiled nuns knelt in the distance. Then suddenly his attention was caught by a child's face turned towards him a yard away. A small, straight featured, oval face with large grey eyes, eyes that regarded him with a certain reproving curiosity. As they met his own, a shock thrilled through his veins. The eyes were so like those other eyes the memory of which had haunted him through his long years of exile and had kept him single when he most wanted a wife.

In that same instant a slender woman in black, whose face he could not see and whose blonde hair was almost hidden by the depth of her lace boa, moved from her kneeling posture and touched the child gently on the shoulder. The small boy murmured something in an eager whisper and returned to his prayers: a quaint, charming little figure, clad in tight knee-breeches and a loose white cambric shirt, with the wide frills and turned-back cuffs of a miniature cavalier. His pale golden hair was straight and short, cut square over dark, delicately marked brows, and in spite of his extreme fairness there was something vaguely un-English in his look.

"Have you quite forgotten me, Hester?"

He had let her pass him by as the congregation streamed out, chattering and laughing, into the flower-scented sunshine; had looked her in the face to make assurance doubly sure; then had followed her down the steep steps and, pausing at her side, spoke to her just as she was waiting for her Victoria with its tall black horses and servants in mourning liveries to draw up.

To Hester Filonardi it was like a voice from the dead in its sheer unexpectedness. All her life rushed back on her at the sound—her girl-life before she became a wife, wedded to a Roman noble. Not a word of greeting did she utter, but her little gloved hand gripped hard on his.

"I only got here this morning," he went on, in cooler, everyday tones. "Never seen Rome, y'know, and thought I'd like to look you up. Aunt Nan said in her last letter that you were still living here."

"Oh, yes, of course; it's my home except when we're in the country."

Her voice trembled a little with an emotion all her efforts failed to control. In old days this man had held so large a place in her life; in later days she had thrust him so resolutely, so unavailingly out of her thoughts, and now he seemed like a stranger.

Meanwhile the footman continued to hold open the carriage door.

"I am going to drive round for half an hour. Will you come?"

She looked at him with her grey eyes full of yearning and a light of which she herself was unaware. And the man, though not versed in women's looks, said to himself with a throb of satisfaction: "She hasn't forgotten me."

But as Hester moved to step into her carriage she missed the touch of her boy's hand in hers. For five minutes—the first in his seven-year-old life—she had absolutely forgotten his existence.

"Gismondo," she cried quickly, turning round.

"The Marchesino went in that direction, Eccellenza," said the ponderous coachman, turning on his seat and pointing with his whip in the direction of the stone parapet. "Ah! all is well, Eccellenza; I see him coming with the Polish Father."

A tall gaunt priest in a rubbed and shabby garb came round the back of the carriage as he spoke, with Gismondo clinging to his arm.

"Here is the runaway, Marchesa," he said, looking down at the child with the nearest semblance to a smile which ever lightened his haggard features.

Gismondo's little face grew full of wonder.

"That was the man I told you about in church, Mother," he said, in perfectly good English, pointing a small forefinger. "I told you he was like that picture on your table which you never let me touch—now isn't he?" scanning the stranger with the entirely unshrinking glance of the child who has always ruled supreme in his own small world.

Hester blushed faintly.

"Gismondo, thou art always a chatter-box—jump into the carriage," she said softly in Italian. "No, not the place by me—the little seat."

Gismondo's flower-like mouth opened almost as wide as his eyes in astonishment. Always, since he could remember, he had occupied that place at his mother's right hand, sometimes sitting upright in miniature dignity, sometimes loling lazily back on the soft

cushions, but always in that same place of honour ; he could hardly remember his father who had sat there before him, and no other man had ever taken it. All Rome—scandal-loving and tale-bearing as it is—bore witness that the Marchesa Filonardi had worn her widow's weeds longer than was necessary, and had shown no sign of wishing to change her name.

To-day all Rome turned its head in wonderment to see a stranger's square shoulders and strong profile in the room of Gismondo's well known little figure.

"Mother, you never said good day or good bye or anything to Father Felix," cried the child reproachfully, as the big black horses dashed off at a swift trot.

"Queer looking Johnnie, that," said Antony Dundas, glancing back to where the priest's tall figure still stood motionless, his fingers moving in a gesture of farewell to the child. "Looks as if he had been buried and dug up again."

Gismondo did not quite follow his meaning, but he flushed.

"He's a great friend of mine—and of Mother's, too."

"Oh, really !"

Dundas had all the Protestant Englishman's unreasoning horror of priests, and his thought betrayed itself in his face.

"You must be quiet now, darling," said Hester quickly. "I want to talk to this gentleman. He is my cousin—your cousin, too. You didn't know that I had such a big son as this, did you, Antony ?"

She smiled rather tremulously, looking with a world of love in her eyes at the child, but with her heart beating hard, as it had not beat for many years, with expectation and pleasure, and a new-born longing that was almost pain.

"And so you have not married?" she said softly, when presently the carriage was bowling smoothly along under the trees.

"No. For the first years after I went out I couldn't have afforded it. I saw too much of the cheerful results of matrimony on small means among my friends in India to wish to try the experiment myself. And afterwards—well—I never liked any woman well enough. I was very near it once or twice. Sometimes the life out there is so terribly lonely that there comes a moment when one imagines that one would be glad to swear 'to love and cherish' any woman. I've seen fellows taken that way and nothing would stop them. But, thank God, I pulled through those periods and remained a free man. I'm not badly off now, and I've got a certain position to offer my wife."

He looked straight into her eyes as he spoke. He had forgotten the presence of Gismondo.

And then they fell to talking of old days, and as his frequent "Don't you remember?" brought a glad answering radiance into her pensive face, hope and exultation grew strong within him. All his forces fixed themselves in a desire to reconquer his hold on her—all that he had held and might have kept when, ten years ago, she had confessed with lips that trembled under his kisses, that she loved him. He watched her now with the sunlight flickering across her face between the leaves of the trees and the lace of her parasol. It was a changed face from the one he remembered. The roundness of form, the freshness of colour, the childish innocence of expression, were gone. She was paler, prouder, sadder. A woman, and a woman of the world, as he himself was a man of the world. They met again on equal ground, the advantage rather on her side than his. And he liked it better so. It made her the more worth winning.

"I'm tired of driving round and round, Mother. Let's go home."

The conversation had ceased for a moment. Dundas was enjoying himself in silence when Gismondo's high-pitched little voice broke in on his pleasant thoughts and made him start. And Gismondo did not wait for leave. He jumped up and, poking the fat coachman in the back, said: "*All Palazzo*," with an air of command, "*en seigneur et maître*."

"That will be the obstacle," thought Dundas. But he thought also that he should conquer it. He was used to ruling men and circumstance. He belonged to that breed of Englishmen who, when asked by the unlearned what it is they "do" in India, make answer with truth, "I govern."

II.

"Are you in trouble, Madame?" said Father Felix gently.

He did not look at her as he asked the question, but, half turning away, pulled nervously at the leaves of the nearest ilex. It was very hot everywhere on this April morning, but the sun did not reach through the thick canopy of over-arching branches. In that small side alley of the Medici Gardens the shadow lay cool and dusk, save for a few strong shafts of glowing light which struck down here and there between the foliage. One just caught the edge of Hester's hair as she sat with down-bent head on an old stone bench at the edge of the path.

Her face was very pale, and her sweet, serene eyes had an unrested look in them, the kind of look that involuntarily betrays its burden of unshed tears. For a full minute she did not answer, and the priest took off his hat and passed his hand once or twice over his long grey hair. He was not at all an old man, but it was already nearly white, and grew thin about his sunken temples.

"I beg your pardon," he went on presently, "I am not your Confessor and you are not a Catholic, but I have suffered so much in my own life, it makes me quick to see when others suffer, and desire greatly to help them. And then there is Gismondo: I don't know why, but I love him better than I ever thought to love anything human again. Do you remember that day, Marchessa, when he ran along the edge of the wall on the Pincio, and I went and caught him and lifted him down gently—gently—for fear he should start and fall? Well—when I held him for that minute in my arms, something woke up in me which I thought had long been dead."

He spoke in very fluent French, in a low, monotonous, melancholy voice.

Hester lifted her head.

"Yes, you are right. I *am* in trouble, and there is no living soul on earth to whom I can speak freely, or of whom I can ask advice. You have been good to my boy; why shouldn't I tell you?"

She gazed up at him with searching, hesitating wistfulness.

"Why not? It will be afterwards as if you had told that tree," touching the ilex again. "I am a priest, you know—not a man. I was once a man and a soldier. Though you may not believe it, I was once as strong and self confident as your English friend. But I am only a priest now."

He smiled a faint, mirthless ghost of a smile.

"He is not my friend. He is a cousin. I have known him all my life; he is the first person I can clearly remember when I was a child, and afterwards—"

She stopped short. This gaunt, sad eyed man, in his priestly habit, how could she speak to him of love? The words would not come.

And while she hesitated, with quick intuition he divined her thought.

"I understand. Why shouldn't I?" with an accent of repressed bitterness underlying his calm. "I have lost it and forgotten the way thither, but it was not always a forbidden paradise. Afterwards—you loved him?"

"Yes, I loved him, ignorantly and childishly, but with all my heart, and he loved me—as men love. But we were both too poor in those days to think of marriage, and he went to India, and nothing came of it, and I, after awhile, not caring what I did, drawn by the romance and the strangeness of it, married Gismondo Filonardi, a man not of my race or faith, and when my child was born I grew happy again and forgot. He has been the joy of my life, my one pure joy; all the rest was disappointment and humiliation, and till now I have lived for him alone. He is to be brought up a Catholic, but that is nothing. As long as I do not marry again he is mine—mine to bring up as I like, to fashion into such a man as I would have my son be—brave, honourable, manly. He has a beautiful nature and he adores me. But if I leave him——" She stopped short, her voice breaking sharply and her lips quivering with the inward anguish of the thought.

The priest looked down at her and nodded his head slowly once or twice.

"Ah! I see. He would be handed over to his cousin and bred up with his boys, to become such an one perhaps as Gino Filonardi. He has a beautiful nature, as you say. But circumstances are often stronger than character. It would be a pity—a great pity."

Hester shuddered as a vision rose up before her of that very effete youth, Gino Filonardi, with the old head on young shoulders, and morals as cynically corrupt as if he had been a *vireur* of forty instead of a lad of eighteen. Why, two years ago, before her husband died, he had tried to make love to her under cover of their relationship, and her kindness to him. The incident had seemed to her then half ludicrous. She had almost forgotten it. But she recalled it now with a chill of shocked disgust. They would make her Gismondo, her darling, old and wise before his time, and send him out into the world with all his faith in God lost in mere superstition, all his reverence for women blunted and spoiled by premature knowledge of evil. She herself could not hope to influence him from a distance. She would become to him a mere name, a memory. And though she might have other children born to her of the man she loved, she knew, with a despairing conviction, that to her he would always remain a living, haunting presence, which would kill her new-found joys. And yet, with all her unsatisfied woman's heart, she longed for the love of her one lover, for the free, sweet life he offered her. She was very lonely here, though half Rome professed to be her friends. In a few years Gismondo would grow big and leave her, and she would have no one left—no one. And

once more the child was forgotten. The woman's love for the man rose up in a flood of returning passion, and she felt that neither could she give up Antony Dundas.

"Oh ! why should one always have to choose ? Why must it be always 'this or that'—never 'this *and* that' ?"

The priest's sad face grew sadder. The acute despair in her voice touched him to the quick.

"I cannot tell. But it is so for many—for most of us, as far as I know. And if we try and grasp the two things, life becomes harder still. Believe me, it is ill work striving to live with divided affections."

Hester looked up at him again with a mute question in her eyes. In her own extremity of doubt and indecision she grasped eagerly at an experience other and wider than her own, that might perchance help her to act.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I am one of the many who have had to *choose*, not like you, between the love of two human beings, but between my love for my country and my passion—the one passion of my life—for a woman. How and why the two things were at variance and might find no meeting-place for me, is a long story, too long and far too sad to tell you. But it came to this, that I had to choose, and I could no more forswear and be false to the devotion I owed my country, the land of my birth that needed me and all her sons in the hour of her dire distress, than I could deny the God in whom I believe."

He crossed himself hastily, a thrill of deep emotion creeping into his dull voice.

"Well ?" she said eagerly, full of a sympathy which made her for the moment half forget her own trouble.

"The 'result' you mean ? Was it for good or ill ? Ah ! that I cannot tell you. My Poland, the land for which I fought and suffered, is enslaved and dismembered. The home of my forefathers is a half-burnt deserted ruin. The friends I loved are all dead or in exile. I myself wore out the best years of my life in the tomb-like solitude of a Siberian mine. I shall live out the remainder of my life, and I shall die, alone and in a strange land. You must not ask me for the results, Madame. I can only assure you that if I had it to do again, I should still do no otherwise. It is a poor consolation, perhaps, but I offer it you for what it is worth. My country needed me more than the woman I loved."

"And she ?"

"She ? Oh, she married—married a Russian noble high in power. I saw her here not long ago. I stood close to her in a

crowd at St. Peter's, so close that I touched her and looked in her eyes. I should have known her anywhere, changed as she was, but she did not know me. Her years of prosperity had merely ripened her great beauty, and the years of such adversity as mine had turned me into an old man, a shabby, half-starved priest, from whom she drew herself and her silken garments away, as if to brush his sleeve was contamination. So you see," he added gently after a pause, "I am a poor person to ask counsel of. I can only offer you my experience, and that is not encouraging—except on one point—that through it all I have never known the sting and canker of vain regret. That which we give up voluntarily for the sake of a higher duty and a higher love is paid back to us by God in peace of mind. That at least has been my experience. It may not be yours. We cannot judge for another. I offer it you for what it is worth, as I said before."

His voice had lost its thrill. His haggard face had resumed its mask of absorbed, indifferent melancholy. He half mechanically muttered beneath his breath a Latin benediction, and, turning away, went down the path towards the outer gates.

Hester watched his tall black figure till it was out of sight, and for long after it had vanished she sat there very still, lost in deep thought.

III.

"What has become of the tall Englishman who was here in the spring, before we went to the mountains?" Gismondo asked suddenly.

A child's memory is whimsical in its manifestations. In all these months it was the first allusion he had ever made to Antony Dundas, and Hester started and shivered a little under her furs.

It was late autumn again, and the air struck sharp and chilly as the carriage drove swiftly down from the hill and turned into the shadow of the streets.

"He went back to England, darling," she answered. "I don't know where he is now. He will soon be going very far away—out to India."

As she spoke she buttoned the child's coat closer across his slight chest with tender fingers, and drew the carriage rug higher up round him. Gismondo watched her with his large wistful grey eyes. He was lying back against the cushions with a little air of languor, and his small delicate-featured face was pinched and pale. He had

had fever that summer, caught no one knew how, and it had left him more fragile than ever. Hester had brought him back to Rome earlier than usual, that she might consult an American doctor, whose talents and perspicacity had lately brought him into notice, as to where they should winter. She felt it would be a satisfaction to her to be ordered to go somewhere and do something. She shrank from returning to the old grooves, and sometimes a panic of fear would seize her lest her sacrifice had been in vain. A panic that would make her rise up a dozen times in the night to listen to the child's breathing, to touch his little soft hand. He was her all now. And he looked so fragile. The doctor was encouraging but vague.

"He needs the greatest possible care, but with you he will have that wherever he is, in Rome or elsewhere. He must never over-tire himself, never catch a chill, go to bed early, lead a perfectly regular life."

"Then you don't think—you are sure that there is nothing *serious* the matter?" questioned Hester, at once disappointed and reassured by his telling her nothing new, no care she did not already practise with regard to her son.

The man looked away from her, his sharp cut hatchetty face preserving its impenetrable and penetrating alertness.

"There is nothing serious the matter now, Marchesa," he answered with a perfect equality of accent on his words, "and the future rests mainly with you." Then he added smiling: "You said just now in excuse for your very natural anxiety that all your eggs were in one basket. Not a bad thing after all—for the eggs. I agree with Mark Twain 'some people say don't put all your eggs in one basket, but I say put 'em all in one basket and watch that basket.'"

Then he bowed her out, little guessing what balm his words had laid upon her ulcerated heart. And as he went back to his consulting room, where another patient was already waiting, he shrugged his shoulders and said to himself: "Poor woman, she may not have to watch it long at this rate. I guess she's the only soul in Rome that doesn't know what sort of life her husband led. That boy is like her, but he hasn't a constitution worth a cent."

"Then it wasn't true?" said Gismondo presently. He had been diligently following up his own train of thought.

"What wasn't true, *figlio mio*?"

Hester held his little hand fast in hers under cover of the rug, and looked down at him smiling.

"Oh! nothing—nothing," wriggling in his seat uneasily and

looking away. "Only what Giuseppe said," indicating with a slight motion of his head the fat coachman, who throned it, broad backed and majestic, on the box.

Hester coloured faintly. She had all a nice woman's ostrich-like ideas about concealment. It never occurred to her that her servants gossiped about her private affairs.

"What did Giuseppe say?" She spoke very low, but the child's quick instinct caught the change of tone.

"You won't be angry if I say?"

"Angry? Am I ever angry with you? And you are not responsible for Giuseppe's talk. Tell me."

"Well, then—he said that you were going to marry the tall Englishman, and that he would take you away. But it isn't true, is it, mummy? I knew it wasn't. Only sometimes I dream about it in my sleep—dream that you have gone away, and that I am running through all the rooms and can't find you anywhere. Then I begin to cry, and then I wake. It isn't true, is it?" and he nestled closer to her, and under cover of the rug caught up her hand to his mouth, and kissed it and her sleeve with little hasty furtive kisses.

Hester's eyes grew dim with a sudden rush of tears, but her heart grew lighter.

"No, darling, it's not true. Nothing—nothing—shall ever part you and me. As long as you want me, my angel, I shall be there."

"Oh! look, there's Father Felix," cried Gismondo, easily satisfied and quickly diverted, as is the wont of children, "and he doesn't see us."

With a bound he was on his feet, and, hanging over the carriage-door, waved his straw hat in a vehemence of friendly greetings. The priest was walking along the other side of the Corso with his head down-bent. He turned into a side alley as the carriage passed, and did not see them; but Hester caught a glimpse of his worn, sad profile and leant back with a sigh. She wondered if he ever recalled their talk in the Medici Gardens. She had not seen him since.

That evening, as she rose from her solitary dinner, the post came in, bringing her one foreign letter addressed in a clear, fine handwriting, the handwriting of an older generation. It was from the maiden lady Dundas had spoken of as "Aunt Nan," a cousin, from whom Hester heard once a year at Christmas time.

For her to write now, there must be some special family news to impart, and before she had opened the letter, as she went slowly into the sitting room with it in her hand, Hester guessed dimly,

apprehensively, what its contents would be. After some gentle platitudes about the weather it ran thus: "I know you will be glad to hear that our dear Antony is at last happily engaged to be married. I really was in despair about him, he seemed so bent on remaining a bachelor, and he has all the making of such a good husband. I think Miss Ethel Haughton is a very fortunate girl, do you not? She is the only daughter of some new people who have taken that pretty place, Staunton Court, which perhaps you remember, and she will have a nice little fortune of her own added to her other attractions, which are considerable; and I am thankful to say that she is not the least 'modern' in the objectionable sense of the word, and perfectly devoted to dear Antony—thanks there is no one in the world like him. She will make him a most suitable wife." Then in a postscript: "Antony has just come in to see me, and begs to be most kindly remembered to you, and hopes your little boy is quite well. He has not told us much about you, but I feel sure it was a great pleasure to him seeing you in Rome last spring."

Hester folded the letter together mechanically, and stood for a few minutes with her hands clasped together staring straight in front of her. Did she remember Staunton Court! In her day it had stood empty, and there were woods—beech and fir woods—all round it, stretching up to the gorse-scented moors beyond. And in those woods, one summer day, she had said her first good-bye to Antony Dundas. She could hear his voice now, saying: "I shall come back someday—don't quite forget me dear"—could feel in remembrance his kisses and the smart of her own tears.

Then, just then, a neighbouring clock struck eight, and she started. She had missed the time. Gismondo must be waiting for her.

She went quickly across the corridor to his room next hers, and stole softly in. It was her habit to bid him always a last good-night in bed, but to night Gismondo had not waited for her, sleep had overtaken him. He was lying with his fair head pillowed on one arm, and his face wore that exquisite expression of peace and purity which makes even a plain child almost beautiful in sleep, and lifts a pretty one to the level of the angels.

Hester stood for a minute gazing down at him. A carefully shaded lamp burned in a far corner of the room; perhaps it was the dimness and uncertainty of the light which made him look so waxen pale, and threw such deep shadows under his eyes, where the long dark lashes lay lightly.

Before her rose a mental vision so acute that she shivered, and

her heart well-nigh stopped beating—the vision of a little figure lying stiff and straight with hands folded over a crucifix, in a stillness other than sleep. A little figure heaped with white flowers, with tall tapers burning at the head and feet.

She stooped with an inarticulate moan of anguish, and kissed the child's soft warm cheek, and listened to his tranquil gently drawn breath. Then she flung herself on her knees by his bed and prayed passionately, while across her brain still swept the sound of voices chanting the "Dies Iræ."

*THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SOCIETY:
THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.*

ONE of the most remarkable instances of disinterested philanthropy recorded during the Victorian era was the foundation of an institution, the purpose of which was to benefit necessitous authors and artists without injuring their susceptibilities or prejudicing their sense of independence. This brilliant idea was originally conceived by Mr. Richard Hengist Horne (author of "Orion," known as the "farthing epic"), but some years elapsed before it attracted serious attention.

In the late autumn of 1850, Charles Dickens and a distinguished company of amateur actors (including Mark Lemon, John Leech, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Frank Stone, Augustus Egg, &c.) gave three private performances of Ben Jonson's play, "Every Man in His Humour," in the great hall of the Lytton family mansion at Knebworth, and it was during the presentation of this celebrated comedy that Mr. Horne's excellent notion was eagerly discussed. Charles Dickens and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (afterwards Lord Lytton), fully realising the importance of the proposal, occupied themselves in maturing a scheme for the formation of a society, in aid of which Sir Edward offered, free of cost, a portion of land upon his Hertfordshire estate, in a locality suitable for the erection of a college, and further agreed to write a comedy, to be acted with the view of raising a preliminary fund.

The project speedily assumed a definite shape. It was decided to designate the new Society "The Guild of Literature and Art" (which, as Dickens sententiously observed, "may be a good name or a bad name"), the objects of which should be "to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties." In connection with the Society, by which it was intended "to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and

foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly or mainly derived from the precarious profit of a profession," it was proposed to establish and endow an institute, having at its disposal certain salaries to which certain duties would be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, would be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of endowment were to consist, first, of a warden, with a house and salary of £300 a year; second, of members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a year; third, of associates, with a salary of £100 a year. Among other conditions it was stipulated that each member should deliver, either personally or by proxy, three lectures annually on subjects relating to Letters or Art, one of which should be given in London, and the others at Mechanics' Institutes or some public building suited for the purpose in the principal provincial towns. It was further designed to select for the appointment of members (who were to be elected for life) those writers and artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment might be an object of honourable desire; while the office of associate was intended partly for those whose toils or merits were less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those who in earlier life gave promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of a hundred pounds a year might be of essential and permanent service.

Theoretically, the excellence of the scheme was made manifest to all who were concerned in formulating it, and Dickens, with characteristic energy and impulsiveness, threw himself heart and soul into the good cause, practically considering it for the time being the object of his life. Needless to say, he was regally supported by his friends, those distinguished artists and authors who constituted the little company of actors of which Dickens himself was the honoured chief. We learn from the great novelist, by the way, that the public existence of this association of amateur Thespians was quite accidental, it was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour, but, yielding to urgent entreaty, it rendered service to the Sanatorium (referred to by Dickens as "one of the most useful and most necessary institutions ever founded in this country"), and was subsequently enabled to afford timely assistance to three well-known literary men, who were afterwards placed on the pension list.

Charles Dickens's select little theatrical company having already obtained a considerable share of public appreciation and applause, it seemed natural and appropriate that a series of dramatic performances should be given by the members in order to promote the welfare of the "Guild," the proceeds to be devoted to the fund then being raised for this purpose. The new comedy, specially written by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton with this object in view, was entitled, "Not so Bad as We Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character,"¹ the copyright of which, both for acting and writing, being unconditionally given to the Association, enabled it to realise a handsome sum of money. In a letter (dated January 5, 1851) to Sir Edward, having reference to the various *roles*, Dickens proposed to call the company together to agree upon one general plan of action. He suggested playing first about three weeks before the opening of the Great Exhibition, so that the performances might be the town talk before the country people and foreigners arrived in the Metropolis; and further expressed his belief that (for cheapness and many other considerations) it would be desirable to construct a portable theatre, which could be easily erected and taken down—"say in the Hanover Square Rooms"—and moved into the country, an idea speedily carried into effect. In concluding his letter the novelist said: "Now, my dear Bulwer, I have come to the small hours, and am writing alone here, as if I were writing something to do what your comedy will. At such a time the temptation is strong upon me to say a great deal more, but I will only say this—in mercy to you—that I do devoutly believe that this plan, carried, will entirely change the status of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position which no Government, no power on earth but his own, could ever effect. I have implicit confidence in the scheme—so splendidly begun—if we carry it out with a steadfast energy. I have a strong conviction that we hold in our hands the peace and honour of men of letters for centuries to come, and that you are destined to be their best and most enduring benefactor. Oh! what a procession of New Years might walk out of all this after we are very dusty."

In a very few months everything was ready for the first representation of "Not so Bad as We Seem." Dickens was to have composed a farce to follow the comedy, but the unexpected cares of management prevented him from completing it in time. "I have written the first scene," he informed Mr. Forster, "and it has droll points in it, more farcical points than you commonly find in 'farces'

¹ The title proposed by Dickens was, *Knowing the World; or, Not so Bad as* . . .

really better. Yet I am constantly striving, for my reputation's sake, to get into it a meaning that is impossible in a farce; constantly thinking of it, therefore, against the grain; and constantly impressed with the conviction that I could never act in it myself with that wild abandonment which can alone carry a farce off. Wherefore I have confessed to Bulwer Lytton and asked him for absolution." A new farce by Mark Lemon was therefore substituted, entitled "*Mr. Nightingale's Diary*," to which, however, Dickens contributed so many jokes and so much fun of his own, that it is no exaggeration to say that the success of the little play was due as much to him as to the acknowledged author.

The authors engaged in the inaugural performance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Dudley Costello, John Forster, Richard Hengist Horne, Charles Knight, Robert Bell, Peter Cunningham, and Westland Marston; while Art was represented by Augustus Egg, A.R.A., F. W. Topham, Frank Stone, and Mr. (now Sir) John Tenniel, the latter being, alas! the sole survivor of this remarkable company. The stage architect and machinist was Sir Joseph Paxton (designer of the Crystal Palace, then just completed for the Great Exhibition), and those responsible for the scenery were Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., Louis Haghe, and Mr. William Telbin. Among the painters who took an interest in the "Guild" scheme was Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., by whom an admirable design was drawn for the card of membership. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which the preparations were carried out, Dickens informed Sir Bulwer Lytton that in the matter of dresses there was not a pocket-flap or a scrap of lace that had not been made from an old print or picture—indeed, every detail was in perfect truth and keeping, which, of course, greatly enhanced the artistic merits of the enterprise.

Apart from the above considerations, the initial performance of "*Not so Bad as We Seem*" marks a red-letter day in the annals of the Stage, for it was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort. As soon as Dickens became aware of this graceful act of condescension on the part of the Sovereign, he acquainted the Duke of Devonshire with the fact, and plainly intimated to his Grace (to whom he was then a stranger) his desire to secure the loan of Devonshire House for the auspicious event; whereupon the Duke responded in a most friendly manner promising his earnest and sincere co-operation, and offering with princely munificence the loan of his mansion for the benefit of the new

endowment. For purposes of the play his Grace accorded the use of his large picture-gallery, to be fitted up with seats for the audience, and the library adjoining for the erection of the portable theatre, the rear portion of the latter apartment being screened off for use as a "green room." A special box for the Queen was also provided. In the erection of the theatre not a nail was allowed to be hammered into the floor or walls, the lateral supports being held by the pressure from end to end of padded beams; none of the valuable pictures were removed, but were protected by planks draped with crimson velvet.

The date of the Royal performance was May 16, 1851 (not the 27th of that month, as incorrectly stated by Mr. Forster, the latter being the date of the second representation, at which the Queen was not present). When the comedy was first enacted there was no after-piece, as the curtain did not rise until the late hour of nine o'clock. Mr. R. H. Horne, who has placed on record many interesting incidents relating to the rehearsals and inaugural performances, mentions that the tickets for the first night were priced at five guineas each, and that Her Majesty forwarded the sum of a hundred guineas for her box. The initial representation of the comedy went off without a hitch, if we except an amusing little accident, whereby the jutting out sword of one of the actors passed rigidly across the surface of a table, sweeping therefrom the entire contents—decanters, glasses, grapes, pine-apple, painted pound-cake, wooden peaches—all of which rolled pell mell upon the stage towards the footlights, the humour of the *contretemps* being apparently much relished by Her Majesty and the Royal suite. (Mr Horne's memory failed him when, in jotting down his recollections some twenty years after the event, he definitely asserts that the after-piece, viz. "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," was also produced on this occasion.) The actual date of the first performance of Mark Lemon's laughable farce was May 27, when "Not so Bad as We Seem" was enacted for the second time at Devonshire House—a confusion of dates which probably originated the error in Mr. Forster's biography. The plot of the after-piece was so very slight as scarcely to merit that designation, and the characters were expressly invented with a view to the special histrionic talents of Dickens and Mark Lemon. Seven personages were actually in the cast, Dickens assuming that of Mr. Gabblegwig, an over-voluble barrister, and Lemon that of Slap. Other characters not named in the bill were freely introduced by the authors of the play, and not the least remarkable feature of the performance was the extraordinary manner in which the two principal

actors more than "doubled" their parts, Dickens impersonating no less than five distinct characters, two of whom strongly resembled Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, his make-up and appropriate vernacular being unsurpassable.

In honour of the second presentation of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy at Devonshire House, the Duke gave a magnificent ball and supper to the actors and the entire audience, which, as may be imagined, proved a very brilliant scene. After these two eminently successful inaugural nights (never forgotten by those who participated in them) and a few performances at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, there followed the grand provincial tour of the distinguished amateurs in aid of the "Guild" fund. Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, Bristol, and other large towns were visited, the reception being everywhere most cordial. Dickens, as usual, took the whole management on his shoulders, and one night, after supper, he announced to his *confrères* that having already accumulated £3,000 without much trouble, he thought they should continue their efforts until the sum of £5,000 was realised, for with that amount in hand he considered they would be fully justified in laying their prospectus before the public for the establishment of "The Guild of Literature and Art," with the intimation that "We have done thus much ourselves towards the foundation; now what will you do to help us?" It was, therefore, unanimously agreed that this "splendid strolling" should be extended, and as the same pieces were played in each town, and no rehearsals were required, there was plenty of leisure for private study and work of another kind. It was an established rule that all members of the "Guild" should dine and sup together—the ladies, by the way, who took part in the plays were professional actresses, who occupied private apartments in the vicinity of the concert-room, or hall, engaged for the "Guild," or else came down by express train on the nights of performance—and after supper various forms of recreation were usually indulged in by the gentlemen amateurs, the favourite "game" being leap-frog, which was played all round the supper-table. "Very much of the fun of this," remarks Mr. Horne, "consisted in special difficulties, with their consequent disasters, for Dickens was fond of giving a 'high back,' which, though practicable enough for the more active, was not easily surmounted by others, especially after a substantial supper; while the immense breadth and bulk of Mark Lemon's back presented a sort of bulwark to the progress of the majority. Now, as everybody is bound to run at the 'frog back' given, and do his best, it often happened that a gentleman landed upon the top of

Mark's back, and there remained ; while with regard to the 'high back' given by Mr. Dickens, it frequently occurred that the leaping frog never attained the centre, but slipped off on one side ; and we well remember a certain occasion when a very vigorous run at it failed to carry the individual over ; the violent concussion sent the high-arched 'frog' flying under the table, followed headlong by the unsuccessful leaper. Mr. Dickens rose with perfect enjoyment at the disaster . . . exclaiming that it was just what he expected ! " All this, doubtless, is unmitigated frivolity, but great minds, like average intellects, may occasionally unbend.

Charles Dickens, in letters home, gives a vivid idea of the public furore attendant upon the provincial tour. Writing to his wife from Clifton in November, 1851, he says : " We had a noble night last night. The room (which is the largest but one in England) was crammed in every part. The effect of from thirteen to fourteen hundred people, all well dressed, and all seated in one unbroken chamber, except that the floor rose high towards the end of the hall, was most splendid, and we never played to a better audience. The enthusiasm was prodigious. . . . We were all thoroughly pleased, I think, with the whole thing, and it was a very great and striking success." To Sir E. Bulwer Lytton he wrote three months later : " I left Liverpool at four o'clock this morning, and am so blinded by excitement, gas, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, that I can hardly see to write ; but I cannot go to bed without telling you what a triumph we have had. Allowing for the necessarily heavy expenses of all kinds, I believe we can hardly fund less than a thousand pounds out of this trip alone. And, more than that, the extraordinary interest taken in the idea of the Guild by 'this grand people of England' down in these vast hives, and the enthusiastic welcome they give it, assure me that we may do what we will if we will only be true and faithful to our design. There is a social recognition of it which I cannot give you the least idea of. I sincerely believe that we have the ball at our feet, and may throw it up to the very Heaven of Heavens. . . . I can most seriously say that all the sights of the earth turned pale in my eyes before the sight of three thousand people with one heart among them, and no capacity in them, in spite of all their efforts, of sufficiently testifying to you how they believe you to be right, and feel that they cannot do enough to cheer you on. . . . We have won a position for the idea which years upon years could not have given it. I believe its worldly fortunes have been advanced in this last week fifty years at least. . . . Believe me, we may carry a perfect fiery cross through

the North of England, and over the Border, in this cause if need be—not only to the enrichment of the cause, but to the lasting enlistment of the people's sympathy."

Unhappily, the singular run of good fortune attendant upon these histrionic efforts did not continue to keep pace with the hopes and aspirations of the energetic promoters of the "Guild" project. The public response was so far satisfactory, however, as to justify the erection (after a considerable interval) of some houses on the land at Stevenage, near Knebworth, which had been generously given by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and on July 29, 1865, the members of the "Guild" journeyed to that pretty Hertfordshire village for the purpose of inspecting the buildings, handsomely designed by Mr. Darbishire, the honorary architect. They consist of four self-contained residences, constructed of stone, in the Gothic style, and constitute one side only of what was originally intended to be a quadrangle. After their survey of the "Guild" houses, the appearance of which is now so much enhanced by ivy and trailing creepers and flower gardens, the party drove to Knebworth to partake of the hospitality of Sir Bulwer Lytton. Dickens, in the course of a speech proposing the health of the host, remarked that these houses could never have been erected but for his lordship's zealous and valuable co-operation, and added: "The ladies and gentlemen whom we shall invite to occupy the houses we have built will never be placed under any social disadvantage. They will be invited to occupy them as artists, receiving them as a mark of the high respect in which they are held by their fellow-workers. As artists I hope they will often exercise their calling within those walls for the general advantage, and they will always claim, on equal terms, the hospitality of their generous neighbour."

According to the stringent and express prohibition of the Act of Parliament, no pension could be granted until the "Guild" charter was seven years old! On discovering this remarkable clause, Dickens immediately recommended that there should be no expenses in connection with the "Guild" affairs—that the interest on the capital should be invested as accrued, that the "Guild" should have the use of the *House of Words* office rent free, and the services of Mr. W. H. Wills (his assistant editor) on the same terms, all of which was duly approved and effected.

Dickens, as we have seen, avowedly anticipated the absolute

¹ *A proof* of this, Dickens observed to Lord Lytton, "It appears to me that the House of Commons and Parliament altogether is just the dreariest failure and nuisance that has bothered this much bothered world."

success of the grand project into which he threw himself with such extraordinary energy. There was, indeed, abundant justification in the belief that a scheme such as this, so auspiciously initiated and so powerfully championed by many of the leading lights in the world of Arts and Letters, could not but achieve its magnificent purpose. Alas ! there proved to be a bitter disappointment in store for the promoters, than which nothing could better illustrate the vanity of human wishes and aspirations. The very class the "Guild" was meant to benefit did not look upon it with approbation, and every renewed exertion to secure public appreciation more largely added to the failure. It is said that so unfortunate a result was partly attributable to the ridicule poured upon this altruistic movement by certain pseudo-faceticious journals, some of which jocosely anticipated a rush of passengers by the Great Northern Railway (close by), to see "the literary lions at feeding time." The "Guild's" non-success is more probably to be found in the suggestion that the unexpected *fiasco* was due not only to the circumstance that such a form of charity militated against the sense of delicacy and refinement usually appertaining to genius, but may be also accounted for by the fact that the "Guild" houses were situated in a locality remote from London and not easily accessible. These attractive residences, after remaining unoccupied for nearly twenty years, at last found tenants on being converted into "suburban villas," the rents being available for the relief of those unfortunate persons whom the "Guild" designed to benefit. Nearly opposite the "Guild" buildings, by the way, may be observed a modern public-house rejoicing in the sign of "Our Mutual Friend," in compliment to Charles Dickens, who was at that time (1865) engaged upon the story bearing the familiar title. Arent this place of refreshment, wittily disposed people observed that it must have been established for the purpose of entertaining Literature and Art, in the persons of its impoverished representatives, with grog and cigars, in company with those who came to visit them.

It would be superfluous to mention that Charles Dickens and his coadjutors were deeply grieved by the non-realisation of their high expectations. The very hopeful anticipations regarding the "Guild" scheme which the novelist experienced are made fully manifest in the letter to Sir Bulwer Lytton previously quoted, so that the depth of his disappointment may be approximately gauged. Certain advantages, however, accrued as the result of the united efforts of the members of the "Guild," for the fairly substantial sum of money raised by means of the dramatic performances was practically devoted

to the desired object. For several years the number of members of the "Guild" has gradually decreased, and no new members have been elected, nor have any subscriptions or donations been received by the "Guild." There are now no annuitants, and none of its members reside in the dwelling-houses at Stevenage, but grants have from time to time been made by the council to necessitous persons. The "Guild" property consists of £2,112 invested in "Coschens," a small balance at Coutts's, and the land and houses already described. The funds derived from these sources have always been carefully and economically administered by the council, in conformity with the provisions of the Act of Parliament, under which the "Guild" has a corporate existence. The active members of the council were, until quite recently, Sir John Robinson, the editor of the *Daily News*, Mr. John Hollingshead, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens the younger; but the council were eventually reduced to two, viz. Sir John Robinson and Mr. F. Clifford.

We now arrive at the final chapter in the history of this famous institution. Among the private (and unopposed) Bills proceeded with in Parliament during the last Session was one to which a melancholy interest attaches. It was that which the Earl of Morley's Committee had ordered to be reported, with amendments, to the House of Lords, the object of this Bill being the winding-up and dissolution of the once celebrated "Guild." The Bill having been passed, it is now proposed to divide the money in equal moieties between the Royal Literary Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; the land and houses to be assigned to either, as may be agreed, or placed in trust for the joint benefit of both or either, subject to a right of purchase within twenty-one years by the present Earl Lytton. By this arrangement the generous and charitable movement which Dickens and his friends had so much at heart will practically be carried into effect, although in a manner somewhat differing from that originally conceived by its projectors. All honour to those who, nearly half a century since, were actually responsible for the inception and foundation of a scheme intended to benefit the less fortunate but worthy representatives of Literature and Art.

F. G. KITTON.

ENGLISH PROSODY.

THE nature and structure of English verse would seem to have received less than due attention. Healthy organisms work without self-analysis ; our poets, busied with singing, seldom stayed to consider the mechanism of their tones. Readers were content to enjoy, without seeking to analyse ; and after all a good ear is the chief essential for such enjoyment. Just as rules of elocution never made an orator, so rules of prosody cannot make a poet ; they are not even indispensable to the student or critic of our literature. Yet the physiology or natural history of verse forms a subject interesting in itself, and not without practical effect on the reading and writing of poetry. In an age when questions of technique occupy so large a place in poetical criticism, it is strange that the most fundamental of such questions should remain without authoritative answer. Can we "scan" our verses, in other words divide them into more or less accurate sections, the recurrence of which constitutes rhythm ? Or must we be content to receive the impression of verse music as a whole, without trying to resolve it into its constituents ? Can we, or can we not, dissect the structure of English metre, say what makes a line musical or the reverse, pronounce on particular lines as good, bad, or indifferent from the merely metrical point of view ? To all appearance we both can and do, and yet the principles which underlie our judgment have not been stated in a way to command unqualified assent, their very existence to this day forming matter of assumption rather than of proof.

On one point, indeed, English criticism is tolerably unanimous. Our verse is held to consist of "feet," made up by the alternation of two kinds of syllables. Sometimes these kinds are styled *long* and *short*, sometimes *strong* and *weak*, sometimes merely *accented* and *unaccented*. It is assumed that we can distinguish these with substantial accuracy, and the critic transfers the classical terms *iamb*, *trochee* and the rest to such collocations of syllables, and exhausts his ingenuity and his reader's patience in fitting caps to heads which

sturdily refuse to wear them. For, in any really accurate analysis of English speech, the distinction underlying these terms rests on no surer foundation than the fancy of grammarians. There is no law of our language, drawing a line of demarcation, on this side of which all syllables belong to one class, on that to another. Neither as a matter of "quantity"—that is, of the time occupied in pronouncing a syllable—nor as a matter of accentuation, can this be deemed true. Undoubtedly some syllables take longer to pronounce than others. Undoubtedly, also, the alternation of more strongly with less strongly accented syllables is a fact of our speech, from which neither prose writer nor poet can hope to escape. But to lay down a fixed rule, and divide our infinitely varied syllables into two classes and no more—on whatever principle our division be founded—is to do what we have really no warrant whatever for attempting, and what is demonstrably at variance with the facts of our language and our verse.

A prolonged discussion of this thesis would be out of place here. It may be allowed to refer to two pamphlets,¹ where it has lately been examined at some length and in some detail. But the gist of the argument can be shortly stated. *Quantity*, in English speech, is of such minor importance that some critics deny its existence as a fact of verse at all. This view is certainly too narrow; the quantitative value of a syllable counts for something, and is not ignored by writers who try to make their verse musical. But it is treated by them with great freedom, a long syllable being shortened or a short one lengthened as the accent or the music demands. *Accent*, on the other hand, is a dominant principle of our verse, whose importance it is impossible to overestimate. Were it uniform in its incidence, it might form a basis for metrical systems as exact and precise as the schemes of Greek and Latin verse. But its working is capricious, uncertain, incapable of being reduced to exact rule. The same word, perhaps in the same line, has it one moment and the next has it not. Or rather, to put it more accurately, it may have or not have it in a thousand differing gradations. The degrees and refinements and modulations of our stress-accent are simply endless in number, and to seek to reduce these to a crude dichotomy of long and short is to build our system on shifting sand, and to abandon all hope of a permanent and convincing analysis.

If proof of this be wanted, it may be found in the disputes of grammarians. Agreeing that our verse is composed of definite

¹ *English Hexameter Verse*, and *English Verse-Structure*, by T. S. Omond. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1897.)

feet, they are unable to agree as to what these feet are in particular instances. The stock example is the first line of "*Paradise Lost*"—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit,

According to the stress we lay on the word *man's*, on the word *first*, on the first or third syllable of the word *disobedience*, we may scan this line in any of three or four ways. There is no certainty about the matter; no authority can tell us definitely which way is right. We are in a region of guesswork rather than of knowledge, and one man's opinion is as good as his neighbour's. Or take a single instance from one of the ablest of recent metrical works, Prof. Mayor's "*Chapters on English Metre*" (Cambridge, 1886). He discovers five trochees in the following line from "*Enoch Arden*"—

Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.

As a *trochee* means a foot of two syllables, of which the first is long or accented, the second short or unaccented, it is clear that he thinks that in the twice-repeated phrase "*own time*" the accent falls wholly on the word *own*, not at all on the word *time*. A real line of five trochees would run more like this—

Take it easy, Dora, take it easy.

But most of us will agree that this is not the music of Tennyson's line at all, that the word *time* is accented as much or even more than the word *own*, so that the foot formed by these two words has more of an iambic or even spondaic character than of a trochaic.

Instances of this kind could be multiplied by the score. Our best authorities disagree with each other as to how particular lines shall be scanned. There is, in fact, no possibility of a final decision, no tribunal which can adjudicate on the precise value of any syllable. Certainly our verse like (I should suppose) all verse based on spoken rather than sung words, builds largely on accent. Unless we catch the play of accent intended by the poet, we miss the effect of his music; and it is therefore his business to make this unmistakably clear. But writer and reader are alike human and fallible. We can never be quite certain that we have realised the whole effect intended by the poet. Lines strike us differently at different times, and we forthwith read them in a different way. If the scansion of our English verse depends on perfectly realising the accentual beat of the words, we may as well at once acknowledge that it can never be scientifically correct or even wholly convincing to ourselves.

But if we have no warrant for saying that syllables succeed each other in prescribed order, how shall we account for the impression of recurrence, of uniform and regular repetition? All critics are agreed

that this is the essential element of metre, the thing which differentiates verse from prose. If syllables do not recur with exact regularity—if we are unable to analyse them into anything like rigorous *feet*—it seems as if there were but one conception to fall back upon. The rhythmical division or period in which the syllables are, as it were, imbedded must itself be the rudiment of structure, the unit that recurs. The word *period* is a convenient one, because it suggests the idea of time, and that is precisely the element sought to be emphasised. Time would be thus made the important feature in our verse. Accents may vary, syllables become longer or shorter, and yet the underlying time-period remain the same. This gives us at once a more elastic conception of metre, and one better adapted to represent the immense variety alike of our syllabic quantity and of our imperious yet capricious accentuation.

But this is not all. Time, it is clear, may be occupied either by sound or silence. The musician would be puzzled to balance his bars, unless he included in his notation *rests* as well as *notes*. Metre, which is closely akin to music, demands a similar privilege. We must not scan our verse by syllables alone, but must recognise the fact that metrical periods naturally contain *pauses* as well as *syllables*. The word *pause* is again a convenient one, because it leaves room for variety of effect. Pause does not necessarily imply cessation of speech. The voice may pause *on* a syllable, instead of before or after; it is probably often left to the reader's choice which he will do. But that both forms of pause, both the lingering of the voice on a syllable and the cessation of voice before or after a syllable, are necessary elements in the scansion of English verse, a little consideration of our "irregular" forms of metre will, it is believed, clearly show.

This is, of course, the only test of any metrical analysis; it must seem to explain the facts of our verse. These facts are there, not to be gainsaid or got over. Metrical theories do not create the facts; they only recognise and try to understand them. Our poets do not sing as the grammarians tell them. The song comes first, the explanation later. Even in our own day, learned and self-conscious as they can hardly help being, our poets have not lost the ancient freedom of song. No doubt absolute laws underlie that freedom; it is conditioned by the necessities of the art, and in obeying these realises its highest perfection. To formulate these necessities is the ambition of the metrist; he succeeds or fails according as he interprets the actual result. A theory which does not accord with fact (as seems the case with the *foot*-theory in English verse) stands condemned without more ado; while for the grammarian to

argue from past experience what poets can or cannot do, and attempt to limit their future performance, is a distinct travelling beyond his province, and will probably lead—as it has often done in the past—to his predictions being triumphantly falsified by some succeeding singer, whose practice annihilates rules based on too narrow a conception of the art.

This being clearly understood, we must hasten at once to bring our theory to the test of facts, to prove or disprove it by comparison with the actual verses of English singers. Take first Browning's couplet—

Morning, evening, noon, and night
Praise God! sang Thome.

This has been said to consist of two lines of irregular length, because the first line contains seven syllables, the second only six. But surely it is obvious that the time of the two lines is the same. The words *Praise God!* are meant to occupy the time which would usually be taken by the words *Praise to God!* It is a bold use of metre, but justified by the necessity for the voice dwelling on these words, which are long in themselves, and emphasised also by accentuation. Accent, quantity, and pause thus combine to make two syllables fill the time of three, and it may be doubted if any ordinary reader of Browning ever thought of dividing the line otherwise, or felt any "irregularity" in the metre beyond the justifiable emphasis which substituted one syllable for two in the first period of the second line.

In this case the pause is clearly *on* the syllable. Take next two lines from Charles Kingsley—

Clear and cool clear and cool!
 By laughing shallop and dreaming pool.

It is scarcely to be doubted that here again the two lines are of the same length. Had the poet chanced to write

So clear and cool so clear and cool

(or any such phrase), this would not be doubted, and the lines would be pronounced "iambic," with one foot of three syllables in the second line. Can it really be maintained that the omission of the word *So* alters the structural basis? Is not that basis one of *four periods*, occupied in the second line mainly by syllables, but in the first line by a combination of pauses and syllables? If we insert a "rest" before (or possibly better after) the word *clear*, the four periods of the line are easily recognised. The space of time during which the voice dwells on the word *clear* will naturally vary

with different readers ; but I think few will refuse to admit that there is an actual pause, a cessation of sound, as well as and in addition to the prolongation of voice during the utterance of the word.

Another striking instance is supplied by Tennyson's well-known lines—

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !

These two lines obviously each contain three periods. But in the second line two or even three syllables go to a period, while in the first line each period contains but one. Whether the words *Break, break, break* are to be regarded as occupying the whole time of the line, or whether the undoubted length of these syllables is supplemented by a pause of actual silence between the words, may be left to the reader to determine. In either case the element of pause comes in, whether it be pause on the word or pause after the word ; and without recognition of this element correct scansion is really impossible.*

Students of the subject will probably say that there is nothing new in this conception of metre. It agrees with the old Greek doctrine, so far as that divided its feet by times rather than by syllables. It agrees with any theory, ancient or modern, which detects extra length ("longer than long") in certain syllables, and it seeks not merely to point this out, but to assign its cause and explanation. It adopts and makes more general Coleridge's theory in the preface to "*Christabel*," where he says that English verse should be scanned by counting the accents, not the syllables, so that "Tu—whit ! —Tu—whoo !" is the metrical equivalent sometimes of seven syllables, sometimes of twelve. And still more, of course, it agrees with the view of those who prefer to adopt musical notes and terms for the analysis of English verse, and to speak of minim, crotchet, and quaver rather than merely of long and short syllables.

As, indeed, our "period" is clearly much analogous to a bar of music, with its rests as well as notes, it may be asked why the musical notation is not adopted outright. We should get the benefit of a much more elastic system, the whole range from semibreve to semiquaver and further, together with all the variations introduced by dotted notes, syncopation, and compound time being at our service. Undoubtedly the advantage would be great, and were this the only alternative to our ordinary pseudo-Classic nomenclature, it

* Similarly, in Mr. Robert Buchanan's *Ballad of Judas Iscariot*, one whole line is formed by the words "Made sweet sound," these three syllables occupying the time given elsewhere in the poem to either six or seven.

would deserve immediate adoption. One of its most illustrious adherents (as the present writer has but lately discovered) is Mr. Ruskin. "*Elements of English Prosody*" (Orpington, 1880) is the name of a slender tract, less known than it should be, in which his views are set forth. Like all our great writer's work, this pamphlet contains much admirably expressed truth, coupled with some things that can only be called whimsical and fantastic. His analysis of English verse is often masterly and convincing, full of flashes of luminous insight, if sometimes blinding in its very brilliance; what is most disputable is generally expressed in terms of the greatest certitude. As a metrist he must not be implicitly followed. His list of feet differs in several points from that commonly accepted; ¹ *metre* he uses (without explanation) as equivalent to *foot*, instead of in its ordinary English sense. In some respects his work must be called that of an amateur, but an amateur of genius, more splendid even in his blunders than any plodding professional. It is even doubtful whether within the narrow limits of some sixty sparsely printed pages any English writer has given us more wealth of analysis and illustration, more suggestive hints and interesting side-lights on the whole subject and province of metre.

But, with all respect to Mr. Ruskin and other eminent authorities, it may be doubted whether there are not grave reasons against employing this musical notation. In the first place, it pins us down to assigning an exact value to every syllable in our line. Immensely more comprehensive as the musical notation is, that man is to be pitied who attempts to express in it the prodigious complexity of our syllabic structure. Remembering that accent as well as quantity must be taken into account, that quantity melts and fuses in the hands of accent, while accent itself depends on the subtlest interpretation of exact shades of meaning—both accent and quantity, moreover, being to some extent moulded by the mere rhythmical flow of the line—one can readily apprehend the quite insuperable difficulty of such a task. Secondly, the musical notation requires us to regard each syllable as being wholly in one period or another. A

¹ Thus his Trochee is what most writers call a Pyrrhic, while what they call a Trochee he names Chorea. This last term, which simply means a foot used in choruses, is applied by other writers sometimes to the Pyrrhic, sometimes to the Trochee, sometimes even to the Tribrach; and is therefore best avoided as ambiguous. In my own rough list (*Verse-Structure*, note A) *Choree* is unfortunately given as a synonym for Pyrrhic instead of (as the note following shows was intended) for Trochee. This slip may seem to bear out Mr. Ruskin's assertion that "nearly all writers on prosody" confuse these two feet; but except that the name "*choric foot*" is given to both, I know of no ground for his statement.

note, of ordinary length, which is partly in one bar and partly in another, would be looked on as a monstrosity in music. But in metre there seems no reason why this should not happen. The periods underlie the syllables, but they need not necessarily coincide absolutely with them. Let us test theory again by example, and see whether facts prove or disprove this conception of the flexibility of a period.

The second verse of Tennyson's last-quoted poem begins—

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!

Dividing these lines into three periods, it is easy to see that *O well* occupies one period, the two "long" syllables occupying the time of three, and forming something like a *spondee*. But what of the other two periods in this line? Shall we give three syllables to each? But no one really divides the words so: *for the fish-erman's boy*. Shall we scan as we read, *for the fisher-man's boy*, giving four syllables to the second, and only two to the third? This may be nearer the truth, but it scarcely seems the whole truth. Assuming the correctness of our periods—of which more may be said later—it seems necessary to conclude that the division between second and third periods comes somewhere during the word *fisher*, but not precisely either before or after the second syllable of the word. Once we are freed from the tyrannous domination of *feet*, there seems nothing strange in this idea of the periods underlying the syllables but not coinciding with them. It would indeed be strange if such non-coincidence did not occur sometimes, when we remember how our poets exhaust every device to give freedom and variety to their metre.

This might possibly seem an instance of over-minute analysis, were it not that similar cases occur so frequently, and that their cause seems so unmistakable. In the very next line the word *sister* is divided in the same way. Not to dwell too much on one poem, notice the words italicised in the following lines from various writers—

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a *visible* form.
This world is the *mother* of all we feel.
And his *whorls* were *gleaming* in purple and gold.
O blest are the *lovers* and friends who shall live.
And the wave-worn horns of the *echoing* bank.
And a *spirit* in my feet.

Is it not clear that in all these cases the division of the periods does not coincide with the division of syllables, so that the elasticity

of our unit need not be hampered by the limits which such coincidence would involve?

It would seem safer, then, not to attempt assigning exact value to each constituent of the period, but to be content to regard the latter itself as our unit. Not that this conception, taken in and by itself, carries us very far. To say that rhythmic periods underlie a line is to say merely what every metrical critic admits. Nor has it been denied, so far as I know, that these periods are of equal and uniform length. This indeed, we have seen, is usually considered the most essential and differentiating quality of verse. To assert that every line in "*Paradise Lost*" consists of five such periods, therefore, may seem to deal only with the A B C of the question. Undoubtedly we want to go much further, desiring not merely to recognise but to characterise the periods, seeking to discover their qualities and the laws of their framing. But a just general conception is half the battle. When we take the elastic *period*, instead of the rigid *foot* so dear to generations of English metrists, as our fundamental conception, we at least tread surer ground, and any progress we make is likely to be real instead of illusory. Let us see in what direction it leads us.

Three elements, we have already seen, go to make up the character of a "period" — *Accent*, *Quantity*, and *Pause*. The nature of accent has formed the subject of hot debate among English grammarians. It is sometimes identified with metrical *ictus*, sometimes subdivided into various classifications—logical, rhetorical, and the like. But for practical purposes it may be defined simply as the stress which, from whatever reason, emphasises one syllable more than others. Whether, in so doing, it lengthens the syllable on which it falls, is a point open to dispute. It certainly does not lengthen the vowel, as is often said; a short vowel can be emphasised as easily as a long. But it is probable that whatever gives prominence to a syllable tends to make the voice dwell on that syllable; to this extent, though not necessarily or invariably, Accent has probably some effect in prolonging the duration of a syllable. Quantity proper, again, depends partly on the natural length or shortness of vowels, partly on the retarding influence of a number of consonants. Closely allied to Accent on the one side, it is on the other as closely allied to Pause. The lingering of the voice on a syllable, from logical or emotional or purely musical reasons, directly affects its quantity. But there remains a residuum not so affected; he is a bad verse-maker who unduly shortens a naturally long syllable, or lengthens a short one. The third element, Pause, has been sufficiently defined;

it may be either pause on a syllable, or a momentary silence before or after one. The former is closely allied to, perhaps scarcely distinguishable from, Quantity; the latter has its independent function in English verse. When these three elements are fairly taken into account, there seems little difficulty in recognising the fundamental uniformity of the periods which underlie our syllabic diversity.

The character of the period must, of course, be determined by examining the poem as a whole. We must not take single lines, which often differ very widely from the normal structure. This variety is, indeed, the greatest charm of English verse. "Correct" metre, lines which repeat unvaryingly some prescribed cadence, become insipid and monotonous. On the contrary, the aim of our great poets seems to be to try how widely they can depart from the normal "period" without destroying the effect of recurrence. The form of the verse must be felt as underlying, otherwise it ceases to please, ceases to be felt as verse at all. But, within these limits, the wider variety the better. Even Pope and his school, in the tamest and most artificial period of English poetry, are very far from following an invariable pattern of structure. Milton's blank verse, on the other hand, rings the changes on his simple five-period line with inexhaustible variety and incomparable completeness of music. And it need hardly be said that his force and freedom, not the tamer correctness of the precisians of last century, form the ideal striven after by the best poets of our own day; it is such verse as Milton's and Shakespeare's that we think of as the English Muse's highest attainment, it is such verse therefore that any metrical theory must above all others justify and explain.

The normal structure, then, forms merely the basis on which the poet builds, the theme on which he plays his variations. Possibly no single line of his poem may actually follow this structure. For of course all our ordinary metres, nowadays at least, are common property; the reader's knowledge of them can be assumed by the poet. Probably no poet gets full effect from a metre unfamiliar to his readers; the necessity for marking time is too obvious, tends to fetter and constrain. Great poets have always built on the labours of their predecessors. Practice is said to bring out the capabilities of a metre; perhaps it is the hearers as much as the singers who require to be familiarised with its compass. For education as well as nature goes to form our ear for poetry; the child and the savage love a simple sing-song, while subtler cadences appeal to those who have acquired or inherited a trained ear. But in all cases the law is the same. *The fundamental uniformity, the sense of absolute*

recurrence must be made distinct, according to the capacity of the ear that hears ; after that, variety is sought, and the greatest sense of departure and return which is consistent with not losing the indispensable sense of periodicity.

One of the salient ways of emphasising this sense of recurrence is by the alternation of strong and weak syllables. Here we come back very nearly to join our friends the "Classical" metrists. If, instead of iambic or anapaestic feet and so forth, they were content to speak of iambic and anapaestic cadences, there would be little fault to find with the definition. These terms are as good as any other for the purpose, and they have the advantage of being familiar to all who have studied the subject. But it is a general effect, not a particular succession of syllables, which we find in each "period"; and the effect or "cadence" is produced by attention to accent, quantity, and pause. Milton's verse may consist normally of five iambic feet, yet a particular line may contain no single such foot, as in the oft-quoted instance—

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds !

This line contains ten syllables, therefore presumably has five feet ; yet, if we thus divide it, no one foot can be called an iambus (short syllable followed by long). And yet, on the other hand, probably no reader objects to the line as unmusical, as departing too widely from the accustomed rhythm. The poet's skill retains the desired effect, in spite of continual slight departures from normal structure. These departures not only prevent monotony, but seem actually to enhance our perception of the periodic basis ; the slight effort of attention necessary to maintain hold of the movement prevents the ear from being dulled, and quickens our sense of the uniformity underlying the variations.

On these principles, and with these qualifications, the ordinary divisions into iambic, dactylic, trochaic, and anapaestic metres may be allowed to pass muster. It may be doubted, indeed, whether these distinctions are as well marked in English as in Classic verse. The easy way in which they pass into each other seems to argue no fundamental difference of structure. And when once we take in that a pause may on occasion stand for a syllable, it is clear that the dividing line becomes shadowy indeed. The iambic effect may prevail in one part of a line, the trochaic in another. The cadence of our verse seems to be much more a matter of movement than of syllabic structure ; and the most important distinction is therefore between verses which move in "common time" and verses which move in "triple time." But here again our Classical associations

must not mislead us ; it is not dactyl and anapaest that move to even time, iamb and trochee to uneven. On the contrary, with us it seems just the other way. Iamb and trochee evidently represent the steady and quiet movement, the "common" time of music, while dactyl and anapaest represent uneven or "triple" time. Even here the close approximation between the two, often in the same poem, shows that the difference is one merely of movement, nowise of radical or fundamental inconsistency of structure. And it is rash in the extreme to lay down laws as to the occasions on which either is to be used ; this must be left to the poet's judgment if we wish to avoid the familiar shame of dogmatic prediction falsified by the supreme test of successful achievement.

The way is perhaps now clear, therefore, to see what we can and what we cannot say about the structure of "periods." We can say that they are intended to have an iambic, or trochaic, or anapaestic effect ; we cannot say that this effect is attained by a rigorously exact succession of syllables. Other things than this must be taken into account, and in particular we must recognise that the effect or movement of a period is conditioned by its pauses as well as its syllables. Two weak syllables may take the place of an iambus, when helped out by a pause, as in the second foot of Milton's line,

Curiosity, inquisitive, importune,

or in the second foot of his phrase,

O! Urbs ar of Sinai.

In the first only of these instances the pause is marked by a comma ; but is it any less real and palpable in the second ? Is it not clear that in this second case the two weak syllables would be insufficient to fill out the period, were they not helped by the lingering of the voice between ? And if this be so, is it not futile to shut our eyes to the fact, to scan our verse by syllables alone, neglecting the other elements which are equally essential to the structure, and contribute equally to the resultant effect, of the period ?

On the other hand, once we get the movement of the line correct, we need not be too anxious about the precise form of the structure ; we need not too carefully distinguish between iambic and trochaic verses on the one hand, dactylic and anapaestic on the other. There is little if any real difference between these movements. It may be doubtful, for instance, whether "Break, break, break !" should be classed as anapaestic with spondaic substitution—

On thy cold gray stones, | O Sea—

or dactylic with similar variety, the short syllables at the beginning of the lines being "redundant," and read really in con-

metres that the problem is most interesting and most difficult ; it is there, in particular, that the function of "pause" is most clearly apparent, most obviously an important feature in the solution. Did space permit, it would be well to consider a multitude of instances, in every form of regular and irregular metre ; it is only by such wholesale illustration, such widely extended application and analysis, that the truth of a theory can be tested. For the present, however, it must suffice to conclude with but one or two instances, as diversified as possible, to exemplify particular points. Any interested reader can easily find as many more as he likes, and it is hoped that the general principle insisted on will supply him with the method of a more accurate analysis.

Take, first, the metre of Shelley's "Cloud." The normal structure of this poem is obviously *anapestic*, two short syllables followed by a long. In a few cases, where the periods are wholly filled by syllables, the anapæsts are unmistakable —

Like a child, from the womb, , like a ghost | from the tomb,
I arise | and unbuild ; it again.

But far more commonly they are disguised, a pause being substituted for one or more of the weak syllables. This substitution may occur at the beginning of a line, e.g.—

As | on the jag | of a moun- | tain crag.

In this form it is familiar to all metrists. But it must also be recognised as a feature of any period—

And then | again | I dissolve | it in rain.

The first three words of this line occupy the time of two anapæsts. We do not pronounce them rapidly, in the time of octosyllabic metre ; the voice lingers on and between them, spacing out the time of the period. It is not a question of "quantity" ; the word *again* cannot possibly be a spondee. It is the pause before *again* which fills up the metre, and maintains the anapestic effect. This effect is the dominant metrical conception throughout. Various little temporary departures only serve to strengthen our hold on it. Double rhymes occasionally perplex it for the moment. The periods sometimes purposely do not coincide with the syllables, as in

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream.

But any careful reader, undoubtedly, will hear the anapestic periods underlying the lines throughout ; and it is by these, not by its mere syllabic structure, that the poem should be scanned, some symbol being, if thought necessary, employed to indicate the pauses which fill up the time of the periods.

For a less obvious instance, we may take next Mr. Meredith's poem "Phœbus with Admetus." The metre is exemplified in such lines as

Mindful were the shepherds, as now the noon severe
Bent a burning eyebrow to brown eve-tide.

These lines can scarcely be read without recognition of the pauses which form part of the structure. Where precisely these come it may be less easy to determine. To my ear the verses seem trochaic, and the intervening spaces might be filled up in some such way as this—

Mindful | all the | shepherd | boys as | now the | noon se- | vere—
Bent a | burning | fiery | brow to | pallid | even- | tide.

This, of course, is not Mr. Meredith's actual metre. But, keeping to this time (if I am right), he has created a new and admirable metre for himself by substituting pauses for some of these syllables. Instead of *shepherd-boys* he writes boldly *shepherds*, compelling the voice to pause after that word, and so getting an effect of great freedom and vigour. Similarly, *eyebrow* occupies the time of three syllables, and *brown eve-tide* of five, this last giving the strong finish on three accented syllables which all readers of this poem must have noticed. A metre so peculiar as this needs careful observance; the slightest departure from it would cause bewilderment to the reader. And I think it will be found, therefore, that Mr. Meredith follows the same scheme closely in each verse; while the refrain after each, though divided into shorter lines, really repeats the cadence of the first line with a very slight deviation. Whether this analysis gives a satisfactory account of the structure, readers can judge by testing it on any of the other lines of the poem. But that the pause in each line forms an essential and prominent part of the structure, may surely be taken as beyond all doubt; and this is precisely the point which it is desired here to enforce.

Finally, take one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's favourite swinging metres, of which a line from "The Lost Chantey" may stand as a specimen—

Loud sang the souls of the jolly jolly mariners.

This is clearly enough a line of four periods. Had he chosen to write it in a slower movement, we might have had some such rhythm as

Loudly | souls of | jovial | sailors.

This would have been claimed as trochaic metre, answering to the familiar time of

Would you hear a Spanish lady
How she woo'd an Englishman?

But Mr. Kipling has preferred the swing and go of a much more rapid movement. Shall we say that the metre is triple time, and the periods dactylic? —

Land sang the | souls of the | jolly jolly | mariners.

We might, had we only this line to go by, though strict metrists would have much trouble to explain how a rapid double-trochee (*jolly jolly*) can take the place of a dactyl in the third foot or period. But when we read the poem as a whole—and this, as said before, is the only way to arrive at the real structure of a line—we see that the movement is yet more rapid. Four syllables, not three, go normally to a period, *jolly jolly* giving in fact the regular time, not the exceptional. The second line of each stanza usually contains its full complement of syllables, e.g.—

Plague upon the | hurricane that | made us furl and | flee.

In the others three, or even two, syllables frequently suffice for a period, yet the time remains the same. The force of the musical beat marks and emphasises the measure, obliging us to eke out periods by pauses. A strong accent falls on the first syllable of each period, a weaker on the third; the last period of each line is "truncated," to give the sense of completion. The ideal structure of the first and second lines may be represented fairly, if grotesquely, as follows—

Tumty tumty | tumty tumty | tumty tumty | tumty tum |
Tumty tumty | tumty tumty | tumty tumty | tum.

The third line (which is printed as two) and the fourth repeat the same measure, with redundant syllables at the beginning of each; these last we may regard as tacked on to the line before. Here is a specimen verse, scanned by its periods:—

Land sang the | souls of the | jolly jolly | mariners: |

Nay, but we were | angry, and a | hasty folk are | we!

If we | worked the ship to- | gether till she | foundered in foul | weather,

Are we | babes that we should | clamour for a | vengeance on the | sea?

Wherever only three syllables come to a period, it will be noticed that the voice naturally lingers or pauses to make up the rhythm. The time-sense of the poet is the sole practical criterion, the enjoyment of his readers its sole justification. Skilful handling of accent, quantity, and pause enables him to satisfy our ear, and compels any intelligent reader to follow this time. The lilt of the metre leaves no choice, even when quantity is sometimes rather daringly disregarded; supposed necessities of syllabic equivalence go for naught, and the strong flow of the line carries us unresistingly along.

There are several other poems written in this metre, the identity of which will now be apparent.

Fair is our , lot—O | goodly is our | heritage
is a conspicuous example.

Coastwise— | cross-seas— | round the world and | back again
is cast in the same mould, and we recognise it again, with an extra syllable cunningly squeezed into the second period, in

Well, ah | fare you well, *fer the* | Channel wind's took bold on us.

Whether this view of his metre would commend itself to Mr. Kipling, one does not know. But that such is the actual movement of his verse seems hardly open to question. To test it fully, let us space out another complete stanza—it will not be forgotten that the strong accent falls on the first syllable of each period :—

Sea, wind, and | cloud shall | fail not from the | face of it, |
Stinging, ringing | spindrift, nor the | fulmar flying | free ;
And the sh ip shall go a- | broad to the | glory of the Lord,
Who | heard the silly | sailor-folk and | gave them back their | sea.

These few instances must suffice as illustrating the application of the period-theory to English verse. Only the outlines of a large and complicated subject have been roughly sketched out in the foregoing pages. But it does seem as if the method there suggested might with advantage replace our present system of scanning by *feet*. The sense of metrical time, the perception of the rhythm and movement of a verse, is a safer guide than imaginary values assigned to particular syllables. So at least the present writer has long thought, and he would be glad to see the matter further discussed and worked out. There is no novelty in the idea itself, and but little in its application ; it seeks to formulate what probably most readers have felt and observed. One cannot but regret that the laws of English verse should be less studied than those of Greek or Latin, that we should still know so little of the actual movement and mechanism of our metre. To assist in laying a foundation for such knowledge, to contribute in some small degree to the solution of difficult and interesting questions, is all that the present paper presumes to attempt.

T. S. OXOND.

* This Cockney rhyme is hateful to nice ears, but can claim some respectable authority, as of Keats and Mr. Swinburne in juvenile pieces. Here it may not be out of place, but in another poem of the same volume (*The Severn-Sear*) it offends greatly. Put in the mouth of M'Andrews, it is surely a solerium at gross.
** if we made an English sportsman bring home a couple of partridges, or an sh Whip talk of the *tail* of a fox ! From " M'Andrews' Hymn," at any rate, brinish should disappear.

UP STREAM.

LIFE is short, and learning long. Few of us have time to study anything thoroughly; and as for our mother tongue "it comes upon us by huddle," as old Richard Mulcaster, first headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School, said, three hundred years ago. Hence most of us often, and all of us sometimes, catch ourselves using ready-made phrases of whose source and force we know little or nothing. "That will happen at the Greek Calends" may well be one of these phrases. What if "every fool knows" that the Greeks had no calends, and therefore that the force of the phrase is, never; does every fool know that its author was the Emperor Augustus, who said of certain never-paying wights, "Those gentlemen will pay at the Greek Calends"? So that the phrase is now some 2,000 years o.d., though still current in the higher literature of Great Britain, Greater Britain, America, Germany, France, and Italy; belike, in all high literature on the face of the globe.

The world is rich in happy phrases of this stamp, which gradually work their way from the land of their birth into other lands and languages. We should be loth to count the number of times Thomas Campbell's "Coming events cast their shadows before," clothed in German, finds place in the 5,000 pages of Treitschke's "History of Germany"; which thus gains much, though Britain loses nothing. Made in Germany, the excellent imitation! Made in England—by a Scot—the matchless original!

Thus to light suddenly on an old friend in a foreign book is like suddenly lighting on a flesh-and blood old friend in a far land. It sheds a gleam of golden light on the strange page, and makes one feel for the nonce at home. And we can promise the faithful student of the best English literature—especially the Bible and Shakespeare—that, in studying the best foreign literature, he will find these gleams neither "few nor far between"—to quote Campbell yet once more.

Shortly before his recent death, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge counselled all young men and maidens to "read only the best."

The advice was sound, but scarcely original: for Quintilian, who died 1,800 years ago, says that the sucking orator must increase his word-store "*optima quæque legendo*"—in plain English, by reading whatever is best. We say this, not with the ill-natured view of charging Lord Coleridge with wilful plagiarism—for the same thought may easily occur to two different persons—or an old man may readily mistake for his own what is really the fruit of his early reading. No, we merely wish to back Lord Coleridge's authority with that of a name yet more shining than his own. But here the benevolent reader may exclaim, "You bid us read only the best, yet expect us to read *you*!" A teaser that! which might fairly have stumped Quintilian himself. What can poor we do? Appeal to the umpire? However ruthless, he must say "Out!" and leave us to plead for one more innings, as helpless duffers who can't do much damage.

The old Roman year began with March (so did the old English year, for that matter). Meanwhile, the Romans, beginning with March, called their fifth month *Quintilis*, from *quintus* (fifth), till they renamed it July, in honour of Julius Cæsar. Then they proceeded to rename *Sextilis* (sixth month) August, in honour of Augustus Cæsar, his adopted son. Some servile Roman senators wanted to christen the birth-months of Vitellius and Domitian after those patterns of wisdom and manhood. Let us feel thankful that those slavish flatterers of vice failed to carry their point; and that—though Watling Street be a corruption of *Vitelliana Strata*—no such names as *Vitelly* and *Domitian* disgrace our British calendar. Still we see that—as the word calendar itself comes from the Roman *calends*—so all the months of our year bear Roman names. "Who will rid us of the Greeks and the Romans?"

That very phrase has a long history. 'Twas the war-cry of the French Romanticists of 1830. The night of the first staging of Victor Hugo's romantic play, "*Ernani*," when Théophile Gautier sported his blood-red waistcoat on purpose to rile the hostile Classicists, Hugo's backers cast that phrase in their teeth. One feels tempted to ask, by the way, where is that waistcoat now? Has it vanished—like Hans Breitmann's party—into the *Ewigkeit* (A-vig-kite, if you please: when other fellows sport such scream-coloured waistcoats, 'tis hard, indeed, if one poor quillman mayn't air his tiny mite of German)? The *Ewigkeit* means the everlasting—which the waistcoat could not be; yet it seems likely to live as long in literature as the line, "*Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?*" which flowed from the pen of a poet named Berchoux some 300 years ago,

when Ronsard was doing his utmost to swamp his mother-tongue with Greek and Latin words that drove every plain man to the dictionary or to despair. In 1830 the Romanticists raked the line up, and flung it at their foes, the Wigs (without an *A*). Note! The Classicists were chiefly elderly and bald (without their wigs); the Romanticists young and naturally hairy.

England has had her Ronsards; Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's friend, for one; and Samuel Johnson, Burke's friend, for another. Him we sometimes call the Doctor, sometimes the Great Bear. Gibbon, too, may pair with this pair as a sworn foe of homely English. What ailed him that he should forsake it in favour of a vile jargon which is neither English, French, nor Latin, but a patch-work of the three, that reminds one of Hudibras' lingo as described by Butler:—

A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a parti colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin
Like fustian heretofore on satin.

We know of at least two good men and true, who, feeling it their duty to read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome"—which everybody is supposed to have read—manfully attacked the twelve stout tomes; but found the style so loathsome that they soon ceased from their labour, and have since used the book at intervals as raw material for turning into English. To a boy we loved we should say, do thou likewise, if you touch the book at all.

A lively passage in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" shows us the "Great Bear" discoursing of bears to a company of bipeds which included Gibbon. After awhile the conversation flagged; but Johnson still went on muttering to himself, as if pursuing the subject; and at last was distinctly heard to growl: "Pennant writes of bears, but"—shaking his massive head—"I should not like to trust myself with one." "I should not like to trust myself with *you*," quoth Gibbon in an undertone. Yes, and the sly dog kept his word in this sense. So long as Johnson lived, Gibbon never wagged pen against him. But after his death, he began to nag at him in the footnotes to the later volumes of the "Decline and Fall."

As to Ben Jonson, "Rare Ben," 'tis but fair to him, and to the youthful reader, to add that when he penned such exquisite poetry as "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Underneath this marble hearse," no English could be purer. 'Twas only when, to use

Milton's words, "Jonson's learned sock was on," that he larded his lines with Latin enough to make one prefer the wholemeal Latin of Tacitus or Juvenal. His "Sejanus," for example, so bristles with classic lore that none but a finished Latin scholar could make head or tail of it without a copious commentary; a somewhat heavy drag to the reading of a play. As for the staging of it, one marvels how any audience could be found to sit out "Sejanus." Yet, we believe, it had a nine nights' run—no bad run for a play at a time when London was a mere village compared with the London of to-day, and when country folk travelled thither on foot or horseback, if at all; so that the London playgoers once sated with a play were little likely to be replaced by a fresh audience from the shires.

Will the lenient reader bear a little longer with the bald disjointed chat of a lonely bookworm, who, like those idle Oxonians of a by-gone generation that stirred the bile of a scout who had known a busier race—a race that hunted, fished, shot, boated, boxed, drank deep, and caught the blossom of the flying terms—"does nothing but read, read, read, from morn till night"; and who seldom writes—never without a sense of resembling an owl abroad by daylight—who feels he belongs to the past rather than to the present, and wonders to find himself alive at this wonderful end of this wonderful century, when everybody but he is "up-to-date," and nobody save him cares a fig for dates, which he was taught, in his far-off youth, to deem the eyes of history, without which all was fog; or her backbone, without which all was shapeless jelly? Can such an old fogey nope to gain a hearing? Has he the front to crave it? Oh, gentle reader of the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, they say, "Variety is charming." Has that truth failed; or does it still stand firm? If so, then let me twaddle a little longer, if only for sweet variety's sake. For sure am I that my strain is so old fangled that it may well pass for new—even as poor Marie Antoinette's milliner was wont to say that all the new fashions of her day were but the old ones revived.

A technical application that, of King Solomon's "Nothing new under the sun." Yes, and the longer we live, and the more we read, the more we lean to the belief that, at least in regard to literature, that apophthegm of the royal poet comes very near the plain prosaic truth. Take, for sample, another saying of another king, who, if not a poet, told Dryden he was poor enough to be a poet. We mean, of course, Charles II., and his saying—of a debate in the House of Lords—"Tis as good as a play." Does any one imagine that to have been original? If so, he forgets his Horace;

which the Merry Monarch probably had in mind. Anyhow, if the reader will turn to Horace—"Saures," ll. 8, 77—he will find Fundanius thus describing an incident in the course of Nasidienus' ill-starred dinner:—

Tum in lecto quoque videres
Stridere secreta divison aure susurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse.

Now the neatest possible English for *Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse*, is, "Twas as good as a play—which is almost to the syllable Charles's "Tis as good as a play."

We beg the reader to believe that we wish to destroy no man's reputation for originality. Our aim is simply to entertain the reader, if we can, with the fruits of our desultory reading and sense of similarity, if we possess it.

We bear no malice to any man, least of all to poor Charles II., who has been daubed with mud by some who, exposed to his temptations, would have behaved far worse than he, without displaying a tithe of his good qualities. It is so cheap, in this age of mob-rule and mob-worship, to speak ill of kings, that any man of average sense and spirit feels almost forced to take the other side. One may dream that in some blissd Utopia the rule of the best, headed by the best of all, would be the best of all rules. But in this worky-day world, wherein we live and move and have our being, who shall decide who are the best, and who is best of all? "Happy as a king!" The foolish phrase! Will folk never learn, what Shakespeare knew so well, that every crown is, in some sense, a crown of thorns?—a golden sorrow. So that, instead of striving to lay bare and even exaggerate a monarch's weaknesses—common to all mankind—for only God is perfect, we should rather seek to veil them, and feel thankful to the bearer of the gilded burden; and, instead of nibbling at the royal revenues, like so many Polo-Jewish money-lenders, haggling for the last farthing, hold, with the large-minded Schopenhauer, that a hereditary sovereign is dirt cheap at any price. Truly, 'tis a comfort to find Germany's long-neglected sage at one, in this most vital point, with our own deathless Shakespeare, and with the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, who, well-nigh 3,000 years ago, put into the mouth of the wise Ulysses the wholesome teaching, "Let there be one lord, one king, to whom all testing time hath given sceptre and law, to king it over men."

We bear no man malice, not even to Diderot, who, we fear, bore malice to kings. But we think that he, like the Merry Monarch, owed some of his wit to his good memory. When some one said

to him, "I hate vice," Diderot promptly retorted, "Then you hate your fellow men." Yes, but Pliny tells us, in the twenty-second letter of his eighth book, that "Thrasea, the mildest, and for this very reason the greatest, of men, used often to say, 'Qui vitia odit homines odit.'"

Is it blasphemy to suggest that even Shakespeare owed more to the men of old than is commonly supposed by those who pin their faith on Ben Jonson's summary judgment of him, "Small Latin and no Greek," to follow what seems the truest record of the memorable dictum? We will not dwell on the hackneyed "Make a virtue of necessity" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV., Sc. 2), further than to note that it may be traced homewards, through Chaucer and Quintilian, to Terence's "Adelphi," Act I. Sc. 2; where Mitio the indulgent uncle—a man of the same mould as Pliny's "mitissimus" Thrasea—says to the "grimsire" father:—"Hæc si neque ego neque tu fecimus, non sivit egestas facere nos. Tu nunc tibi ad laudi ducis quod tum fecisti inopia." In plain English: "In youth you were too poor to kick up your heels as your boy now does, and now in your old age you claim praise for your enforced abstinence; in other words, you make a virtue of necessity." We may add that since Terence candidly confesses in the prologue to this play that he took the bulk of it word for word from Diphilus' "Synapothnescontes," we might fairly look there for this now threadbare sentiment. Only—the hundred plays of Diphilus, the "Synapothnescontes" among them, are lost! And we will *not* make a virtue of our necessity to leave them unearthed. Meanwhile, what of the Shakespearian, "The wish was father, Harry, to that thought"? The happy and striking expression of the thought is Shakespeare's. But the thought itself occurs in Demosthenes' Third Olynthiac, paragraph 3, ὃ γὰρ βούληται, τοῦδ' ἕκαστος καὶ οἶσται; which may be Englished, "Whatever a man wishes, that he thinks." And afterwards Heliodorus, and Chariton, too, author of the "Loves of Chaereas and Callirhoe," a Greek novel penned some seventy years before the English came to Britain and conquered the best part of it, expressed the same thought in almost the self-same words. These writers most likely drew it from Demosthenes, who may very well have drawn it from Thucydides; for that renowned historian writes in his fourth book, chapter 108: εἰωθότες οἱ ἄνθρωποι, οὗ μὲν ἐπιθύμουντες, ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀπερισκεπτοῦ διδόναι ("men being wont, when they desire a thing, to give way to heedless hope"); which is Demosthenes' thought in the rough. But had Demosthenes read Thucydides? The late Mr. Cobden said in the House of Commons that one copy of the Times

is worth more than *all* the works of Thucydides; and thereby raised a laugh against himself; *his* House of Commons knew that Thucydides wrote but one work—the history of the great war between Athens and Sparta. Lord Palmerston once spoke of Cobden's Demosthenic eloquence. But the original Demosthenes thought so highly of Thucydides' work that he transcribed it seven times with his own hand. And the words we have cited may well have rooted themselves in his memory, and inspired his own version of the thought. The Scots have their own homely and pithy version of it: "As the fool thinks, the bell clinks." Ay, it seems to echo one's wishes or hopes.

Not only Shakespeare seems indebted to Thucydides, but Virgil before him. In the thirty-sixth chapter of his fourth book, the historian likens the plight of the Lacedæmonian army, during a certain battle in Sicily, to that of the Three Hundred when attacked both in front and rear at the Pass of Thermopylæ. But he prefaces the simile with the apologetic parenthesis, *ὥς μικρὸν μὲν ἄλλ' εἰπάσω*. What is this but Virgil's "*Si parva licet componere magnis*"? We should rather ask, what is Virgil's phrase but Thucydides' "Thus to liken the little to the great" done into Latin verse? To save the reader—not having a Delphin Virgil, with its *Index verborum*, at his elbow—a troublesome search, we add: See "*Georgics*," iv. 176, and also "*Eclogues*," i. 24, where Tityrus exclaims, "*Sic parvis componere magna solebam*." So that Virgil uses the phrase twice, at least, to our knowledge; which, we grieve to say, is anything but exhaustive.

When Reginald Heber's "*Palestine*" appeared, a critic highly praised the poet's happy "coinage" of the verb "to hurtle." We forget the critic's name, and we assuredly owe him—or his dust—no grudge. But his taste was far better than his memory; else his reading must have resembled Shakespeare's Latin in quantity. The proof is, that Gray uses the verb "to hurtle." In his "*Fatal Sisters*," the Paræ of the North—

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

And Gray died in 1777—six years before Heber's birth. But that's a trifle. Shakespeare uses the verb "to hurtle." "The noise of battle hurtled in the air," says Calphurina, when striving to deter Caesar from going to the Senate House. And Shakespeare fell asleep in 1616. But further, Spenser, who preceded him to the grave just seventeen years, employs the verb "to hurtle" at least *five times*. How many times Spenser's "*Master*," Chaucer, uses it,

we cannot tell. But once is enough for our purpose ; and that once is here, in the "Knight's Tale," l. 1,758: "And he him hurtleth with his horse adown."

"Let him trudge it who has lost his budget," quoth Nelson, when, for the nonce, he had had his fill of fighting, and felt loth to put to sea again, at the Government's beck ere he had fairly set foot ashore after long years afloat ; see Southey's "Life of Nelson," Chapter IX. A pithy saying ! But surely not coined by Nelson on the spur of the moment. Nay, it proclaims itself a popular saw ; albeit we do not recollect to have heard it, or seen it elsewhere. As to its source, however, there can be no doubt. 'Tis the "Ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit," of the Lucullian soldier in the 2nd epistle of Horace's Second Book, line 40 ; who fought like a lion after he had lost his all, but grew chary when he had refilled his purse. Pope's avowed imitation runs : "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat," and a very good imitation, too !

Notes and Queries once discussed the source of the saw, "Every man of forty is a fool or a physician." One *Notes and Queries* writer gave it to Mrs. Quickly, another to Mimnermus—an old Greek amatory poet, some of whose "scattered limbs" may be found in Desprez's footnotes to the Delphin Horace ; and elsewhere. Now, far be it from us to deny that the saw may be found in one of these fragments, which has escaped our eye. But we hardly assert that Dame Quickly never uttered it. A very different person, however, the Emperor Tiberius, used to laugh at the physicians, and at folks of thirty who needed others to tell 'em what was good for 'em. See Tacitus's description of the last days of Tiberius, "Annals," Book VI., last sentence of Chapter 46 : "Solitusque eludere medicorum artes, atque eos qui post tricesimum ætatis annum ad internoscenda corpori suo utilia vel noxia alieni consilii indigerent"—which may be Englished, "And he was wont to make game of the healing art, and of those who after thirty needed other men's advice as to what was wholesome or hurtful for their bodies." So that in Tiberius's deem, every man of *thirty* is a fool or a physician. May be, our forefathers made it "forty" for the sake of the alliteration, or to be on the safe side. According to De Quincey they went so far as to spell "physician" with an f.

Having traced this saw to the Emperor who was reigning when Christ died, we have shot our shaft. But we shall feel thankful to any wight who will trace it to Mimnermus, who lived in the days of Solon, 600 years before Christ's birth. And why not ? If we may trust Suetonius, all the twelve Cæsars spouted Greek freely ; and the

last words of the mighty Julius were not *Et tu Brute!*—as Shakespeare, following North, who followed Amyot, who is *said* to have followed some earlier Latin version of Plutarch's original Greek—would have us believe; but rather, *Kai σὺ εἰ ἐκίμων; καὶ σὺ, τέκνον!* “And even thou art of them; even thou, my child!” Suetonius, however, affirms that Caesar never opened his lips on this occasion. On others, *teste* Suetonius, he Greeked it amain; his pet quotation being the Euripidean: “If one must sin, then be it for a crown. But else, act justly.” Characteristic!

'Tis doubtless a far cry from Mrs. Quickly to Mimnermus. But in these days when almost all float down-stream, gorging the latest novel or newspaper, and deigning but a listless glance at anything old, one may expect some harem-scarem work—“misnaming, misdating, misquoting, misstating”—and one gets it. Talk of giving “to Titus old Vespasian's due.” O Pope! had you lived in the last decade of the nineteenth century, you'd never have written in that namby-pamby strain. Why, only t'other day, we saw an American “blue-light” crowned in print with the laurels of Diogenes. Strolling down Broadway, eyeing the shop-windows, the “light” was heard to exclaim, “How many things there are in this world of which I have no need.” And the inevitable American reporter reported him, name and all, as the author of a truly original remark. Truly original, indeed! One need not go back to the Greek to show its perfect originality. For the nonce, old Isaak Walton will serve our turn; and we are not so enamoured of hoar antiquity as to search Diogenes Laertius for what lies ready to hand in the “Complete Angler. There, Chapter XXI. of Part I., we read: “Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes,”—to wit the cynic philosopher, not his namesake the historian of philosophy—“walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and many other gimcracks. And, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, ‘Lord! how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!’” Walton was born in 1593, twenty-nine years after Shakespeare, and one must not quarrel with the anachronisms of a contemporary of Shakespeare, who anachronises with a Sultanesque or pagan pride. Else one might pick holes in Walton's Greek looking-glasses, fiddles, and hobby-horses; and otherwise display one's knowledge of Greek antiquities. But that was not our object. Our object was to show in Walton's own racy English, that a faithful study even of so comparatively modern a book as his may save one from being gulled by

cock-and-bull stories from t'other side of the herring-pond, or this. For here, too, the pen seats of reckless ignorance are enough to make a plodding student stare and gasp, and tear what little hair time may have spared.

For our part, we find the study of the classics—in the broadest sense of the term—neither hard nor dry. We rank Tennyson among the classics—perhaps, prematurely. Time will show. Meanwhile, it pleases us, when reading his “Aylmer’s Field,” and how the proud baronet, “the county god,” set spies to watch his love sick daughter’s movements, and then someone else “to watch the watchers”—it pleases us here to recognise our old friend Juvenal’s “*Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*” And, again, to find Homer’s aged Nestor narrating the deeds of his prime, and winding up with the words, “Such was I among men, if I were he,” in a strain which sounds like an echo of the Tennysonian Tithonus bewailing his lost youth:—

Ay me ! ay me ! with what another heart,
In days far off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch’d.

We say “sounds like an echo,” because we chanced to know Tennyson’s “Tithonus” by heart, years before we refreshed our schoolboy knowledge of the grand old Greek, and took to reading him for his own sake, not as a task ; which, according to Lord Byron, is enough to sicken any lad of Homer & Co. for life. We have not found it so ; perhaps, because we took the task easily ; and yet who could take it easier than Lord Byron ?

Tennyson is full of these echoes ; Milton fuller. We choose Tennyson as “a less dissected subject.” His “Tears, Idle Tears,” contains an echo from the “Seasons” of the favourite of his salad days, James Thomson, whose shepherd, bewildered in the snowstorm, loses heart and hope.

When for the dusky spot which fancy frigs’d
His tufted cottage rising thro’ the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste.

In Tennyson’s “Tears, Idle Tears” we have the kiss by—

Hopeless fancy feign’d
On lips that are for others.

In “Locksley Hall,” Part I., the hero nourishes—

A youth sublime
With the fairy tales of Science.

These fairy tales of science belong of right to Isaac Disraeli, who, in the “Curiosities of Literature,” under the heading “Dreams

at the Dawn of Philosophy," writes: "They are the fairy tales, and the Arabian Nights' entertainments, of Science"—the fairy tales of science! Q.E.D. Sir Bedivere in the "Morte d'Arthur," stands on the brink of the lake with the sword Excalibur in his hand, "This way and that dividing the swift mind." So does Virgil's hero stand dubitant, "Æneid," viii. 20: "Atque animum nunc huc celerem. nunc dividit illuc"—a line here Englished by our late Laureate, almost word for word. And those "Blind motions of the spring" felt by his Talking Oak are simply a singularly happy appropriation of Horace's "cæcos motus orientis Austri"—blind motions of the south-west wind. By which token the "pronus Orion" of the self-same ode—the 27th of Book III.—reminds one that Tennyson, too, has an "Orion, sloping to the West." Horace's rather speeds westwards, or dives headlong. In Tennyson's "Love and Death," Love, at Death's bidding, "spreads his sheeny vans for flight." Writes Milton of Satan—"Paradise Lost," IV., 927—"At last, his sail broad vans he spreads for flight." In "Edwin Morris" Tennyson writes:—

But when the bracken rusted on their crags,
My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him
That was a god, and is—a lawyer's clerk,
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles.

Yes, but Lafontaine wrote, some 150 years earlier:—

Las ! ce n'est plus le siècle de nos pères ;
Amour vend tout, et nymphes, et bergères ;
Il met le taux à maint objet divin :
C'étoit un dieu, ce n'est qu'un échevin.

Alas ! our fathers' times exist no more ;
Love gives naught now ; nor nymph, nor shepherdess ;
He sets a price on many a thing divine :
He was a god, he is a ———

bailiff, or churchwarden, or what-not ; for truly, after carefully consulting "Littré," we can't undertake to English *échevin*. But Tennyson fearlessly Englished it "a lawyer's clerk." And this raises a grave question. Did Tennyson share the common faith that all lawyers—including counsel learned in the law—the only lawyers, barring judges, that are lawyers in the strict sense of the term—are the deepest-dyed rascals unhung ? A certain clergyman evidently thought so. For, applying to the Benchers of the two Temples—the Inner and the Middle—for the then vacant readership to the Temple Church, where his congregation would naturally consist mainly of members of what used to be called the higher branch

of the legal profession, with their wives and daughters, he laid great stress on his "twenty years' experience as a gaol chaplain in converting even the most obdurate criminals." This is not one of the fertile "Ben Trovato's" stories, but a sober truth; belike well-known to Tennyson, as to less illustrious frequenters of the original Old Cock. And he may have argued in his poet brain—for even your poet can reason, and sometimes forcibly enough, when his wits are whetted with a due allowance of old port or "sherris"—"If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry; or, to drop figures of speech, if the bigwigs be such arrant rogues, what on earth can we expect from the small fry? The Prince of Darkness may be, as Lear says, a gentleman; but what the devil can we look for in his imps?" Thus the poet may have reasoned; and, thus reasoning, deemed that the basest thing on earth is a lawyer's clerk. This theory adds point to his—or Lafontaine's—antithesis: "That was a god, and is a lawyer's clerk."

And now, gentle reader, having introduced the devil, we feel tempted to say a word or two about "playing the devil," a phrase that, though now like its companion phrase, "out-Heroding Herod," worn well-nigh meaningless, once possessed a most definite, one might almost say, concrete meaning. But these, we feel, are matters of too great moment to be hastily despatched at the fag-end of an article. Besides, 'tis well, in all things, not to outstay one's welcome, and lay oneself open to the covered dish of spurs, wherewith old Scotland—though justly famed for hospitality—used to hint to an abuser of hospitality that 'twas high time for him to ride away.

PHILIP KENT.

THE NEVILL PRINCESSES.

TWICE of late there has been set before us the story of one of the strangest, most tragic incidents in history, the wooing and winning of the Lady Anne of Warwick by her young husband's murderer, Richard Duke of Gloucester. The most memorable picture of 1896 was its luridly picturesque presentment in faithful detail by Mr. E. A. Abbey, A.R.A., on the walls of the Royal Academy. We have had it again, repeating the same picturesque points, at the Lyceum Theatre.

Though by fortune of war—and, one cannot but suspect, by consent of private ambition—the Lady Anne was twice set in such careful height of place, first by betrothal as the Red Rose Princess of Wales and then as a White Rose Queen of England, she was not rightly of royal birth. But to suppose from that fact that she married much above her natural sphere would be to fail very far in appreciation of what it meant in those days to be a baron of England, and the greatest of barons.

The power of the baronage, which was so wholly broken in the Wars of the Roses, was dangerous to the commonwealth as modern democracy is dangerous, more tyrannical in its possibilities than absolute monarchy, and the most dreaded factor of civil war. It was not dangerous to the crown itself, as is that other disturbing force, though terribly dangerous to the wearers of the crown, as was proved by the fate of Edward II., of Richard II., of Henry VI., and of so many of the Scottish kings. But though a powerful baron might choose to thrust his sovereign from the throne, he never set himself thereon. Perhaps he dwelt too near it not to know its cares and dangers—even its helplessness—and he appreciated it too well as a necessary element of order and a seat of justice raised above self-interest to wish it annihilated. So the English barons who dethroned and murdered Plantagenets, and the Scottish barons who revolted against and murdered Stuarts, worked only to place a better approved and more amenable member of the family at the head of the State. The King-maker never made a king of anything less than a Plantagenet.

Yet Richard Nevill, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, had royal blood in his veins, with power and wealth that were more than regal. His grandmother, the second wife of Ralph Nevill, of Raby, first Earl of Westmoreland, was the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt by his third and rather dubious wife, Catherine Swynford, from which union Henry VII. also descended. His mother was Alice Montacute, heiress of Salisbury, which earldom she carried to her husband, Richard Nevill, third son of Ralph. Their son Richard married Anne Beauchamp, heiress of Warwick, who brought to him with that earldom the castles of Warwick, Elmley, Worcester, Cardiff, Glamorgan, Neath, Abergavenny, and Barnardcastle. He inherited later from his father the earldom of Salisbury.

His grandfather, Ralph Earl of Westmoreland, had twenty one children ; another of whom by Joan Beaufort was that Cicely, who married Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. Their younger sons, George Duke of Clarence, and Richard Duke of Gloucester, were presently to marry the King-maker's daughters Isabel and Anne ; their third cousins once removed in common descent from Edward III. The first husband of Anne was Edward of Lancaster, Prince of Wales, her third cousin by their common descent from John of Gaunt by different wives.

It was the strangest of centuries into which those Nevill princesses were born, Cicely and her grand-nieces. It was a time of decay and of new birth ; a time of faintness and of energy, a time of strife and wonder and hoping, that last century of the Middle Ages. It was the century of the woman of tragedy, the heroic woman ; the woman of romance, ideal of the troubadours, was passing away, as the saintly princesses had passed before her. The Princess Margaret Stuart, Dauphiness of France, and her sisters were among the last of the gentle ladies who wove verses and had *intelletto d' amore*. The Minnesingers were kept up only as a survival by the few princes who posed as patrons of arts and letters ; monarchs out of work, like René of Anjou. There was too much stirring that was insistent and urgent ; too much that was perturbing in things of long settled order, to leave leisure for poetry and fancy. The world was loud with the clash of arms ; the heavens were full of portents ; strange lights were flickering overhead out of gathering, muttering clouds, beneath, out of the corruption of dead ideals. Greed of gold and laxity of morals in high places were eating the Church within ; heresies were attacking her from without ; and amidst the violent forces and shocks of soul, woman rose to the height of her dramatic possibility.

For the women of the fifteenth century, even when they escaped the doom of violent death, exhibited all true elements of tragedy: greatness of soul, strength of brain, majesty of bearing, set among strenuous circumstances. They were great governing women, such as Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, and Isabel of Castille; even great warrior women, such as Joan of Arc and Margaret of Anjou. But though it was an age stained by fiercest passions, and here and there by appalling crimes, it was not an immoral age. Joanna II. of Naples and Lucrezia Borgia, mistaken for types, were ugly exceptions among women of singularly high character, wise and virtuous, such as, besides those above mentioned, the daughters of Louis XI. and their sister-in-law, Anne of Bretagne.

Of Cicely Nevill, Duchess of York, "the Rose of Raby," we know no evil, save that regrettable if perhaps pardonable pride which is said to have earned her the nickname of "Proud Cis," though Fuller would not have admitted its justice. "She may pass," he says, "for the clearest instance of human frail felicity." He sums up her joys and her sorrows in parallel columns for comparison and moralising; thus:—

HER HAPPINESS.

She was the youngest daughter and child to Ralph Earl of Westmoreland (who had one-and-twenty), and exceeded her sisters in honour by being married to Richard Duke of York.

She was blessed with three sons (who lived to have issue), each born in a several kingdom: Edward, at Bourdeaux, in France; George, at Dublin, in Ireland; Richard, at Fotheringay, in England.

She beheld her eldest son, Edward, king of England, and enriched with a numerous posterity.

HER MISERIES.

She saw her husband killed in battle; George Duke of Clarence, her second son, cruelly murdered; Edward, her eldest son, cut off by his own intemperance in the prime of his years; his two sons butchered by their uncle Richard, who himself, not long after, was slain at the battle of Bosworth.

She saw her own reputation murdered publicly at Paul's Cross by the procurement of her youngest son, Richard, taking his eldest brother for illegitimate.

"Yet our chronicles do not charge her with elation in her good nor dejection in her ill success; an argument of an even and steady soul in all alterations. Indeed, she survived to see Elizabeth her grandchild married to Henry VII.; but little comfort accrued to her by that conjunction, the party of the Yorkists were so depressed by him. She lived five-and-thirty years a widow, and was buried beside her husband in the choir of the Cathedral Church of Fotheringay in Northamptonshire, which choir being demolished in the days of King Henry VIII., their bodies lay in the churchyard without any monument, until Queen Elizabeth coming thither in

progress, gave orders that they should be interred in the church, and two tombs to be erected over them. Hereupon, their bodies lapped in lead, were removed from their plain graves and their coffins opened. The Duchess Cicely had about her neck, hanging in a silver riband, a pardon from Rome, which penned in a very fine hand was as fair and fresh to be read as if it had been written but yesterday. But alas ! most mean are their monuments, made of *plaister*, wrought with a *trussell*, and no doubt there was much daubing therein, the queen paying for a tomb proportionable to their personages." (So, there were jerry-builders in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, who dared to cheat even her Grace !) "The best in the memory of this Cicely hath a better and more lasting monument, who was a bountiful benefactress to Queen's College in Cambridge."

In 1469, Edward IV. being on that Siege Perilous, the very shaky throne of England, Henry VI. a prisoner in the Tower, the Lady Isabel Nevill, elder daughter of Warwick who had made him king, was married to Edward's brother, George Duke of Clarence, she being eighteen years old. Soon after, Edward mortally offended mighty Warwick by marrying Elizabeth Woodville, while Warwick was treating with Louis XI. for the hand of the Princess Bona of Savoy for his master. The furious king-maker threatened to make his son-in-law of Clarence king, who in his indignation at his brother's misalliance forgot for awhile the warm love as well as the loyalty that had bound those fatherless princes together since the fatal fight of Wakefield.

The White Rose was thus divided against itself. The North of England rose for Warwick and Clarence. Edward IV. was dethroned and imprisoned.

But Edward escaped, and Warwick found what a broken reed to lean on was "false, fleeing, perjured Clarence"—though, after all, one cannot altogether find Clarence guilty of perjury in breaking a treasonable compact and threatening to join his brother and lawful sovereign in his distress. Warwick himself had no scruples as to transferring his allegiance. He crossed the Channel, sought out Margaret of Anjou in Burgundy, laid his all-powerful sword at her feet, and offered his daughter, Anne Nevill, to Margaret's son, Edward Prince of Wales.

The prince, then seventeen, had ten years earlier been betrothed to the Princess Margaret Stuart, sister of the child-king, James III. To obtain this alliance from the Scottish Queen-Regent, Mary of Gueldres, Margaret had risked the high and legitimate displeasure of her followers by the cession of Berwick to Scotland. But though

the Red Rose had some sort of success from the alliance, Margaret was defeated at Hecham in 1463, and compelled to fly back into friendly Scotland. Then by the influence of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, uncle of Mary of Gueldres, the contract between the now fugitive Prince of Wales and the Scottish princess was broken off. Margaret was furious, and swore that if ever she got the chance she would make the axe pass between Duke Philip's head and his shoulders. But she changed her mind, and ceased to thirst for such vengeance, for presently we find her sheltered at that very Court of Burgundy, where she and her son were treated with every kindness and courtesy.

She was at first indignant that Warwick should deem his daughter a worthy bride for her exiled young son. Had not this very Warwick slandered her by casting doubts on that son's birth? Was he not as dangerous an ally as an enemy? And what though two Nevill ladies had already come near being queens, Cicely as wife of Richard Duke of York, the legitimate king, and Isabel as wife of Clarence, the opportunist and very temporary Pretender. She had other views for her son. She would marry him to Elizabeth Plantagenet, the infant daughter of Edward IV., and thus end the devastating struggle of White Rose and Red.

But the French king Louis XI., and Margaret's father, old King René, "of Anjou, the Two Sicils and Jerusalem," were all for the Nevill match. Was not the daughter of a mighty king-maker as good as the son of a captive king? So after a fortnight's hesitation on Margaret's part, and vows of eternal fidelity to the Red Rose on Warwick's, the betrothal took place, which was legally marriage and carried with it the royal title, and Henry VI. was restored to his kingdom.

It was a marriage that promised radiantly for happiness, for though State business had brought it about, it was really a love match. Long before Warwick and his wounded pride and transferred faith made it practicable, Prince Edward had wooed and won the heart of his then great adversary's daughter like any knight-errant. He was passionately in love with her: he, one of the handsomest and most accomplished princes in Europe:—

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Train'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

The most powerful European sovereign was their friend. The

most powerful English baron was their sworn soldier. The people of England were always with the House of Lancaster, the gentle, saintly King, and the brave, devoted Queen. The future seemed all aglow with brilliant augury. But the clouds that had hung over him since his cradle were lifting only for the moment. Though born so auspiciously on St. Edward's Day, he was "the child of sorrow and infelicity" from the first; more unfortunate than even that last English born Stuart prince, unless a violent death in early youth be preferred to near eight decades of exile and the aching of disappointment and hope deferred.

There are many coincidences between the youth of the Red Rose Prince of Wales and the youth of that Prince of Wales who wore the later White Rose. Both looked for luck to association with the Black Prince, and both received his name with a reference also to the Royal Confessor: Edward Plantagenet, because he was born on October 13; James Francis Edward Stuart, because he was born on Trinity Sunday, the Black Prince's great festival. The long-despaired-of birth of Edward, nine years after his parents' marriage, disconcerted the ambitious hopes of Richard Duke of York, heir presumptive to Henry VI., but stronger still in his position as lawful king, as James's birth disconcerted the ambition of the Prince of Orange, next in the succession after James II.'s daughters, but whose position was strengthened and indeed finally established by being husband of the elder princess. The Yorkists, too, instantly set up the theory of a supposititious child.

When Edward of Westminster was born, his father could not acknowledge him, could not even recognise him. The madness of his grandfather, Charles VI. of France, had fallen upon him. The Queen took her babe to Windsor, attended by his godfather Buckingham, but the unhappy King understood nothing of it, would not speak nor even look at the child when the poor young mother held him close to his father in her arms, beseeching a blessing upon his fated head. "But all their labour was in vain, for they departed thence without any answer or countenance, saying that only once he looked on the prince, and cast down his een again without any more."

It was not until Edward was fifteen months old that he was again presented to his father, now recovered from that first attack of insanity. "On Monday at noon the Queen came to him and brought my lord the prince with her, and then he asked, 'What the child's name was?' and the Queen told him, 'Edward,' and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof."

The Wars of the Roses had begun—the Yorkists encouraged by the King's alternations between helpless insanity and too tender scrupulosity. All the conduct of her husband's cause and such government as was possible in a distracted country fell upon Margaret's shoulders, a foreigner and only twenty-four years of age. Never had woman found sharper thorns in the crown of a great kingdom. Never was woman confronted with more tremendous responsibilities. Never did woman rise more valiantly to the occasion. The affection of the people was with the gentle, holy King, whose sad malady appealed to the compassion of a strong, generous nation. Mad kings have always been tenderly loved by their people, for all the misfortunes they may have brought upon their country—Charles VI. of France, Louis of Bavaria, George III. Margaret worked hard to win the love of the nation for her son. He was the loveliest of children, of bright, sweet nature, and most winning manners. But all round the helpless King and young mother and child stormed a crowd of powerful, turbulent nobles, watching opportunities for increasing their power at the expense of the crown; chief among them the Earl of Warwick, whose sword thrown in the balance would make and unmake kings.

Margaret took up her burden without flinching, but the mass of mailed might against her was too strong for peaceful methods. The quarrel must be fought out in the field. The King could not lead his army, so the Queen herself must step into the breach, and do battle for her husband and child.

The little Prince accompanied his mother all through those terrible campaigns, fled with her to the North of England, to Wales, to Scotland, to France; was with her at the victory of Barnet, and knighted by his father on that his first field of glory.

Was it a fierce, cruel woman, all unsexed, who fought those twelve pitched battles? Gentle measures would not have served the pressing need—would have meant the light leaving of a crown, the lavish waste of brave men's lives. The Yorkist leaders were not rose-water soldiers. Never was war like that war for ferocity and lack of patriotism, even of loyalty. The adherents of either Rose fought each for his own hand. Each camp was full of waverers and traitors. Each side on its turn of victory stained its cause by savage cruelty. There is nothing to choose between them; between the needless butchery of "pretty Rutland" and the tragedy of Tewkesbury; between brave York's head crowned with paper and the "bloody supper" in the Tower. But for "lascivious Edward, perjured George, misshapen Dick," we have "the gallant-springing brave Plantagenet" flinging

himself, boy as he was, upon the Yorkist spears in his last desperate stand for his father's crown, defying his conquerors until he fell beneath their daggers, "an angel with bright hair dabbled in blood." His broken-hearted mother and his young wife, believing he had fallen upon the field of Tewkesbury, retired to a neighbouring convent to hide from Edward IV.'s tiger-like vengeance.

What wonder Margaret cursed his murderers! Heavily that curse went home. His innocent blood was required of the innocent sons of Edward IV.—of Clarence and his young son, the Earl of Warwick; of his daughter, Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, of Gloucester, "in the last battle borne down by the flying" of Gloucester's own infant son.

Then the proud fierce Queen and the widowed Princess, the king-maker's daughter, were forced to grace the triumph of the victor when he entered London. They did not save themselves from that deep humiliation by any pretty wim of Nilus or kindly dagger. There was still hope that King Henry's life might be recompense for their agony. Of all the martyrs who have ever walked the Way of Sorrows, surely none ever carried a sharper sword through her soul than Margaret of Anjou, with her proud head discrowned, her brave, fierce heart newly bleeding, as few mothers' hearts have ever bled, bearing the bitterness of untold shame and anguish for the vain chance of her husband's safety.

The murdered Prince was buried at Tewkesbury, under the central tower of the Abbey. A flat tombstone of grey marble used to record how he who lay beneath it "lost his life in good blood." When the pavement was repaired in the eighteenth century, the ancient stone was flung aside and replaced by a brass tablet at the expense of the people of Tewkesbury, "lest the memory of Edward Prince of Wales should perish." The original stone was afterwards identified; its brass inscription had long been picked out. It was made into a basement for the font to preserve it from further desecration.

In that year, 1471, his widow was fifteen, and one of his murderers, Richard Duke of Gloucester, cast his evil eye at once upon her and her co-heiressship. His brother, Clarence, who was Anne's brother-in-law, objected strongly to the contemplated marriage, probably because he wished Anne to remain a widow, and her sister Isabel to inherit her portion. He carried Anne off into hiding, disguised as a kitchenmaid, in which capacity she remained concealed for nearly two years. In 1473 she was discovered by Richard, and went off with him, it is said, not altogether unwillingly. Prolonged

experience of a kitchenmaid's existence probably made liberty with state desirable at any price, even of marrying a fiend incarnate, her husband's murderer. Richard sent her to London, and placed her in a sanctuary at St. Martin's, Westminster. They were probably married that year, privately and invalidly, for their kinship required a dispensation which Richard might not then find it convenient to seek.

Their son Edward was born in 1474 at the Castle of Middleham, which Anne had inherited from her father Warwick. Her love for her child amounted to almost idolatrous passion; her very life was bound up with his. He was given the name of the reigning king, but it was the name also of the boy-husband, love of her early years. She clung to him all the more, in that her life must have been so unutterably lonely, so appallingly insecure, great princess though she was. Whatever gratitude she may have felt for the prince who took her from the kitchen, must have turned to loathing as soon as liberty was gained. With her sister Isabel, Duchess of Clarence, she could not have been on pleasant terms. On December 21, 1476, Isabel died in her twenty-fifth year, probably poisoned, as Clarence asserted, by her attendant, Ankarette, widow of Roger Twynho, who was very possibly employed by Richard. She left two little children—Edward Earl of Warwick and Margaret.

Clarence offered marriage to Mary of Burgundy, who had once refused him, and was now an orphan. His sister Margaret was her stepmother. She again refused him. In 1476 he was charged with high treason, and drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, to the great distress of Edward, forced to let him die, but who exclaimed piteously, "O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one creature would make intercession!"

After a succession of appalling crimes, Richard Duke of Gloucester became King of England as Richard III. Anne was crowned with him. Their little son was brought up to London and created Prince of Wales. He accompanied his parents through all that pageantry which was so grim and ghostlike, having been prepared for the coronation of the murdered boy-king Edward V.

The little Prince of Wales was idolised also by his monster of a father, who extolled "the singular wit and endowments of Nature wherewith (his young age considered) he was remarkably furnished, and which portended, by the favour of God, that he would make an honest man."

In processions and progresses through York and London, Anne walked or rode, holding her little son by the hand, he wearing the

demi-crown of the heir of England. But the White Rosebud faded, and for all his father's pride in him and his mother's passionate love, he passed away alone. Anne had gone to the south with her husband to put down Buckingham's insurrection, when the child died on March 31, 1484, at Middleham Castle—"an unhappy death," the record says. Whether this means treachery, or the piteous wailing of the dying little boy for his absent mother, we cannot know.

His death would have served for his mother's death blow, even without the poison Richard is suspected of having employed to hurry on freedom for marriage with his little niece, Elizabeth of York. After the first frantic anguish, she drooped and faded away. She died on March 16, 1485, most likely immediately of poison, but overwhelmed by grief and by horror at her own tacit share in her husband's guilt; condemned by the loss of the boy, for whose sake she had sinned by condonation of the crimes which paved the way for his advancement.

But the tragedies of the last Plantagenets were not played out, even when Richard fell next year at Bosworth. The little Earl of Warwick was kept in the Tower by Henry VII., merely for being a Plantagenet; forgotten as one dead, to be brought out, dazed and foolish, to prove the imposture of Lambert Simnel; then sent back to solitude and silence for twelve more years; kept in utter ignorance, so that he "could not discover a goose from a capon" and became wholly imbecile. Dragged forth once more in 1499, only twenty-two years old, to be beheaded for the satisfaction of Ferdinand of Spain, who refused to give his rich daughter Catherine to Henry VII.'s son, Arthur, while the Yorkist prince lived. Sadly poor Catherine came to remember how her ill-omened marriage had been made in blood.

Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of George Duke of Clarence and Isabel Nevill, married De la Pole, Earl of Salisbury, and was beheaded by Henry VIII. on a charge of treason, refusal to acknowledge him as the head of the Church; really, because she was a Plantagenet princess, and a dangerous rival to an excommunicate king. She was beatified by Pope Leo XIII. with over fifty other English martyrs in 1886, and is commemorated as Blessed Margaret Pole. Her son Reginald was the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal; he died 1553.

ALISON BUCKLER.

PETER AND THE INTERVIEWER.

ONE mornin I were in th' Green Dragin takin' my "noonins," as us call 'em in these parts, th' missus were a servin I, when Maister Kittly, what keeps th' public, he comes out o' th' bar-parler, an' he motions for I mysterious loike.

"What be it?" sezs I in a whisper, seein as he had his fore-finger up.

"Here!" sezs he; so I goes close to him, an' he sort o' pulls me in-tew th' parler.

"There be a queer sort o' customer here," were what he zed.

"What be him trade think'ee?" asks I.

"Him sezs he's on a paper," Kittly made answer; "do 'ee know what that be, Peter?"

To tell trew I were fairly non-pluss'd, never heard o' sich a trade; but it don't do to let volks see when 'ee be mothered, so I just rubbed my head a bit (one gets out ideas now an' agin in that way, 'sides I find it gives 'ee toime to think, so to speak).

"Be him in th' paintin' an' paperin' line?—there be workmen up to th' Hall."

"No, t'aint that, Peter," sed Jim Kittly; "he be a gintale sort o' chap."

"Be him th' new rate-collecting chap?"

"No," sezs Jim, a-cuttin' I off as short as a carrot as th' sayin' is.

"Let I see him then," for I were a bit put out wi' him, for if there be one thing more nor t'other that riles my dander, 'tis to be snapped up i' that fashun.

Wi' that he took I in th' parler, where I seed this stranger a sittin' in a arm cheer, a smokin' a bit o' white paper rolled roun' tight, leastways so it seemed to I, but for ari 'twere only paper it smelt prutty nasty!

"Sarvant, sir," sezs I, takin' off my hat, cos I knows manners.

"A—h!" sezs he, an' he takes thic screw from a 'tween his teeth,

an' strokes it roun' 'bout wi' his fingers, th' likes o' which I'd ne'er a seen, them were that white, an' w' rings on 'em too !

"A—h ! 'ee be one o' the 'briggineets, I perzoom ?"

"No, I baint," sez I ; "I were born an' bred i' this place, an' my feythur an' gran'feythur avore I !"

Wi' that th' chap he larfed jest 'bout, an' so did Kittly, an' for that matter so did I. I were allers considered a jokey sort o' feller, but where thic joke come in I'm derved if I see.

"Capital good !" sez he atween his chucklins, "that'll do ! Fact is, my friends, I see 'ee must be taken into my confidence. I've been sent down here by a Lunnon paper to report on th' manners an' customs of th' rustics hereabouts."

Maister Kittly he asked right out :

"What do that mean, sir ?"

I held my tongue ; allers best when 'ee don't know what's meant, 'ee learns a deal more if 'ee listens, an' don't show 'ee be a vool neether.

Thic chap puts his screw o' paper in his mouth, an' twiddled th' bit o' hair on his top lip till I a most thought he'd a pulled him out.

"On th' manners an' customs?" he sez agin, loike askin summat as 'ee may say.

So I speaks up then :

"To tell trew, some on 'em, th' young ones more 'special, aint got no manners so to speak, an' as to custom, whoi Kittly here 'll tell 'ee what sort o' bizness he gets to th' Green Dragin—it's gone off a bit since Parson took up wi' 'Tem'prance, an' Band o' Hopes—ain't it, Jim ?"

I niver did see such a chap to larf as thic paper feller, whoi to hear an' see un, a body 'ood a thought I were making jokes, 'stead o' tellin he th' plain trowth.

"'Tis refrashin !" sez he.

I thought as he mean't th' drink he were havin, as I seed in his glass there be some left ; so I sez :

"'Ess, zider an' lemonade mixed, be considered gratefool to th' pallet by most voiks."

"Now, come (a chucklin still), come Mr.—"

"Peter's my name, if 'ee means I."

"Christian ?"

Wi' that, I speaks up pretty plain I tell 'ee.

"O' coorse I be, an' my forbears avore I, all on us was chrissened in thic church there (us could see it thro' th' winders o' th' bar-parler), an if 'ee asks Johnnie 'Avey th' saxton, he'll shew 'ee th' books wi'

arl our names writ therein—feythur, gran'feyther, an' so on ; an' if that ain't bein' Christians I'm darned if I know what is !”

Thic paper chap were a bit uppish, I take it. Lunnon ways be arl roight I dessay, but us country volks bain't vools, tho' I say it. He were taken back I tell 'ee.

“Well, well,” he makes answer ; “no 'fence 'tended ; 'spose 'ee shews I th' lions o' th' place !”

“Beggin' pardon, sir,” sezs I ; “us ain't got no wild beast's here, sich as lions, but I'll shew 'ee th' pigs, an' there bain't a finer sort ennywheres, go where 'ee will, rale Barkshire most on 'em.”

Szs he : “You be a 'umerist, Mr. Peter.”

“No, I bain't,” sezs I ; “I be a fettler by trade ;” la ! how th' chap did open his eyes sure-ly—“but if 'ee stands palaverin loike thickey, 'ee won't see much to my moind !”

“Before we start on our explorations,” he speaks up, jest so, “I may as well tell you, my friends, I am what is called an intervooer” (he were a turrible one tew use big words, I niver heerd sich a chap avore, he spoke loike a book). “No doubt 'ee 've seen in your noose-papers how men an' women be paid to go to Dooks, Princes, Painters, Literary volks, an' sich, an ask 'em arl sorts o' questions 'bout theirselves, an' vamlies, an' tell what tables an' cheers them's got, an' what 'em eats an' drinks, what garments they——”

“Aye, aye, I've heard on it, my darter have read it in *The Village Cackler* as us takes in o' Saterdays, an' I've said to my missis : ‘Tell 'ee what, Bess, if enny o' them there pryin' volks was to come anigh thic place, a spyin', an' a gapes nestin', derned if I 'oodn't interdoose my shoe-maker to their tailor !’”

When I said thickey here, th' Lunnon paper chap moved a bit funder fro' I !

“Mr. !” sezs he polite-loike.

“Preedy's my name, tho' I be allus called Peter, so to speak,” sezs I.

“I 'sure 'ee, Peter, they volks loike it, why it brings 'em avore th' public.”

“Brings 'em afore th' public,” cries out Jim Kittly ; “I've niver seen 'em nigh th' Green Dragin, let alone in my bar-parler—an' for th' matter o' that, my missis won't have nought to do wi' untidy volks, no ways !”

“Untidy ?” asks 'tother ; “what do 'ee mean ?”

“Ees, didn't 'ee say them was literary volks ?”

“A-h, I see,” sezs th' young chap, a grinnin' loike a Cheshire cat as th' sayin' is, not that I e'er saw a cat o' enny sort grin.

"Come along, Peter, come along, time waits for no man, an' I yearn to explore this interestin' place—until we meet again 'Farewell mine host'"—wavin' his white hand, an' strikin' out his arm for arl th' world loike th' sign post at th' cross-roads, where it pints tew a road, an' 'ee sees writ up "To Taunton."

Wi' that, us left Jim Kittly standin' at his door.

"Where'bouts shall us take 'ee?"

"Where'so'er thou listeth; lead on, I'll foller!"

"Look 'ee here, young man," sez I stern loike; "don't 'ee be up to gammicks along o' I," for I seed he were larkish; "jest 'ee behave decent, an' no potey mind"; for why need he go on loike a play actin' chap?

"All right guv'nor!" sez he.

I must say as he were civil spoken 'nuff, so us goes up street, an' bein' a bit curious to know th' ways' o' Lunnon volks, sez I:

"Do 'ee mean to tell that 'ee be paid tew find out th' grand people's doins?"

"My good man," sez he, "I do, an' I fingers no end o' cash in the process."

"But 'pears to I it t'aint seemly a peepin' an' a pryin' arter other folks biz'ness."

"'Tis a product o' th' age, my friend," he makes answer, 'a flourishin' they arms o' his 'bout.

"Product surely, what be that?" sez I. "Arl they be gurt geese to my mind, if that's what 'ee means."

"Bless 'ee, some on 'em *is* geese, an' goolden too; an' they loves tew see their picters in th' noosepapers, an' their best parlors took wi' arl th' furniter. Dooks, play-actors, ay even parsons, arl are intervood nowadays, an' they turn out their innards, so to speak, ay as neat as ninepence, an' as cheerful!"

"Well, that beats hecky," sez I, an' I were forced to take off my hat an' rub my head, I were that took back. "I allers heerd tell as a Englishman's house were his castle, but I'm derved if they volks don't bide in glass-houses, so to speak: why ev'ry martial thing can be seen an' talked of; 'oodent do for the likes o' us—no gapes-nestin for I."

"An' Mr. Peter, 'ee ain't a public character, nor do 'ee coort th' world's gaze; why they volks yearn to be turned inside out, an' tell arl their private fairs. Ev'rybody as is somebody (or thinks their selves such, which is 'bout th' same) stands, as 'ee may say, avore th' whole world a cryin' out, 'Look at M. E. I here I be on show, fix on t'b' handies, an' pump me dry, I loikes it!'"

"La a mussy! 'ee don't say so! Well, I be glad as us don't have sich pryins, an' pokins hereabouts; why, it be loike th' 'quisition' as my Ben were readin' of; he said as men used to put screws on volks thumbs, an' stretch 'em on a sort o' mangle I take it, an' pull 'em out o' arl shape an' size, a pupposs to make 'em answer questions—well, I derved!"

"Ah, yes!" sezs thic paper chap a larfin; "I know, the rack 'twas called *then*, but it ain't painful to these volks now-a-days, on th' contrayry mighty pleasant, at least so I presume, seein' as they craves it, an' as——"

Arl of a suddint he stopped, an' would 'ee b'lieve it he set off in to sich a chucklin', I a'most thowt as he were took bad wi' 'stericks.

"What be th' matter wi' 'ee?" sezs I consarned.

"Oh, don't!" sezs he, larfin' jest loike a higheener I once heerd at a wild beastes show at Bruton, "thiccy be too much for me"; an' he pointed tew 'Lijah Scriven's winder.

'Lijah, he does arl our boots, he, an' his feyther avore him, have made and mended us toime out o' mind, as th' sayin' is, an' there wern't nothin' fresh as I seed in th' winder, but there, thic Lunnon paper chap stood, wi' his face as red as a turkey cock's snout, a most doubled up, an' chokin' jest 'bout.

"What ails 'ee man?" sezs I; "can't 'ee speak?"

But he shook his chugger head, till I felt loike to punch it to get th' sense out on him.

"Can't 'ee see?" was all he could say.

Well, there wern't only 'Lijah's notice writ up on a board! la! I've a seen it ever since I can mind. "Any man, woman, or child can hev a fit here,"¹ which I take to be a turrible sensible way o' puttin' it. I've heerd tell as it were writ by our old saxton, Johnny Gawler (he be dead avore I were born), an' he were a dapster wi' his learnin'.

"What o' *that*?" sezs I; "'tain't nuthin' to larf at as I see, could 'ee do it better, come now?" for I were gettin' a bit waxy.

But he were writin' it down in a book as tho' 'twere summat curious—now what was there in that, can 'ee tell?—but Lunnon volks an' their ways be queer seems to I.

It were gettin' on to noon, an' my Bess is trew to toime, meals allers ready to th' stroke o' th' clock, so I sezs:

"If 'ee wants to see 'bout 'ee, better make haste an' come 'long 'an not stand there arl day."

¹ A fact.

"Ready's th' word," sez he cheerful loike, for he warn't a bad tempered chap I will say that, "whither thou goest, &c., &c."

He were terrible fond o' potry, tho' my darter Tryphee said as *that* were Scriptor ; howsomever us went on up street, till us comes tew Arabeller Pacey's, when he stops short.

"I'll interwoo th' inmates o' this mansion," sez he ; "I'll get summat out of here."

"Ay, that 'ee will," thinks I, "an' more than 'ee bargains for if 'ee goes inside ;" for Arabeller be th' most alammerky¹ wench 'bout these parts. I calls her a wench, but la her's got a 'usband, an' a mort o' children.

"Jest th' sort o' cottage on which to report," he were a sayin', and wi' that he walks right in to th' gardin, which were a bed o' nettles so tew speak, I a follerin'.

I've seen picters o' country cottages done by what 'em calls artists (they comes our way sometimes, sittin' under white umbrellars, wi' a queer sort o' three-legged thingummy in front o' them, takin' skitches, so they tells I, an' one were tossed heels o'er head into a field o' wuts by Varmer Watts' cow, as was bein' driv' long th' lane wi' her calf—cows be a trifle rampagious now an' agin.

"Were he hurt?"

"Well, here 'ee see 'twas thickey ; he were shook a bit, an' th' umbrellar which had angered th' poor beast were split to ribbins. But Varmer Watts were most upset, for there was his wuts, as founc a crop as 'ee'd see in a day's march, as th' sayin' is, that flat, as nothin' would rise 'em ; th' artist chap were somewhat fleshy, an' fell heavy so to speak—but I be roddlin'."

As I was sayin', cottages looks uncommon prutty in picter books, an' Arabeller Pacey's was what they painter volks calls pickteresk." All I say, 'twould be better if 'twere cleaner. I tell 'ee plain, that up agin th' door way were jest the marks o' Arabeller's shape, her is forever standin', leanin' agin they posts chattermaggin' wi' one or 'tother, so arl th' whitewash be rubbed clean off where her stands lollopin'—with th' friction the skulemaster calls it. Her man, too, be a lazy hound, spendin' his earnins at th' "Jarge," but my missus, her sez :

"A tidy hearth keeps th' house warm," an' that's as trew as can be.

Pacey's gardin' were a sight to see—nettles, an' dock all o'er th' place, th' taters smothered wi' weeds, an' ne'er a flower to be seen. I allers sez, if 'ee looks on th' outsides o' a house, 'ee can prutty well tell what be inside : but thic young man he made no bones 'bout

¹ Dirty, untidy.

it, la ! he went up as bold as he pleased to th' door, which stood wide open. There ain't many as would care to face Arabeller nor her man, neither more 'special when th' drink's in 'em, an' they ain't often wi'out that lining, so to speak ; she must have heard us comin'.

"What do 'ee want ?" her sezs, meetin' us at th' door ; my ! her wus that frowzy to be sure ! I were glad she wern't my wife !

"My good woman," sezs th' Lunnon chap smilin' and civil ; "I merely wants to ascertain a few particulars respectin' your manner of livin', and such like," a wavin' that there white hand o' his'n wi' the rings a glistenin' jest 'bout.

"Oh !" her snaps ; "be 'ee th' rate collector, or th' relievin' officer ? I hear tell us has got a new 'un ; if he ain't no better nor th' last, he'd better look out," an' her glared that wrathful on him th' young man drew back to I pretty sharp !

"Oh, no, I assure you," was what he said. "I have nothin' to do wi' that. I come from Lunnon."

"From Lunnon, do 'ee ?" her snarls ; "an' what do 'ee want here ?"

"I have told you, my good soul ; to ascertain the full particulars, &c., &c. ; to interview you in fact ;" an' he takes out a book from his coat-pocket, an' a pencil.

"H'm !" her sezs, ey'in' him up an' down. Arabellers a big woman, I tell 'ee, an' he were a *very* small chap.

"What's your husband's occupation ?" he asks.

"What be that ? Ackipation 'ee mean ?" her sezs.

"Oh, his trade !—work !—that is to say, how does he earn his livin' ?"

"'Ee'd better ask he ; there he be ;" an' her points to where Jerry was sittin' by the hearth-place, smokin' a nasty, dirty, black pipe. Not but what I likes my pipe, but gi' me a clean "church-warden" an' bird's-eye ; th' rank baccy Jerry smokes come anigh chokin' o' I, an' as to his pipe—well, there ! But lor ! his pipe was a match for th' place ; my missis would have gone off her head, as the sayin' is, jest tew see such a hole ; dirt wern't th' name for it ! there wasn't a clean spot as big as a sixpence nowheres, an' Arabeller, that mucky, if 'ee'd a put her agin a wall, there her'd a stuck, as sure as my name is Peter !

"Good-mornin', my friend," was what thic young man said, as spry as could be, but ne'er a word from Jerry. "I am makin' inquiries as to th' condition of th' labourin' class, an' want to know how you earn *your* livin' ?"

Jerry looked he up an' down jest as Arabeller had done, but

went on smokin'. I coughed fit to choke—I'm a bit assmatical doctor tells I ; but th' paper chap he stood there smilin' an' pleasant. Bym-bye Jerry takes his pipe out o' his mouth.

"Be 'ee goin' to find us in meat an' drink, an' gi' us a shillin' or so?" asks he.

"Certainly not, my good man, you are an independent Englishman ; you have your vote (at least, so I presume) and other *glorious* privileges, an' would scorn to be pauperised," ansers th' young feller ; he *were* fond o' big words, sure-ly !

"What be poppercyes?" agn asks Jerry, an' I didn't like th' looks on him, I must say.

"Pauperised?" sezs 'tother, "why—ah—why—made as beggars ! paupers !—kept by th' rates !"

"An' what be they rates vor, if 'em ain't to keep th' loikes o' we?"

"My good man ! you a representative of a great nation to talk like that? here are your children educated free of cost to you—a *splendid* education, with drawing, music, and all the 'ologies' thrown in ; teachers paid *immense* salaries to instruct your young barbarians. Inspectors, &c., all for *them*" (how he did go on, to be sure), "the nobility and gentry always ready to pat you on the back, speaking metaphorically, if you know what that means, and yet you talk of living on the rates ! Assert your English grandeur of character, and refuse, ay, scorn to accept such paltry money !"

"Now, look 'ee here ; don't 'ee go to talk o' 'paltry money,' young man. I've got a vamily o' fifteen livin', there be some on 'em," an' sure enough, there was a lot o' th' dirtiest brats I ever set eyes on ; talk o' pigs ! gi' me they beastes if these 'tother be chillern, derned if 'ee could see th' colour of 'em, an' soap be cheap, an' water be plentiful, too !

"What's to feed they?" roars Jerry.

"Work, my worthy friend, work, nothing like it ! Earn your bread by honest toil ; it's sweet——"

"Look here, young sir," sezs Jerry, a comin' close up to he ; "if 'ee loikes to give I summat to drink yer health, or to help a bit, I'm your man ;" an' he held out his hand.

"I never indulge in promiscuous almsgiving !"

"Which means 'ee aint goin' to stump up ! Then, look 'ee here, jest clear out, an' soon ; us don't wants folks pryin' about, an' puttin' into books a lot o' lies 'bout us, an' givin' us nothin' neither !—'igh ! here, Bones !" an' I'm derned if there didn't spring from ahind th' settle, Jerry's bulldog, th' fiercest varmint in th' whole parish. Jerry goes in for sport, an' bis Bones has won many a fight, J've heard tell.

Away goes th' Lunnon chap, tumblin' over Arabeller's baby as were sprawlin' anigh th' door, an' I arter him, for I didn't want to feel th' taste o' that dog's teeth in my pusson nowheres, an' us didn't stop till us was some little ways off from Jerry's.

"A most terrible man," sezs th' poor chap, strugglin' to get his breath ; "a bad specimen to report on, I must say !"

"Why, yes," I makes answer ; "he be a black sheep, as th' sayin' is, an' have been in jail a mort o' times for poachin', an' sich loike ; he very nigh killed a man once, him an' Bones !"

"Dear, dear, what a lucky escape ! Give me the Londoner, if this is the sort of rustic——"

"Oh !" sezs I, spurrin' up a bit, "us ain't all as bad as Jerry ; an' country volks be as good as Lunnon volks, I take it. There's many——"

But there wern't toime to say my say, for Jesse Lock were standin' close by at his gate, an' he sezs :

"Will 'ee please to walk in, Peter, an' bring th' genelman along o' 'ee ?"

Now, neither my missis nor me can bide Jesse ; my Bess calls he "slimy." I'm derned if I wouldn't have Jerry o' th' two, thic 'tother be that slipp'ry, there's no catchin' hold on he, as 'ee may say.

Howsomever, he takes wi' some volks, an' I see as thic chap were mighty pleased wi' Jess Lock's soft way. 'Vore I could say "yea" or "nay," he speaks up :

"Ah, my man, ye be of the right sort. No bulldogs inside ?"

"Na, na," grins Jess ; "nought but my old 'ooman's tom-cat, an' her be gone out to earn her wittles—walk in, walk in, sir !"

Us allers calls cats "her" in these parts.

The Lunnon genelman were a bit spent, he wern't used to runnin' o'er stones ; they tells I Lunnon roads be jest 'bout smooth to walk on, so he falls a'most into a armchair, he were that done up.

"Will 'ee hev a drop o' summat, my dear young genelman ?" sezs Jess, that soft, 'ee would think butter couldn't melt in his mouth ; "a drop o' brandy to pick 'ee up. I be a 'stainer me-self, but I'll go to th' 'Jarge' for a friend an' feller Chrissen."

"A 'stainer be ee, Jess ?" sezs I ; "that be news ! Last fair day wasn't ee led home a'tween Moses Tucker an' Jacob Mitcham ?"

"Peter, Peter," sezs he, shakin' his bald head at me, "I were took bad wi' th' het, not liquor !"

I see 'ee were up to summut, so ne'er another word said I ; 'a wink's as good as a nod to a blind 'oss," as th' sayin' is.

Well, to make my story short ; Jesse had got wind o' thic chap's

purpuss to put we intew print, an' he spun sich a yarn consarnin "th' manners an' customs" o' we volks as fairly staggered I, an' took in th' puper chap sure-ly ; for I'm derned if he didn't go back to Lunnon that same night, wi' sich "notes" as ee called 'em ! why he'd enuff to fill *The Village Cackler* chock full twice over ! An' skulemaister read us some on it out of a noose-paper he had sent him ; la ! it said there, as us was th' blessèdest volks in th' warld ; allers content an' peaceful, wi' plenty o' vittles an' drinks ; as to our cottages ! they was ari as prutty as picters, wi' roses everywhere's, an' ne'er a rotten thatch or broken winder, ari as neat as new pins ! Bless 'ee, why there was ne'er sich another place out o' Eden, but—not a word o' Jerry nor Bones !

How us laughed to be sure---why, it wern't trew one bit !

Jesse Lock had done that intervoorer jest 'bout an' sarve him right ; dooks, lords, parsons, an' sich may turn theirselves inside out to strangers if them loikes, tho' seems to I 'tis down-right "cheek," as my Ben call it, for volks to come askin' questions about ee ways o' life, derned if I'd answer 'em ! There's no end to "societies" nowadays. Why don't some Parli-ment chap start th' "Anti-pokin'-ee-nose-into-other-volkes-bizness-Society?" Jiggered if I wouldn't pay a shillin' or so to that, an' if us ever catched a Lunnon paper chap gapes-nestin' roun' here agin, he should see th' bottom o' our duck-pond, an' intervoo that by way o' change ! Dern'd if he shouldn't !

Intervooers, indeed ! what next be us comin' to ?

Here, Bess, gi' I my pipe !

PENLEY REYD.

NATIONAL TREE-PLANTING.

OUR New Zealand cousins have lately inaugurated a new anniversary. It does not refer to any historic event, nor does it commemorate any incident in the advancement of the colony, nor yet is it dedicated to mere pleasure making ; it differs from most other anniversaries in that, while they have their origin in some reference to the past, this is concerned only with the future, it is purely altruistic, and for the benefit alone of posterity. This anniversary is known as Arbor Day, and it is a day set apart for the good work of tree-planting ; on it rich and poor, old and young, are invited by the Government of their country to leave their ordinary vocations, and unite in the common object of planting trees throughout the land. By this measure the Government hope to cope with a growing difficulty ; for New Zealand, once so rich in forest-land, is fast losing her riches, though the demand upon them is an ever-increasing one. The clearing of the country through the rapid rise of the towns and the growth of the population at one and the same time, demands the removal of trees, and yet calls for more wood. It is noteworthy how very largely man's advance in any country is dependent on a good supply of timber ; possessing it, he can build, manufacture, and do what he will ; lacking it, he is hampered on every hand. Therefore, as a New Zealander develops the resources of his country, there is, on all sides, and in the most unexpected places, a cry for more wood. Take a couple of instances, small perhaps in themselves, yet like straws, showing the way the wind blows. The exportation of butter, though an industry at present only in its infancy, is increasing enormously ; but butter cannot be exported without suitable packing cases, and when hundreds of thousands of such cases are required, it is obvious that the question of cheap and plentiful wood must enter largely into trade calculations of butter exportation. Then, again, the activity in the mining and building trade is making serious inroads into the available supply of larch-poles, and unless something is speedily done to replace those taken away, the scarcity of good poles will, in a most irritating way, hamper and retard operations. The inhabitants on

the treeless plains of Canterbury in the South Island already know the inconvenience of little timber, and would indeed have been grateful had it occurred to their immediate ancestors to start an Arbor Day.

But putting aside the trade difficulties raised by a restricted timber output, there is another point involved in the total disappearance of the grand primeval forests of even greater importance, and that is the influence which trees in large numbers are known to exercise upon climate. Trees tend to precipitate moisture from the clouds, while at the same time they regulate the evaporation from the ground; hence, as they disappear, prolonged droughts make their appearance, the land becomes parched, devastating storms sweep furiously across it, their course now unchecked and unbroken by any leafy barriers. The hot and cold currents of the air, no longer moderated and mixed by their passage through the woods, make themselves felt only as burning blasts or icy winds, while the climate inevitably deteriorates, and agriculture suffers.

For these reasons, therefore, the Government of New Zealand, recognising the importance of tree-planting, and in virtue of the marvellous results which have been achieved by the setting aside for that purpose in the United States of America of one day in the year to be called Arbor Day, determined to emulate America's example, and inaugurate there also an Arbor Day; and so August 4, 1893, was set aside as the first anniversary of the tree-planting. It must be owned that the majority of New Zealanders did not evince any very great enthusiasm over the project at first, but when the second anniversary came round greater interest was shown, and doubtless the interest will grow year by year, as each man comes to recognise more clearly the importance of the work in which he is asked to help, and the disastrous result that apathy must bring to his country. A writer on this subject, in the last published "New Zealand Year Book," expresses a conviction that in time Arbor Day may even hope to rival in popularity the annual Cattle Show Day.

The above reference to the example of America reminds us that in certain parts of that country Arbor Day has already stood the test of twenty years' experience, and the "marvellous results" that have so struck the Government of New Zealand are well worth a passing notice, especially in face of the fact that similar difficulties, albeit on a smaller scale, are pressing near home. The inspiration of its origin came to a certain Governor Morton of Nebraska, an inspiration that entitles him to the gratitude of posterity, and it was

the exigencies of his own State that awakened the thought. At that time a great part of Nebraska consisted of vast treeless plains, over which the blizzard from the north-west and the hot blasts from the south swept with terrific force, harmful to man and fatal to his work in the cultivation of the land. The state of things seemed irremediable until Governor Morton suggested that leafy trees in sufficient numbers would be an effective barrier to the storm's onslaught, and a protection to animals and crops; and further, that such trees would constitute a source of wealth in themselves. But he saw, too, that to deal with trees in numbers large enough to do any good concerted action was absolutely necessary, and some method must be devised which should interest and include all his people. He managed to infuse enthusiasm for his plans into his colleagues, and at a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture in January 1874, the second Wednesday in April in that year, and in each succeeding year, was solemnly dedicated to a general tree-planting. The people of the State responded warmly, and the first "Arbor Day" saw the planting of the almost incredible number of over ten million trees. The work has gone on until at the present day there are more than a hundred thousand acres of *planted* forest land in Nebraska. When we remember that this large area was practically a treeless waste, and consider further the amelioration of climate, the increase in agriculture, and the direct money value which has accrued with the trees, we can estimate something of what Nebraska owes to the wisdom of Governor Morton.

But the anniversary of Arbor Day did not remain confined to Nebraska. The idea "caught on" with neighbouring States who were confronted with the same problems. Iowa followed suit almost immediately, and Michigan too made the experiment; and so greatly were these States impressed by the value of the institution, that they soon removed the day from an experimental category and established it as a final measure by law. On Arbor Day trees were to be planted everywhere for the future benefit of the State. Governor Alpa of Michigan, in one of his Arbor Day proclamations, exhorted his people to plant them "by the way-side, by our farmhouses, in our fields, parks, villages and cities, around our school-houses, and in the cemeteries where sleep our beloved dead;" and then he continued, in true public spirit, "We may not live to enjoy the full fruits of this work, but our children and our children's children will receive the benefit of our labour."

Within the next ten years the institution grew like the mustard seed in the parable, until literally the branches of the trees spread

through many lands. "By that time seventeen States had started an Arbor Day, many of the Eastern States following the example of Western prairie lands. It was not that they too were ever treeless wastes, but because they, like New Zealand at the present time, found that their abundant forests were beginning to show too markedly the inroads of clearing fires and woodman's axe, while the necessity of good timber increased yearly. Hence it was felt that only the continuous and regular planting which an Arbor Day brings could keep the supply up to the demand.

But Arbor Day, like all living institutions and organisms, has had, by virtue of its vitality, various forms of development. Perhaps the most interesting of these, and the one from which we may hope to see the most far-reaching and happy results, is that in which it has become peculiarly associated with the children of the country. This dates from the spring of 1882, when the American Forestry Congress held their meeting in Cincinnati. To suitably mark the occasion a general holiday with a tree-planting on a grand and imposing scale was arranged, and as a chief feature of the gala a procession, which included twenty thousand children from the public schools of the city, marching in due order with their teachers, flags flying and bands playing, wound its way to the beautiful Eden Park, lying outside Cincinnati. And there in the bright May sunshine, trees were planted to form the Author's Grove, and as each tree was put into the earth the memory of some great author or statesman, not necessarily an American, was associated with it. Thus was their first Arbor Day impressed upon the children's memory, and thus began their lasting connection with the day. They had received their first lesson in forestry, their attention had been called to trees as one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, and they had seen the planting of a tree recorded as a meritorious act—an act which might worthily serve as a reverential memorial to the great ones of the earth. No more auspicious introduction to the works of Nature could they have received.

Cincinnati's neighbour, West Virginia, apprehended at once the educational value which the movement might be to the children, and promptly took steps to include them in the annual celebration. And so by degrees, all over the country, thinking men and women resolved that though the adult generation of that time might have undervalued their trees, yet the men and women of the future should have a love for them, and an interest in their protection, inculcated from their earliest infancy.

The movement spread northward from New York and Maine into Canada, and although it is only some ten years ago since it first

touched that province, yet now almost every educational department has included it in its scheme of education. For instance, the Educational Department of Ontario lay down a fixed law in their directions to teachers that the first Friday in May should be set apart by the trustees of every rural school and incorporated village for the purpose of planting shady trees, making flower beds, and otherwise improving and beautifying the school grounds. The educational and æsthetic side is thus beginning to predominate, for although there is not the crying need in that province for great timber plantations, yet those controlling the education felt that Arbor Day was too great a weapon for good to be passed over. The children gain a practical knowledge of the different varieties of trees, the conditions of their growth, and their value and use to the community; the æsthetic side of their nature is roused by their attention being directed to the beauty of plants; and the altruistic side of their character is developed, since their efforts are for the general good, not personal advantage; and children early taught to care for the improvement of their own immediate surroundings at school will in time extend the same care and interest upon their village or town, and so pass on to a love of their country, with a patriotic devotion to her welfare and progress.

As regards the number of trees planted on any one Arbor Day, no other State has touched the grand total of ten millions put into the ground on the first Arbor Day in Nebraska; Minnesota did well, however, with nearly a million and a half in 1876; Ontario saw nearly forty thousand planted when she inaugurated the anniversary in 1885, and although in following years the numbers steadily diminished until in 1893 only fourteen thousand one hundred and three were recorded, yet this does not necessarily show that the interest flags, but rather that the need of such great numbers is lessening. Such energetic yearly planting must, of course, decrease the space suitable and available for the purpose. New Brunswick, which has only instituted an Arbor Day within the last three years, has a record of 3,381 trees and 696 shrubs planted, together with the laying out of 487 flower-beds as the result of her first day's work.

Although Arbor Day has been called into existence too recently as yet for any country to have tasted its full fruits, still some of the golden promises it held out are even now beginning to be redeemed, and New Zealand has done wisely and well in facing her difficulties, and so promptly adopting a measure of proved benefit.

Australia has not yet moved in this matter, but doubtless the

day is not far distant when she also will be compelled to do so. Already the depletion of the forest in New South Wales is causing some anxiety, and although lately Forest Reserves have been made, all wood-cutters licensed, and strict regulations enforced against the indiscriminate cutting and terrible waste once so direfully prevalent, yet it is doubtful if these measures will altogether suffice to meet the case, especially as New South Wales will probably largely develop her export timber trade, a trade for which her natural advantages in soil and climate make her eminently fitted. Moreover, as it becomes more deeply impressed on the colonists' minds that trees are most valuable agents in reclaiming and improving waste and barren land, it is probable that steps will be taken to bring some part of the vast plains and sandy desert land of the interior under their meliorating influence, and it is difficult to see how so much planting could be done reasonably without some institution in the nature of an Arbor Day.

(France supplies us with good illustrations of the value of tree-planting. In many districts, notably the belt of land over one hundred miles in length round the Gulf of Gascony, what were once dreary wastes of drifting sand are now transformed into thriving plantations of hardy pine trees, where roots hold the soil together, prevent the sand drifting and desolating the surrounding country, and which are in themselves a most useful source of revenue.)

In our Kingdom of Great Britain, the question of a lessening native timber supply is not altogether without its difficulties, although met practically by increasing importation. But in Ireland the deforestation of the land is a problem which vexes the soul of each succeeding Irish Secretary. Ireland is a land which Nature intended to be a good timber-producing country. It has every natural endowment for that purpose, and in the past did undoubtedly possess magnificent forests, but maladministration and waste of the grossest description has reduced the forests to an almost negligible quantity, and instead of being, as it should be, the best wooded country in the middle latitudes of Europe, it is, perhaps, the very worst. Would it not be possible, then, to take a hint from our American cousins, and by a State-aided Arbor Day—the date judiciously connected with some national anniversary to evoke popular enthusiasm—do something, at any rate, towards the solution of the problem?

The advantages of setting aside one special day in the year for a public work, such as national tree-planting, are fairly obvious. That which is every man's duty in general is no man's duty in

particular, and if the task of tree-planting were left for each man to do when he felt inclined, little indeed would the country profit. But the establishment of a settled day at the right season of the year calls it to every man's mind, so that it is impossible for the time to pass unheeded. Moreover, that which is drudgery when done alone, becomes pleasant relaxation and change when done in company. A spirit of emulation and *esprit de corps* is aroused; no one likes to fall behind his neighbours, and if there is a general holiday for the purpose, there is no sense of work neglected to help. In perhaps no other work is the proverb of "many hands making light work" better exemplified.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

*"FOR THE GLORY HAS
DEPARTED."*

IT must be with feelings of sorrow and of pity that all those who are acquainted with the history of Spain at the time of her greatest glory look upon that country in its present state. They must sigh as they think of activity turned to sloth, of glory to degradation. With pain they must contemplate the poverty of a country upon which Nature has lavished, with no unsparing hand, the best that she can offer. With wondering amazement they must compare the magnificent victories of Hernando Cortes with the sad reverses of Arsenio Campos, the repression of the Aztec with the insurrection of the Cuban.

So interesting is the history of the Spanish Empire during the sixteenth century that we shall make no apology, even to those who are well acquainted with it, for briefly discussing a few of its most prominent features.

The causes of the rise and of the fall of great empires are well worthy of consideration. Whoever wishes to know what contributes most to elevate and to humble them should turn to the history of Spain. The causes of her downfall are, we believe, well known ; and it is our purpose rather, in the present instance, to account for her rapid rise and splendid reputation.

The state of Castile before the accession of Queen Isabella, in the year 1474, was deplorable. The nobles, with all the arrogance of Castilians, had risen against the unworthy favourite of King Henry IV. Beltran de la Cueva was in every way hateful to them. He was of lowly birth ; and yet, with haughty contempt, he had presumed to accept a position higher than any occupied by even the most considerable of the nobility. The detestation with which, on this account, they regarded the favourite soon shook their allegiance to the king. Henry refused to dismiss the minister ; and the nobles resolved to depose him from his throne. They were, however, altogether disappointed in their attempts to gain possession of his

person ; and they resorted to other means, which could not fail to enrage the most indolent of monarchs. In the midst of the plains of Avila was erected a gorgeous throne. Upon it was placed a representation of the king attired in royal robes. The rebel nobles, clad in armour, marched in procession from the city. Amid the shouts of the multitudes the crown, the sword of justice, and the sceptre were snatched from the figure, and, to complete the scene, the figure itself was hurled violently from the throne. It was not to be expected that Henry would endure such unparalleled effrontery without taking some measures of revenge. He assembled his loyal subjects, and gave battle to the rebels near the city of Olmedo. He failed to crush them. But at this moment his brother Alfonso, to whom the confederates had paid their allegiance, fell ill and died. Isabella was proclaimed Queen. But she, exhibiting from her earliest days that remarkable prudence for which she is so justly noted, refused to arm against her brother. Peace was, under these circumstances, easily restored ; and Henry agreed to pass over the rights of his daughter Joanna, who was generally considered to be the adulterous offspring of the Queen and Beltran, and to leave the crown of Castile to his sister.

Not long after this event King Henry died ; and Isabella, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, was at once proclaimed Queen. But Joanna had no lack of supporters. Many of the most influential of the Castilian nobles joined her ; and the King of Portugal despatched large forces to act with them. Isabella was assisted by troops from Aragon. Her husband Ferdinand, who was in command, marched with all her forces to the seat of the war, and sat down before the city of Zamora. The King of Portugal marched to its relief. The two armies engaged at Toro. A sharp action followed. The Archbishop of Toledo, who had deserted to Joanna, showed the greatest courage. But Cardinal Mendoza, with a naked sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, urged the loyalists to victory. "Knaves, fight away," he said. "Have ye not a Cardinal with you ?" The exhortation of a man, whose red hat and gorgeous robes marked him out as one of the consecrated followers of the Prince of Peace, stimulated, of course, the eagerness of the assailants. A decisive victory was won ; and the Castilians from this time bowed the knee to Isabella only.

Such was the state of Castile. Aragon was in hardly better condition. Rebellion raged within her borders. Catalonia was in insurrection against her lawful sovereign. But while the King of Castile was weak and foolish, the King of Aragon, though well

advanced in years, and almost blind, was firm and prudent; and many of the ills which had visited Castile under Henry IV. were unknown in Aragon under John II.

A time of prosperity was at hand for both kingdoms. In 1479 the civil tumults of Castile were lulled; and in the same year King John died in peace, and was succeeded by his son.

Ferdinand and Isabella were now both anointed sovereigns. They had been wedded on October 25, 1469, in secret, and against the express command of King Henry of Castile. Amid the gloom of the cathedral of Valladolid the nuptial blessing had been bestowed. The archbishop had joined in inseparable oneness, not Ferdinand and Isabella only, but Aragon and Castile.

The new sovereigns, encouraged by their early success, proceeded at once to introduce reforms into all their territories. The welfare of their subjects was their first consideration. But they did not forget, at the same time, to increase their own power and importance. The grand masterships of Alcantara, Santiago, and Calatrava, which gave to the possessors an almost independent power, were appropriated to the Crown. An extraordinarily effective police was created by the institution, under the royal patronage, of the Santa Hermandad. The currency was restored; taxation was diminished.

While they were thus conferring upon their kingdoms incalculable blessings—the blessings of prosperity, and of good government—Ferdinand and Isabella began to extend their borders, and to drive from their land the hated follower of Islam. They met with a long and a stubborn resistance. The attacks of the Christians often failed. Many of the greatest nobles fell. But in 1492, after nine years of unceasing warfare, Ferdinand and Isabella entered, amid the acclamations of a brilliant throng, the time-worn gates of Granada. Well might Zorago, in her flight from the home of her ancestors, wail with the exiled King Abdallah, "Alas! my son, well mayst thou weep now like a woman for the loss of that city which thou hast not been able to defend like a man!"

A shout of joy resounded throughout Europe. High Mass was celebrated at Rome. All the courts of Christian princes from London to Vienna were loud in their praises. Constantinople was lost; but Granada was regained!

But we are inclined to think that if the nations of Europe had realised the true meaning of that happy event they might possibly have been more sparing of their applause. Indeed, we go so far as to believe that their orthodoxy might have been seriously impaired by manifestations of disquietude at the success of the Catholic

Sovereigns in reclaiming to Christianity lands whose mosques adorned every city, and whose inhabitants had for 800 years been accustomed to invoke the Prophet, and to extol the perfections of Him whom ages and times change not.

The fall of Granada had indeed effects which were of the most momentous importance to the whole of Europe. The arms of Castile and Aragon had hitherto been almost entirely employed against the Moors. These were now their subjects. Spain was able to turn her eyes from the mountain ranges of the Alpujarras to the Pyrenees, or to the Alps. She had poured her armies into Granada. She might now turn her arms against France or Italy. Strengthened by a firm and able administration, with prosperity and success smiling upon her, she might justly feel proud of her warlike glory, and desirous of future deeds of fame.

Italy was the first foreign field in which Spain took an active part. There was no country, we think, in the Middle Ages comparable in interest with Italy. While other nations were steeped in barbarism and in ignorance, Italy was as the garden of Eden, rich, cultivated, with populous cities adorned with gorgeous cathedrals and luxurious palaces, with wide squares and sparkling fountains; with a population eminent in all the arts of life, merchants, architects, sculptors, painters, poets. Culture and refinement were to be found in Italy; violence and brutality in all the rest of Europe. But it was undoubtedly this culture and refinement which led to the ruin of the Italian States. The pursuits of the soldier were found to be inconsistent with their ease and luxury; and with their abundant wealth they could buy uncertain and inglorious safety. Service in the field would have ruined the merchants of Venice or of Florence. Almost without thought they had given way to the temptation, and had preferred wealth and luxury to freedom. They had allowed culture to take the place of safety, and greed the place of patriotism.

For long the danger of attack seemed slight. All the nations of Europe were weakened by wars or by civil dissensions. England and France were each fighting for a kingdom, the one to gain, the other to preserve. Spain was disunited. The Empire was broken up into principalities, which made no pretence of acting together, and which only agreed in despising their Emperor. But at last the storm broke.

The spirit of feudalism had died away. It was no longer necessary for the Sovereign to expend all his energies against an independent nobility. The great peers had had their day of power, and were fast becoming satellites of the Crown. No wars were

engaging the Sovereigns of Europe. France had regained her kingdom. Lancastrian and Yorkist had laid aside their differences at the accession of Henry Tudor. Spain was, for the first time, an united kingdom from Cape Ortegal to the Point of Tanfa. Even the Empire had, under a vigorous Emperor, begun to show some unity of purpose. The time of Italy was come.

In the year 1492 the first invasion took place. King Charles VIII. of France, at the head of 30,000 men, crossed the Alps, marched through Lombardy, Tuscany, and the States of the Church, and, without a single encounter, entered Naples. He found the Italians, indeed, altogether unprepared for resistance. He was everywhere received as a friend, though, in more than one instance, with the deepest distrust. Nor could Ferdinand, the lawful King of Naples, successfully resist him. Amidst the flattery of lying friends, the crown of an exiled prince was placed upon his head.

But his rapid success was the cause of his still more rapid failure. The King of Spain had himself no unjust claim to the crown of Naples. The banished king was his kinsman. He could hardly look with indifference on the close proximity of a hostile French power to his island of Sicily. Puffed up also by the success of his military achievements, he longed eagerly to show to Europe how greatly the strength of Spain had increased since the year of his accession. Other causes contributed to swell the opposition to King Charles. The foolish monarch had mistaken smiles for friendship, and good words for good thoughts. He had been utterly deceived by Italian guile. Looking upon himself as a conqueror rather than as a dupe, he thought to deceive the wily Italian by imitating the vices of great conquerors—insolence, oppression, and tyranny. But he deceived only himself. And while he was parading the streets of Naples in purple, the councillors of Milan and Venice, of Ferdinand and the Emperor, were sitting in solemn council to concert measures for driving from his conquests the vainglorious trifier. A League was formed. Charles hastened at once to quit the scenes of his wonderful achievements. He retired to France; and there, amidst mirth and festivity, enjoyed the well-earned caresses of an admiring court.

In the meantime the Neapolitans had risen against the French troops which had been left to guard the strongholds of Naples. Ferdinand who, on the approach of the invading army had fled to the Island of Ischia, was recalled. The cession of the towns of Fano and Brindisi purchased the assistance of Venice. The King of Spain was induced to despatch his ablest commander, Gonsalvo,

to the aid of his kinsman. The Spaniards immediately overran the whole of Northern Calabria; and, uniting with the troops of Ferdinand, drove the French from their last stronghold.

Such was, in brief, the first invasion of Italy. Spain and France had drawn the sword against each other. It was but the beginning of a mighty duel, in which Spain gained at first but lost at last. Their rivalry was not to cease until a Bourbon had replaced the House of Hapsburg on the throne of Ferdinand and of Isabella.

But aggression in Italy was by no means over. In 1498 King Charles VIII. died. He was succeeded by Louis, Duke of Orleans, who had a very strong claim to the dukedom of Milan. He had already in the previous invasion given proof of his ambitious designs. No sooner had he been crowned than he invaded Milan, subdued it, and assumed the government. His aims became more extensive, and he began to think of founding a kingdom of Italy for himself and his heirs. He had, however, learnt some prudence from the folly of his predecessor; and, before advancing further, he made an alliance with Ferdinand of Aragon. They agreed to drive the King of Naples from his throne and to divide his territories. To France were to be ceded Abruzzi and Terra di Lavoro; to Spain, Apulia and Calabria. This infamous compact was successfully accomplished; and the Kings of France and Spain took possession of the territories which had been assigned to them. But discord broke out between the conquerors. War was declared. The superiority of Spain over France was again immediately shown. The French were worsted in every engagement. At Cerignola and at Seminara their armies were routed; and no long time had passed when Gonsalvo marched upon Naples and received the submission of the capital. A second attempt in the following year to recover the lost provinces for France ended no less disastrously. The French army was attacked near the river Garigliano, and utterly defeated. And the supremacy of Spain in Naples was so firmly established that for 200 years she held undisturbed possession of it.

But this year was not, in every respect, a cause of rejoicing to the Spanish people. The shadow of death was resting on the royal palace, and filling all loyal hearts with sadness. The Queen, worn out by fatigue and broken by sorrow, was no more. The Spanish felt far less joy at the gain of Naples than sadness at the loss of Isabella. She was undoubtedly one of the finest queens of whom the world has any knowledge. She possessed, like our own beloved Queen, not only all the moral perfections of a woman, but all the mental powers of a man. No ruler, we think, has ever to a greater

extent than Isabella combined the splendid abilities which are necessary for the successful conduct of administration with the splendid virtues which are necessary for the adornment of private life.

This mournful event was the cause of much unseemly wrangling with reference to the government of Castile. It belonged of right to Joanna, the late queen's eldest living child. But that princess was, unhappily, afflicted with insanity. The regency was therefore claimed by her husband, Philip; and Ferdinand, her father, whose long experience might seem to have justified his retention of the government, was obliged to retire to his own kingdom of Aragon.

Philip, however, had no sooner reached Spain than he died. A council of the most considerable Castilian nobles was immediately formed. But amidst so much pride and jealousy union could not exist. Dissensions arose. No business could be properly transacted; and the State began to drift into anarchy. Ximenes, the most influential member of the council, advocated the recall of Ferdinand. A large number of the nobles supported him. For they were sensible of the mischievous effects which their ill-government had occasioned, and which they knew could be remedied by Ferdinand alone, who, from his long administration with Isabella, was thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the government of Castile. To Ferdinand they therefore appealed. He, however, showed some reluctance to comply with their wishes. But the continued prayers of the nobles at last induced him to yield. He returned, and was received with gladness by all. Even the disaffected were won over to his side by his clemency and goodwill. Ferdinand at once gave evidence of his administrative powers, and Castile quickly resumed the high position in Europe which she had reached during the lifetime of Queen Isabella.

The affairs of Italy were now again engrossing the attention of all European statesmen. The selfish neutrality of Venice during the Italian invasions of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. had pleased neither France nor the enemies of France. The wealth and influence, also, of that extraordinary republic could not fail to excite the envy and jealousy of princes who, with much greater power, had much less culture. Ferdinand, therefore, joined with Maximilian, Louis, and Julius II. to divide her territories. Louis was the first to advance. So great was his success that he aroused the jealousy of the other members of the league. They feared that they would be cheated of their prey. The Pope was especially alarmed. The power of France was in reality far more a source of anxiety to him than that of Venice.

The Venetians perceived it, and made an alliance with him. Ferdinand and Maximilian were hardly less apprehensive than Pope Julius. Louis realised his danger. Yet, hoping by determined action to crush the growing opposition to him, he turned his forces against the Pope; and Julius was compelled to retire from Bologna, and to retreat with more haste than dignity to Rome. It was an act of sacrilege! Ferdinand at once formed a league which, from its singularly Christian motives, was called the Holy League. Louis determined to resist; and the French troops marched against the forces of the league. Under Gaston de Foix they captured Bologna, and won a notable victory at Ravenna. But the death of their able commander deprived the French of all hope of success. They were driven ignominiously from Italy; and the flag of France ceased to fly even over the plains of Lombardy.

But French aggression in Italy still continued. In the year 1515 Francis I. crossed the Alps, won a remarkable victory over the Swiss at Marignano, and entered Milan. Ferdinand was not unmoved at this startling success. But he was becoming infirm. He felt himself no longer able to undertake an active foreign policy, and to direct the movements of a new league. But his fear induced him, contrary to his previous intention, to leave all his dominions to his eldest grandson Charles. At this moment he was struck down with a mortal malady; and, after a glorious reign, the founder of the Spanish Empire was laid beside the remains of Isabella in the monastery of the Alhambra.

To Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, was left the regency of Castile. He had many difficulties to encounter. Charles, the successor to the throne, had been reared in the Netherlands, and was completely under the influence of the Flemings. They were his only advisers and his only friends. Their thoughts were his thoughts, and their ways his ways. His greedy servants flocked to Spain in hope of preferment. They were not disappointed. Offices and honours of all kinds were showered upon them. Dignities which Spanish noblemen had been accustomed to regard as exclusively their own were given to unworthy adventurers. Bravos and boastful braggarts insulted with impunity the noblest blood of Spain. This was in itself no small cause of embarrassment to the regent. But this was not all. The haughty nobles of Castile looked with sour contempt upon the grasping favourites. Nor was it long before contempt gave way to hatred and to rage. In this alarming crisis the Cardinal saved Spain. The fierce anger of the nobles was held in check. Citizen militias were enrolled. The obstinacy of the

refractory was overcome by arms. Nor did Ximenes allow the influence of foreigners in the affairs of Spain to become paramount. He resolutely refused to show any consideration for the counsels of the colleagues whom King Charles had appointed to act with him. They became cyphers; and any attempt on their part to interfere with the Government was met with the coolest indifference. On one occasion they endeavoured to exert their independent authority by affixing their signatures to a government decree above that of the regent. But Ximenes at once destroyed the document, and, with his name alone affixed, sent a copy through the provinces of Spain.

Yet, despite his vigour, he could not but feel doubtful of the result of his attempts to keep the peace. He perceived that the presence of the king was absolutely necessary. Charles, after repeated warnings, was induced to come to Spain. A few days after his disembarkation the great minister, grieved at the ingratitude of a prince who had refused so much as to see him, died in the eighty-first year of his age.

Ximenes was a man of extraordinary ability. He played in Spain the same part that Richelieu played in France. Each fostered the growth of a strong monarchical power, of which the fruit was culled in the reigns of Philip II. and of Louis XIV. It was through their genius that Spain and France reached the height of their power. It was for the accomplishment of this end that they strove so successfully to depress the nobles, and upon their ruins to build up the vast fabric of an unfettered despotism.

It may indeed be a question whether Ximenes and Richelieu, in giving despotism to their countries, conferred a blessing on them. It may well be doubted whether monarchical despotism is beneficial to any country. It may be objected that a despotic prince has the destinies of a whole nation in his hands; that a prince is not necessarily gifted with supernatural attributes such as to fit him for the difficult duties of government; that the incapability of one prince is sufficient to humble a mighty empire; and that the history of the world has afforded no example of a single dynasty which has not produced incapable princes. Such objections appear to us to be insurmountable. The advantages and the disadvantages which spring from the two systems of government can, we think, be justly weighed in the balance by a comparison of the history of those countries which have adopted either the one or the other polity. We think that monarchical despotism will be found wanting. *In less than two hundred years after the Reformation a duel was*

fought in nearly all the countries of Europe to decide whether despotism should be in the hands of the people or of the Crown. In England the sacrifice of Strafford by King Charles I. gave the victory to the people. But in Spain, France, and Sweden, a variety of causes gave the victory to the Crown. Popular despotism has kept England from decline. Her advance has been sure and steady. Misgovernment has been rarely known. For the intelligence of a people cannot vary to the same extent with the intelligence of an individual. There have been many individuals permanently mad. But we have never heard of a nation suffering from that affliction for any length of time.

Yet there is something to be said in favour of a despotic monarchy. The advocates of that polity will point with pride at France under Napoleon, at Sweden under Charles XII., at Spain under Philip II., and will demand how it is that those countries were most powerful when despotism was most unrestrained. We acknowledge that despotism is, under certain circumstances, eminently calculated to enhance the glory of a country. But glory is not always the same with national happiness and prosperity; and the acquisition of these is, we conceive, the first aim of every good government. The nations of France, of Sweden, and of Spain were, at the time of their highest fame, neither happy nor prosperous. We confess, indeed, that it is possible for a nation to be ruled under a despotic form of government with honour abroad and prosperity at home; and we believe that the reign of Isabella over Castile affords an excellent example. But pure despotism requires a sovereign endowed with intellectual power and moral attributes of so high a nature that it would be difficult to find one, eminently fitted for such a station, in a whole generation, and would be altogether impossible to find in every member of an hereditary monarchy. The position of such a person is founded not on public opinion, which is likely to err very little from the truth, but on Divine Right, which appears to have a most indifferent judgment. The people allowed the Earl of Chatham to use, for a time, almost all the prerogatives of a despotic sovereign, because they saw that he was worthy to rule them. But the ancestors of that very people cried out in vain against the cruelty of Mary. The position of the one was founded upon popular favour, so the other upon Divine Right. The one was well deserved. The other was unmerited.

We agree, therefore, that a country under a despotic monarchy has the greatest opportunities of attaining to greatness, and even to prosperity. But we think, none the less, that such a polity is much

more likely to humiliate and to debase a state. The certainty of a good government, which appears to us to possess most of the advantages of despotism with none of its defects, seems infinitely more to be desired than the remote possibility of an extremely brilliant government. We look with little favour on a polity which depends solely on the freaks of nature. Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles and Philip were all born to rule. Their crown descended to a brainless youth. In twenty years Spain had been cast down from heaven to hell. We look with much greater favour on a government which, upheld by public favour, reached its lowest depths under King Charles II. and its highest position under the Earl of Chatham, a position fully equal to any to which a despotic monarchy has at any time attained.

Such, however, was the nature of the power which Ximenes and Richelieu bequeathed to Spain and France. It was likely to be a curse; but it might be a blessing. It was like the gift of the wicked fairy Elvira to Prince Koscumo. Her potion might produce within him everlasting life; but it might produce instant death. It might be a life-giving elixir; but it might be a deadly poison.

We have no time to relate even briefly the history of King Charles I. That monarch was by far the most powerful whom Europe had seen for 700 years. His empire extended to the remotest corners of the world. He was Emperor of Germany; the proud princes of Brandenburg and Brunswick, of Bohemia and Bavaria acknowledged his suzerainty. He was Lord of the Netherlands and of Franche-Comté. In Florence, Venice, and Milan his influence was predominant. Of Naples and Sicily he was king. The boundless continent of America was his own inheritance. His life was passed in ceaseless activity. He flits from one part of Europe to another. Now he is in Spain, humbling the Cortes. Now he is in Italy, curbing the pride of the Pope. Now he is in Germany, crushing the reformers. Now he is in the Netherlands, overcoming the rebellious burghers. Now he is in Hungary, defeating the Turks. Now he is in France, advancing towards the gates of Paris. But ceaseless activity undermined his constitution; and the burdens of kingship pressed heavily on his enfeebled shoulders. The peculiar disposition of his mind, together with the fact that he felt himself no longer able satisfactorily to carry on his kingly duties, induced him to abdicate in favour of his son Philip. He went to Spain. His deep religious instincts urged him to retire to some secluded spot where *he might live in contemplation of those sacred things to which his heart had ever urged him, but to which he had hitherto been able to*

pay but little attention. In the humble convent of St. Justus the greatest ruler of the earth took to himself humility, and, in lowly adoration, bowed the knee to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

In the meantime Philip had succeeded to the hereditary dominions of his father. The nature of this prince was widely different from that of Charles. He was reserved and, at times, even morose. Pride was the most marked feature of his character. Not even the greatest nobles or most favoured servants might venture to address him unless upon their knees; and he considered it beneath his dignity to address them with more than half sentences in his replies. And yet there can be no doubt that he was the most popular king who ever ruled over Spain. He was a perfect type of the Spanish character. All his acts, both good and bad, were in complete harmony with the wishes of the Spanish people. His excessive dignity seemed to exalt the throne of Spain. His close reserve seemed to place him above the roll of mortal men. Unapproached and unapproachable, unseen and unheard, he seemed to the Spaniard's excited fancy to be some mysterious being who, though enshadowed ever in the gloom of the Escorial, saw all that passed without, and, by his sole will, guided with wondrous hand the onward march of Europe.

But though he wielded the most tremendous powers, though he made use of all his vast resources, he was unable to accomplish his designs. He found at the end of his life that Roman Catholicism was not universal in Europe; and that his edicts were not implicitly obeyed in all his dominions. He saw the heretic Queen ruling prosperously in England; and the son of William at the head of rebels in the Netherlands.

It would, we think, be no injustice to Philip to say that his reign had some of that delusive glory which was so marked a characteristic of the reign of King Louis XIV. His glory was bought at the price of the future strength of Spain. The nation was permanently exhausted by a struggle which had conferred no benefit upon it. Its whole fortune was staked on one throw; and that throw failed. We do not hesitate to affirm that the Spanish monarchy was greater in 1558 than in 1598. Philip was undoubtedly a most able ruler. But he misjudged his power; and his failure brought ruin on his empire.

One of his first acts was to increase the power of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. Such a step was at once unnecessary and impolitic. It estranged the affections of a most loyal people; and

it involved Spain in a disastrous war which crippled her resources, and which was undoubtedly the chief cause of her rapid decline. But though we are fully sensible of the atrocity of the deeds which were perpetrated by the agents of the Inquisition, we are, at the same time, unable to agree with those who charge its author with sin and wickedness. We think that those persons who find a pleasure in reviling Philip act very much in the same manner with Judge Jeffreys. They condemn their victim unheard; and we are really afraid that, if they had Philip's power, they would be inclined to use it more harshly than any inquisitor. These persons indeed fail altogether to understand the spirit of the age in which Philip lived. They judge from the experience of nineteen centuries, an experience which they have gained rather from the mistakes of their ancestors than from any merit of their own; and they blame Philip with the utmost severity because he was not 300 years ahead of his time. We cannot refrain from quoting a passage from the pen of Lord Macaulay who, in the course of an essay on Machiavelli, has the following observations: "Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashions of their morals, with the fashion of their hats and their coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors. Nor is this all. Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of eulogising its own justice and discernment, acts on such occasions like a Roman dictator after a general mutiny. Finding the delinquents too numerous to be all punished, it selects some of them at hazard, to bear the whole penalty of an offence in which they are not more deeply implicated than those who escape. Whether decimation be a convenient mode of military execution, we know not; but we solemnly protest against the introduction of such a principle into the philosophy of history."

The sixteenth century was pre-eminently an age of religious enthusiasm. Europe was divided, not into nations, but into religious factions. There was a far closer connection between two Papists of different nationality than between two countrymen who held different religious views. Two classes predominated in Europe: those who prostrated themselves before the Host, and those who reviled it; those who revered the Pope, and those who abused him. The zeal of these enthusiasts was unbounded. If admonition failed, persecution followed. The Reformers were no less cruelly disposed than the Romanists. Whenever they found power enough to revenge

themselves on the persons of the obstinate, the cry of the prisoner and the glare of the stake ascended into heaven.

But the Reformed Church was by no means at unity ; and it was not uncommon for the Calvinist or the Lutheran to find himself imprisoned with the Papist. With what contempt must a rigid Romanist have looked upon the heretics whose church had been created for only fifty years, and whose schisms had already given promise of equalling that number ! With what disdain unspeakable must he have compared the unity of an ancient church with the disunion of a new one ! On the one side a church which had ministered to the need of a hundred million souls ! on the other side a church as rich in curses as in blessings ! The one old and undivided ! The other new and disunited !

The difference between the two churches was indeed immense. The Roman Catholic Church had been, from time immemorial, a mighty power in Europe. Her early existence was wrapped in the deepest mystery. Shrouded in the gloom of ages she had become a thing of awe and reverence. Her votaries filled every corner of Europe. Her cathedrals and her churches reared themselves up proudly from every city. The peasant, passing to his daily work, reverently crossed himself as he looked upon the rude crucifix which her zeal had placed at every wayside to lift his thoughts from earth to heaven. The solemn procession of her robed priests awed the heart. Her splendid ritual heightened the imagination. Her mighty pomp intoxicated the senses. And, seated on her throne, the Pope, with the keys of St. Peter in his hand, reiterated with solemn grandeur the words of Christ, "On this rock will I found My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We think that Philip looked upon the matter in this light. It was, we confess, a somewhat unfair view ; but it was one that was by no means unnatural. We feel, therefore, that he should be excused. But there is yet more to be said in his favour. Before it is possible to judge of any man's character it is absolutely necessary clearly to understand the circumstances under which he has been brought up, and which have had a permanent influence on his natural disposition. We have already observed that Philip was a perfect type of the Spanish character. We proceed now to inquire into the chief feature of that character.

Upon the fall of the Roman Empire Spain was colonised by the Visigoths. They had adopted the Arian heresy, and were on this account vigorously attacked by Clovis, King of the Franks, who, urged on by his bishops, nearly succeeded in destroying their liberty.

To the Visigoths it was a war both for the maintenance of their religion and of their independence. It was a war in which religious fervour and patriotic zeal were employed together for the same end. Time passed ; and they cast away their heretical doctrine, and adored the Trinity. But still the clergy exercised the unbounded sway over the people which they had naturally acquired in the war with Clovis. Early in the eighth century their country was invaded by the Moors, under Abdel-Rahman. Mohammedanism had existed not quite one hundred years. Zeal was still burning fiercely. The Visigoths resisted in vain, and were pushed back into the mountains of the north. Again they were engaged in a war for the preservation of religion and of independence. The closest union between all classes alone saved them from destruction. The small armies of the Christians had to be encouraged by miracles and heavenly signs. St. James, seated on a milk-white steed, and holding in his hand a flaming sword, cheered on the weary patriots ; or some angelic voice was heard in the din of battle to reassure their hearts. Twenty generations of Spaniards bore arms against the foe. Three thousand seven hundred times the Spanish Christians looked upon the hostile ranks of Moorish infidels. It became the object of every warrior not so much to regain the territory which had been lost, but to restore to Christianity the lands of Mohammed. The clergy, therefore, as the consecrated representatives of Christianity, gained an extraordinary importance. In the council-chamber, in the camp, their advice was heard and obeyed ; and the influence which they acquired by these means they never lost. There was a time when it was the custom even for the anointed king to bow low before his bishops ; and so greatly were they revered by the people that this humiliating act seems to have brought with it no sense of shame or of degradation.

Many other causes, into which we cannot now inquire, contributed to the same result. The Spaniard was made by Nature full of superstition and religious bigotry. He was taught from his earliest day to revere the Church of his forefathers ; and he was led to consider that all those who refused, with childlike faith, to receive its doctrines, were like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

How great then must have been the enthusiasm of the Spaniards when other nations, uninfluenced by natural superstition, were staining their hands with the blood of fellow-citizens ! How eagerly must the conquerors of the infidels of Granada have longed to become the conquerors of the heretics of Holland ! With what stern joy *must they have beheld* the lurid flames shoot up and envelop in

their embrace an impious soul ! Did not the king, to whom had been given power and dominion from above, hear a sacred call : "Go ; smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have" ? Did he not hear the curse pronounced by the seer of old upon the disobedient king : "It hath repented me that I have set up Saul to be king" ?

It must, we think, have been for reasons of this kind that Philip established the Inquisition in the Netherlands. We feel that we can excuse him for his fanaticism. For we are sure that, if he had been called, like his victims, to die for his faith, he would not have hesitated to do so. He called upon others to do what he himself would have been willing to do. But we cannot, at the same time, forget the thousands who perished by a cruel death ; and we sigh for those who, unmolested by fanaticism and ignorance, would, in brighter times, have never seen an Inquisitor nor ever worn a *san benito*.

Most bitter complaints were naturally aroused in the Netherlands by this fanatical measure. Other impolitic acts still more increased the discontent. New bishoprics were made ; new taxes were levied to support them. The government was entrusted to foreigners. The native nobles were shut out of office. The liveliest dissatisfaction was felt at the presence of Spanish troops ; and the indifference which Philip never ceased to show to their just complaints provoked the deepest resentment. At last the burghers broke out into open revolt. The mob was seized with excessive fury. Church doors were forced open ; and infuriated multitudes surged into the sacred buildings. Images of great antiquity were broken in pieces ; priceless works of art were ruined ; windows of remarkable beauty were destroyed. The regent was unable to restore order. In vain she appealed to the loyalty of the people. In vain she warned them of the dreadful retribution which she knew would follow. At last, in order to subdue the tumult, she suspended the execution of the Inquisition. Peace was at once restored ; and the Netherlands resumed their usual appearance of quiet industry.

But Philip had, in the meantime, received intelligence of the revolt. He at once decided to restore the Inquisition. But, recognising the resistance which such an act was certain to produce, he determined to cow the Netherlanders by the presence of an army under the command of the Duke of Alva. That general, who was as able as he was brutal, immediately crushed all active resistance. The Council of Tumults was established to deal with those offenders who had taken part in the late revolt ; and this tribunal sentenced to death, in less than five years, no less than 18,000 persons. The

Netherlanders were paralysed with fear. Those leaders who had faced the storm had perished in it. Those who had fled from it could render no assistance.

But Alva's measures were no less fatal to himself than to his victims. His extraordinary excesses quickly produced the reaction which is the inevitable result of all immoderation. In the year 1582 the Water Beggars, under De la Marck, began to renew the opposition to the Duke. In a spirit of mere bravado they sailed up to Brill, and summoned it to surrender; and the magistrates, seized with a sudden and inexcusable panic during the negotiations with the rebels, abandoned the town. The revolt spread fast. Louis of Nassau invested Mons, and succeeded in capturing it. Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Utrecht rose in arms, and chose as their stadtholder William the Silent. A fierce and determined warfare began. The discipline of the Spaniard was equalled only by the heroism of the Netherlander. Each vied with the other in feats of arms. Each showed to what degree of patient endurance the human will can attain. It was a mighty struggle. On the one side was discipline which equalled, if indeed it did not excel, the discipline of Caesar's legions. On the other side was love of liberty, which scorned all difficulties, and which overcame the fear of death itself. The relief of Goes has given to the Spaniard an undying reputation. The defence of Haarlem has given to the Netherlander an everlasting fame.

The Duke of Alva, dismayed at the fierce resistance which his own actions had occasioned, petitioned for recall. He was not refused. His ill-success had disappointed Philip; and the influence of his rival, Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, was at that time predominant with the king. The Duke was coldly received at Court, and was shortly afterwards thrown into prison.

In the meantime Don Luis Requesens had been appointed to succeed the Duke of Alva. He was hardly less able than his predecessor, and was, at the same time, of a much less cruel nature. The Northern States he was, indeed, unable to appease. But his attempts at reconciliation so cooled the anger of the Southern Provinces that in less than twenty years they had returned to their allegiance. Three years, however, after he had taken the command in the Netherlands, he died. His death deprived the army of an efficient head. Discipline was relaxed. Mutinous cries were heard on every side. The soldiers clamoured loudly for their arrears of pay. Violence and barbarity followed. Acts of the most atrocious character were perpetrated. The Spaniards in the madness of their passion burnt

into Antwerp. The richness of the city filled them with lustful greed. The resistance of the citizens was overcome. An intoxicated soldiery burst with loud cries into every house. The red glow of burning buildings was mirrored in the sky. The triumphant cries of infuriated fiends were mingled with the despairing shrieks of women and the dying groans of men. It was an awful scene, a scene which well deserved the name of "Spanish Fury."

The momentary effect of this ghastly massacre was to heal the differences which had been gradually springing up between the Northern and the Southern States. Every province of the Netherlands sent a representative to sign the pacification of Ghent. Even now, with a loyalty truly surprising, Philip was recognised as king. But the confederates agreed, at the same time, never to lay down their arms until the Inquisition had been abolished and the Spanish troops withdrawn.

At this moment Don John, the successor of Requesens, reached the Netherlands. He was the natural son of Charles I., and appears to have inherited all the abilities of his illustrious father. In 1567 he had quelled a dangerous rising of the Moors in the mountains of Granada. In 1571 he had gained an European fame by a great victory off Lepanto over the Turkish Navy. He came to the Netherlands resolved to further his ambitious designs. But his brother Philip felt the gravest apprehensions for his loyalty. He watched all his actions with the greatest suspicion. He hampered his designs. He encouraged his personal enemies. The reputation of his brilliant brother stirred up jealousy within him. Every great deed that he performed was viewed with more dislike than pleasure. Envy had overmastered love.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Don John was unsuccessful in his administration of the Netherlands. His first act was to ratify the pacification of Ghent. But this involved him in many difficulties. He found it impossible to fulfil his promises in such a way as entirely to remove the suspicions of the nobles. Thwarted by friends and foes, he grew morose. The popularity with which he had at first been received began to wane. The discontented summoned Matthias of Austria to their aid. But he was weak and indolent, and entirely unfit to oppose his brilliant rival. His supporters were defeated at Gemblours. But Don John not long afterwards experienced a slight reverse near Mechlin. Soured by disappointment and by the consciousness that the aims of his life had not been realised, he died at the early age of thirty-two. His private ambitions had indeed failed. But the policy of conciliation

which he had adopted during his government of the Netherlands, carried on the work of Requesens in restoring to Spain the allegiance of the Southern States.

He was succeeded by one of the first generals of the age. Alexandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, had already gained a great reputation. At an early age he had entered the Spanish army, and soon became one of its most distinguished ornaments. He had served with distinction at the Battle of Lepanto; and Philip, recognising his genius, had ordered him in 1571 to the Netherlands. Here he had fought with great success; and it was mainly through his help that Don John had been able to win the Battle of Gemblours. He displayed as governor all his great abilities. The Netherlanders, dismayed at his successes, called to their aid the Duke of Anjou, heir to the throne of France. He came. But the Duke of Parma worsted him in every engagement. An appeal was made to England. Elizabeth despatched a small force to act against the Spaniards. But the Earl of Leicester, to whom the command had been entrusted, was entirely unaccustomed to the camp. The brilliancy of Parma completely overshadowed all his attempts at generalship. He received a severe reverse under the walls of Zutphen; and, having poured contempt both on himself and on his troops, he was recalled.

The Netherlanders had been three times deceived in their hopes from foreign aid. The indolence of Matthias, the selfishness of Anjou, and the folly of Leicester had brought disgrace upon them, and had been of no service. They resolved to trust to their own bravery and perseverance. They threw off their allegiance to King Philip, and offered sovereign rights to their great leader, William the Silent. That remarkable man willingly accepted the dignities which the enthusiastic States conferred upon him. For he was aware that the Southern Provinces were beginning, through the influence of Parma, to submit to the King of Spain, and that in order successfully to resist the whole power of Philip, a close union of all the Northern States under a recognised head was absolutely necessary. But he did not long continue to enjoy his high position. Assassination hung continually over him. Four attempts against his life failed; but at last, as he was retiring from the dinner table to his own apartment, a fanatical Jesuit shot him dead.

The war continued with varying success. William's son Maurice took his father's place. The Spaniards were, on the death of Parma in 1592, gradually driven back. But the war did not end till forty years after the death of Philip. By the Treaty of West-

phalia the United Provinces gained their independence. The dogged persistency of William and of Maurice had enabled a humble race successfully to resist the mighty power of Spain under Alva and Requesens, Don John and Parma.

We have now, with the utmost brevity, discussed a few of the most important features in the history of Spain at the time of her greatest power. We have noticed her rapid rise from insignificance under Ferdinand and Isabella; and we have brought the story down to the time when she began to show the first symptoms of decay under Philip II. In this period Spain reached undoubtedly the height of her greatness. She overshadowed every other country of the world. She was the admiration, and yet the terror, of all Europe. The Spaniard with his plumed bonnet and satin doublet, as he rode haughtily through the streets of London or of Paris, was an object of awe and wonder to every passer-by. Not even the proud servant of Elizabeth could fail to recognise and to acknowledge the inferiority of his land, both in the arts of policy and of war.

This period was a time of peculiar excitement. The enthusiasm which had been produced by the war of Granada was long preserved. The Renaissance and the Reformation aroused all to action. Spain suddenly awoke to unparalleled energy. She extended her dominions to all quarters of the globe. Her greatest monarch, Philip, ruled in Europe not only over Spain, but over Portugal, Navarre, the Netherlands, Franche-Comté, and Milan. In America his empire extended from Mexico to Peru. In Asia he was lord of the Philippines, and of the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. His influence in Europe was enormous. The Emperor was bound to him by the ties of interest and affection. In France his party was often more powerful than that of the King himself. In England his supporters were a continual menace to the government.

The pre-eminence of Spain was well deserved. Her throne was, during almost the whole of this period, occupied by most able sovereigns. Never were the reigns of any sovereigns adorned by more brilliant subjects. This period was the golden age of Spanish art. The glory of the Spanish pencil was upheld by Spagnuolo and Velasquez; and it was through their influence that Murillo attained to fame. Her literature could not unworthily be compared with that of England during the same period. Boscan introduced the sweet Italian sonnet. Garcilaso de Vega wrote the best elegiac poetry in the Spanish tongue. Ercilla y Zunega composed the well-known epic "*La Araucana*." Diego de Mendoza was the author of the picaresque novel "*Lazarillo de Tormes*," and of the history of the War of

Granada. The "Parnaso Español" was the composition of Quevedo. "Don Quixote" and "Novelas Ejemplares" were from the pen of Cervantes.

Nor was Spain less noted in the art of diplomacy. Her ambassadors were renowned for their skill and ability. Alonso de Silva foiled Louis XII. in Italy; Gondomar ruled James in England. Her administrators have gained an immortal name. None knew better how to rule the nations than Ximenes and Requesens. Her generals have rarely been surpassed. Gonsalvo and Cortes, Alva and Parma were men whom it would have needed all the skill of a Napoleon to overcome. She gave birth to soldiers whom none dared to face. The Spanish infantry was the terror of all the armies of the earth. The desperate charge of the Swiss, the despairing assault of the Netherlanders, the heroic onslaught of the French were alike unable to shake its impenetrable formation. Nor were these soldiers deficient in those qualities which are necessary for irregular warfare. The Moors they defeated in the mountain passes of the Alpujarras; the Tlascalans they overcame on the hills of Mexico.

Such was Spain; great in the Court, the council-chamber, and the camp 300 years ago. Now, a second Holland has arisen, not, as before, to struggle with the strong, but to inflict weakness on the weak; to show to all the world how fallen are the mighty, how departed is the glory of the great.

KENNETH J. SPALDING.

DR. JOHNSON'S CONVERSATION.

"I was very assiduous in recording his conversation."—BOSWELL.

WHAT Johnson said ! how talk would wane,
How mute would every man remain
When he, with utterance loud and slow,
Some truth would teach, some moral show ;
His weighty words—a ponderous train—
Exploring freely thought's domain
With vigorous wit and wisdom plain,
And none would dare to question low
What Johnson said !
But "Goldy," of distinction vain,
Might interrupt in random strain,
While "Bozzy" listened all aglow
Resolved his Journal soon should know—
To all mankind's enduring gain—
What Johnson said.

DORA CAVE

*TABLE TALK.**THORNBURY'S LIFE OF TURNER.*

I HAVE been reading afresh the Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.,¹ by my old friend Walter Thornbury: a work to which a good many years ago I contributed a few paragraphs of gossip of no special importance. I was tempted to do this by the appearance of a new edition in one convenient volume, with coloured reproductions of some of Turner's most renowned and characteristic plates. The work appears to me a marvel of cheapness, and I scarcely understand how, with all the newest resources of art, it can be produced for the price at which it is published, were that price even subject to none of the reductions indispensable between publisher and public. With these things I am, however, no way concerned; my interest in it is purely literary, and I derived a good deal of pleasure and entertainment from studying the character of Turner afresh in Thornbury's bright and animated if rather desultory pages. Whatever else he may not have done, Thornbury conveys a striking idea of Turner's strange and in some respects fascinating individuality. It is a real man that is set before us—a man reserved, difficult of access, ignorant of the arts that make pleasant social life, but with a vein of thoughtful tenderness and sentiment in him which, though generally hidden, struggled sometimes into light. In reviewing my impressions, I became aware of a certain resemblance between Turner and David Garrick.

TURNER AND GARRICK.

IN some respects no men could be less alike. On the one hand stands Garrick, petted and spoilt by the fashionable world, loving dearly a lord, playing through life a part; a man, indeed, who stands before us in Goldsmith's brilliant sketch, who was not wholly neglected by the Muses, was the privileged associate of the most distinguished men of his day, and whose death, according to Johnson, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." "Eclipsed," not "extinguished," he subsequently said. On the other is Turner, awkward,

¹ London: Chatto & Windus.

taciturn, reserved, conscious of drawbacks, and preferring, like Kean and Burns, association with those with whom he could unbend himself. Both were natures *d'élite*; but Turner, though his verse reaches the lowest depths of incapacity—and he is noteworthy only in connection with his incomparable art—is transcendently the superior of Garrick in genius. Both had, however, in common, the fact that, though men of sincere and exemplary generosity, each left behind him at his death the character of a miser. The excuse is in each case the same. Johnson—who, though he sneered at and insulted Garrick, allowed no one else to attack him—said in memorable words, "Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness, and a man who gave away freely money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others make fourpence-halfpenny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal." Early conditions with Turner were kindred, and his stinginess became proverbial. His reputation was, indeed, to some extent mented. The iron of poverty had entered deeply into his soul, and he could not in later life indulge in hospitality. He was nevertheless capable of acts of great generosity. He would refuse thousands for a picture, and, as Thornbury says, he left £140,000 to found an almshouse for decayed artists. Careful he was through life, as was Garrick; but neither can be regarded as a miser.

LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

AMONG historical characters few have been the object of eulogy so splendid and unmixed as Lucius Cary, second Viscount Falkland. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, his closest friend, whom he addressed in his letters as "Sweetheart," and who stood by his side in the Long Parliament, has praised him up to the skies, and dedicated to him the most touching passages in the "History of the Rebellion." One of the most impressive stories in history or mythology is that telling how King Charles I., when the Court and regal government were at Oxford, consulted the "Sortes Virgilianæ," and drew thence liveliest previsions of their approaching fate. Matthew Arnold in modern days has spoken of him as a "martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper." Dr. Rawson Gardiner again, in his "History of the Great Civil War," speaking of the monument that has been erected to Falkland, declares concerning him that it was "his glory that, when other eyes persisted in seeing nothing but party divisions, he had persisted in seeing England as a

whole, and that he had then ceased to be in accord either with the party which he had joined or with the party which he had deserted. It was because he could sympathize with neither that he flung away life by an act which can hardly be distinguished from suicide." In a description of the fight at Newbury, Dr. Gardiner says again concerning Falkland: "At Gloucester he had courted death in vain. The longed-for hour had struck at last; dressing himself in clean linen, he bemoaned the misery of his country. 'He was weary of the times,' he said, 'but he would be out of it ere the night.'"

DID FALKLAND COMMIT SUICIDE?

DR. GARDINER says, practically, yes. Falkland's latest biographer, apparently a descendant, says no.¹ That Falkland, having made every [futile] preparation to die decently and cleanly, as his friend Byron says in his "Narrative," "more gallantly than advisedly" spurred his horse through a gap down which the hostile bullets were pouring is known. It is known also that he was weary of the internecine slaughter, hopeless and eager to be out of it. His new biographer will, however, have nought of this. He advances a comparison. When the *Victory* was going into action in the battle of Trafalgar, one of the captains, who was just leaving the flagship for his own, wished Nelson success. "God bless you," replied Nelson, as he shook his hand, "I shall never speak to you again." But this is no evidence that Nelson either sought death or intended a moral suicide. Certainly not. The cases, however, do not run on all fours. Nelson was a practised fighter, used to the expenditure of blood, his own or others'. He had an ill-divining soul so far as regards himself, but he was anything rather than anxious to die; wished, indeed, to live, and never for a second despaired concerning his country. With Falkland the reverse was the case. He was unused to action, averse from the sight of blood, hopeless for the future of the side he had adopted and of the country he loved. He was of the sort of amiable and accomplished men who are a chief grace of the piping times of peace, but are wholly unable to face the horrors of war and the exigencies of revolution. There is no cause for shame, even on the part of a descendant, if Falkland's brain and heart gave way when contemplating miseries for which he was held in part responsible, and that he was swept away by the whirlwind he sought vainly to direct. I could, if necessary, find in modern life a parallel to the case. Our estimate of Falkland remains what it has always been, and a gallant attempt to rehabilitate one who needs no rehabilitation must be held to have failed. SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ *Falklands. Longmans.*

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AN IMPOSTOR.

BY KATHARINE WYLDE.

*Un che dirà nell' Inferno a' malnati:
'Io vidi la speranza de' beati.'*

I.

THE Rev. Edwin Blake, curate of St. Chad's Without, in Dark-needle Street, sat alone in the vestry after the old-fashioned evening service; the meagre collection still on the silver dish before him, and the massive Communion plate, which was the one glory of the forgotten city church, not yet put away in its singularly unsafe resting-place. He was an elderly, gentle-faced, ineffectual man, long a widower, and now in mourning for his only son. He was very tired and very sad, and while with the easy patience of low spirits he awaited the verger's return from some trivial errand, he was reflecting on the loss of his boy, on the dulness of his sermon, on the thinness of the congregation, and on the small amount of good accomplishing in that dreary parish by himself and his apathetic vicar.

The door opened; someone looked in; stealthily perhaps, confidently it seemed to Mr. Blake. He recognised the only one of the few communicants who had interested him; a youth, fragile and un-English looking, with a smooth dark face, and strange colourless bright eyes under pencilled eyebrows.

"Come in!" said the curate, rousing himself; "you wish to speak to me?"

"My name is Stephen Turner," said the lad, advancing modestly. "I wanted to thank you, sir, for your sermon, and to ask for a short explanation of a point which puzzled me."

"Sit down, sit down," said the curate with a warm glow of gratitude; for when had he ever been thanked for a sermon before?

The young man was shabbily dressed, and had no pretension to be a gentleman; he proved, however, a person of considerable, if irregular education, and held his own without difficulty in the theological conversation which followed. Mr. Blake thought him already a "believer," and loved him at first sight; even as his Master had loved the young man who was not far from the kingdom of God.

Stephen Turner went out from his presence a little contemptuous, and highly amused at his own success in a *role* he had never attempted before; a little touched, however, by the gentle old man, and conscious of unwonted disgust at himself and his manner of life and modes of maintenance.

Some men are born to honour; some to dishonour. As the old parson's son, Stephen Turner might have taken University honours (for his parts were excellent), have entered the Church, risen to bishoprics, died in the odour of sanctity. But he was born to dishonour. His father was unknown, his mother had deserted him. He had brought himself up somehow in a society of low actors, small artists, swindlers, card sharpers, gamblers, vagabonds, bohemians, unclassed and untied persons of both sexes, generally witty and full of resource against starvation, who often wore good clothes and occasionally rode in carriages, but who were not honest, and who defied all laws of God and man. Stephen Turner never thought of himself but as one belonging to a very low stratum of society, a pariah, a mongrel, who had no duties and no responsibilities, against whom all gates were shut, and who had his hand against everyone of the world's legitimate citizens.

Nevertheless, the old curate, who had never been thanked for a sermon before, fell in love with him, and even thought him a Christian. And Sunday after Sunday, when he administered the old-fashioned Evening Communion, he looked out for the dear young inquirer, and grieved and grieved that he had found him not again. And he did not connect the lad with the sacrilegious crime which had shocked everybody a few days after the young stranger's visit to the vestry.

For one morning, when the verger was dreamily dusting the pews, someone had got into the church, had nearly killed the help-

less old man, had forced the locks, and possessed himself of the Communion plate, and had got away unseen.

The newspapers were noisy about the crime, for the plate at St. Chad's was historical, and besides it was the dull season for journalism. The careless vicar, and the stupid curate, and the half-dead verger were all scolded at unmercifully; and great search was made for the thief, the blasphemer of holy things, the would-be murderer. He was generally supposed to be a man named Elliott, lately called in to repair the pulpit, who had ruined his own character first by insolence and irreverent behaviour, then by running away in a panic the day after the theft of the plate.

II.

A few months later, a shabby young Englishman, who had been wandering round Italy in a slightly mysterious manner, appeared like a meteor at Monte Carlo, and made a sensation by an extraordinary run of luck. He left after three days as silently as he had come; but with means now in his pocket more than some men collect by the toil of years. The first thing he did was to visit an English tailor at Nice, and transform his appearance into that of a gentleman—no very difficult task, for Nature had given him a refined countenance, and he was a clever imitator of manners.

Then he returned to Castellammare, whence he had come; and took a room at the Pension Schwartz. Whether Castellammare is the loveliest spot on that loveliest coast may be questioned; it has not the romance of Ravello, the faded splendour of Amalfi, the jewelled sea of that island-paradise, Capri. Nevertheless, it has its attractions; and one of these is undoubtedly the Pension Schwartz, standing there in the middle of its vineyards, with its pink walls and its terraces, and its huge rooms and mysterious passages, and little outside stair which gives direct ingress to the dining-room. A family named Braham was staying at the Pension Schwartz: people of means though not of birth; with them was their cousin and nursery governess, Edith Gardiner, a quiet ladylike girl of four-and-twenty. The shabby young Englishman had made acquaintance with these people in a Rubattino steamer, by interpreting for them one day when they had got into some difficulty about their cabins or their luggage.

The young man—Fleming he called himself, Stephen Fleming—

had no sooner arrived at the Pension Schwartz than he spied Miss Gardiner and little Janey Braham watching the sunset from the upper terrace, and he went out to them at once.

"How much nicer you look!" said Janey, holding his hand, for she had made great friends with him; "had you lost your luggage when we saw you before?"

"Hush, Janey, hush," said Miss Gardiner, with the more vehemence that she herself had been silently making the same comment. Stephen Fleming smiled, reading her thoughts. He lingered beside them till the bell had rung for dinner; Janey playing with her doll, and not attending much to the low-toned talk between her governess and this chance acquaintance who had suddenly become a gentleman.

"My father died at Monte Carlo," Edith Gardiner was saying. "It broke my mother's heart."

"Really? Hearts are breakable then? And what happened afterwards?"

"She died herself."

"And you?"

"I was left alone in the world; but you see I had friends. I have never wanted a home."

"Friends—a home—a dead father and mother," commented Stephen, bitterly; "is that what you call being alone in the world? If you knew the lives some poor devils live you would not be so hard on them."

"Am I hard? Have I blamed anyone?"

"You blamed me when I said I had been gambling. You blamed me when I said I was a wanderer. As if anyone would wander who was not cursed!"

The child had gone in and the governess was picking up the dolls and the books and preparing to go away herself. "Don't say you have no friends," she murmured, not looking at him. "I am sure you have made—some."

She vanished, and Stephen remained on the terrace, sitting on the low wall and shading his eyes, though the sunlight had gone. No breeze stirred the vine tendrils or the tufts of Banksia roses; or fluttered the feathers of the pigeons love-making at his feet, with soft coolings and quick retreatings and pursuings, raised crests and gleamings of outstretched throats like dancers in some minuet of Nature's invention. The distant baying of a dog and the voice of children in the streets far below were borne up to his ears; in fancy he heard behind them the lapping of countless wavelets on the long

lava-stream shore between him and Vesuvius. From the latter the usual column of smoke was rolling out, already tinged by the nightly firelight. Whoever watched Vesuvius and did not think him a live thing, working there night and day at his own mysterious business, careless of men, never for two successive minutes quite the same? Ah! that little puff of new born smoke fleeting away to dissipate and die before a moment is past—what does it reveal? What does it *mean*? And at night when you wake, if you look out of your window, you will see a flame shoot up; and you know the stars have seen flame after flame already while you slept, and that the monster has taken no rest and will not rest, but labours hour by hour, day and night, ceaselessly on. And yet men live on his slopes, and heed him scarce more than he heeds them; and little towns are bustling and alive, and men walk their streets and only now and then look up and see the cloud of smoke by day, the pillar of fire by night. Yet is there a dead town there too, an unburied corpse on the hill's first slope, beyond the plain, away there to the right, led to by that white poplar-shaded road—Pompeii—dead; long, long dead; slain by the breathing, living, fiery mountain which has slept never for one single moment since.

Some such thoughts were passing through Stephen Fleming's mind, for he had a certain interest in Pompeii; he had read of it in his books, and the stillness of the evening awed him and great Vesuvius. Besides, he was trying not to think of Edith, who seemed to him pure and fair, and as much above him as the one sweet star already showing in the darkened west. He loved her; he had loved her from the first moment of their meeting; but she belonged to another world than his, and to bring her down would be no easier than to scale the heavens and attain the star. Was it possible, was it even to be desired, that Edith Gardiner should come down to him into his life? into the society he had frequented? should so much as know the shifts by which he had till to-day fed himself, and found his clothes and his books, and the toys and distractions of an ungenerous existence? But as he lingered there on the terrace, watching Vesuvius, a new thought shot through his mind. He had money; he was a fugitive from his old haunts; he was paying hotel bills like a lord and sitting at table with gentlemen and ladies who found no graver fault with his language and his habits than to ask if he were entirely English; a new self had sprung up within his breast, new ambitions, new possibilities; might it not be possible—not to bring Edith down—but to raise himself to that purer and higher sphere, that heaven in which she had her conversation?

III.

Circumstances kept the adventurer and the nursery governess together. The little boy Charley fell into the sea one day, and Stephen Fleming rescued him, thus winning Mrs. Braham's extravagant gratitude. Charley was none the worse for his ducking, but Stephen took cold and was laid up with inflammation of the lungs. Mrs. Braham nursed him like a mother, and the governess and little Janey were as his sisters. How strange it seemed to this pariah to be lying on a wicker sofa on the terrace of a good hotel with a little lady of nine summers' old fanning him and feeding him with cherries, and prattling to him of her English home. Yet they were not little Janey's fingers which crinkled his veins and quickened his breath each time they touched his pillow, or his long thin olive hand, far less capable and active than the soft, smooth one encountering it. Stephen was in paradise, and his heart ached for the white angel at his side, who might he fancied fix him in paradise for ever.

To Mr. Braham he talked about his position. "Give me advice as to investments," he said; "I have some money—it came to me by a legacy" (here was a lie); "and can you help me to some steady work? I was on a newspaper once; then I was an agent for Cook in Smyrna. You see I am a linguist; I can get odd jobs easily. But I am sick of knocking about. I want something regular. I should like to settle down."

"Certainly! certainly!" said good Mr. Braham. "I will mention you to my mercantile friends. I will find you a post, and with private means in addition, and if you can stick at routine work, you ought to do very well. If I were you I should marry. Nothing keeps a fellow so steady as a wife and responsibilities."

Stephen swung himself off his invalid sofa and started to his feet. "Do you really mean it?" he said, his eyes flashing. "But would she marry me? Edith? Marry *me*?"

Mr. Braham blew a long whistle. "Bless me!" he said. "Is that the way the wind blows?" He paused, considering what to him was a new idea, though it had certainly crossed Mrs. Braham's mind more than once. "Well, and pray why shouldn't you marry Edith?" he said at last. "Upon my soul, she's a trump of a girl; just the sort to make a man comfortable. And when a young woman has done governess, or head nurse rather, for a year or two, she's ready enough to take a husband, though the man who offers mayn't have had a lord for his father, nor a lord mayor either."

It was not exactly the reason which induced Edith Gardiner to

accept the young man, when diffidently, yet with scarce controlled excitement, he made his proposal. But she did accept him.

IV.

Soon after their return to England, while the Brahams and their governess were still staying in London, Stephen was invited to dinner. He went, and found another guest : a relation of Mrs. Braham's, an insignificant old clergyman, the Rev. Edwin Blake.

Since he had known Edith, Stephen had learned to blush ; he crimsoned on find himself face to face with the curate of St. Chad's Without.

Mr. Blake started when he saw the lad, and again when he was introduced by the name of Fleming. He marvelled at the improvement in the young fellow's appearance. A momentary suspicion wrestled with his unreasoning affection.

"Why," he asked, "when I saw you first did you give me a false name?"

"I have no name," replied Stephen, readily, "I wish to God I had ! But for the future I shall keep the one I wear to-day. I have made friends and they call me Fleming !" Then he laughed as if ashamed of his enthusiasm. "The truth is I have had a legacy from a man named Fleming, and he wished me to take his name. When I saw you, sir, I was down on my luck, out at elbows, out of work, out of health. My money was gone, pretty nearly my pluck. Now I am on my feet again : my legacy came at the very nick of time."

The explanation satisfied Mr. Blake : at least for the time. He laid his hand on Stephen's shoulder. "But I hope," he said, "that your serious thoughts, my dear lad, have not passed away with your misfortunes?"

"Oh," said Stephen, his eye resting on Edith, "I am much more serious now."

The Brahams, finding Mr. Stephen Fleming known to dear Mr. Blake, considered that all possible objection to Edith's suitor was removed. Perhaps they would not have let Janey marry such a person; but Edith was only the governess and the poor relation. For six weeks all was *couleur de rose*.

Stephen was continually at Durlings, Mr. Braham's pretty villa at Richmond, and Edith was released from schoolroom duties to be at her lover's call. The pair rambled together over the hills, spent

sunny afternoons on the river, or visited country neighbours, all too new to the vagabond to seem dull. He was enamoured of simplicity; and quiet monotony—with Edith—seemed the *summum bonum*. Before his eyes was now unveiled that home life which had seemed a thing from a fairy tale when Janey had prattled of it beside his sofa in the Pension Schwartz. There was nothing he enjoyed more than afternoon tea in the flower-scented drawing-room at Durlings; white-robed Edith waiting on everybody, even on Stephen himself. Never did he ask himself if tea might some day taste insipid, if Edith's angel wings would vanish when she was no longer a marvel and scarce attainable.

Under this sum of happiness Stephen improved visibly. Mrs. Braham said he had grown: he looked people straight in the face; his manner had gained in dignity; his vices fell from him as the skin peels off a fever convalescent. To Charley his companionship was harmless; nor did his old comrades ever see him at this time, for he had stepped into a room of the house of life to which they had no admittance. Only at the end of six weeks Edith Gardiner had made one discovery which troubled her a little—that her future husband in small things was quite incapable of speaking the exact truth; and good Mr. Blake, who had been observing and questioning Stephen more and more narrowly, not only because he loved him but also for that sweet girl Edith's sake, had become very uncomfortable indeed, and refused absolutely to perform the wedding ceremony himself, and was in two minds whether he ought not altogether to hinder the marriage. Of all which doubts Stephen was quite unconscious. He was in paradise.

V.

It was the day before the wedding. Stephen was near Charing Cross, meaning to run out to Orpington and take a last look at his cottage, which he had furnished for Edith. He seemed to be stepping on air, he felt so happy; and he looked in every respect a gentleman, well-dressed, well-spoken, at his ease in mind and body. He was like Jonah's gourd: pleasant, serviceable, sprung to perfection in a night, and with a constitution of just as little stability. A hand was laid on his arm.

"Stephen, I have something to say to you. Come with me."

It was Mr. Blake, wearing a face of the deepest concern.

"My God!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "has anything happened to Edith!"

The curate took him to St. Chad's, to the vestry, a spot with unpleasant memories for Stephen; who, as Mr. Blake sighed and delayed his communication, drummed impatiently on the table and wished himself away.

"Stephen," said the clergyman, rousing himself and speaking sternly, "you have been here before. You came here to me once under an assumed name, with lies on your tongue, I fear with no good purpose in your heart. My dear lad, you are changed since then! I know that. I have not brought you here to reproach you for deceiving *me*. Listen; I have been away for a fortnight, and I have only just learned that the man Elliott has been arrested, and that he is to-day on his trial for assaulting our verger and robbing God's holy church."

"Well!" said Stephen, "what have I to do with it?"

"That," said Mr. Blake, "is exactly the question I ask of you."

The young man was quite aware how an innocent person would at this moment comport himself. But "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and he was possessed by an insane desire to escape.

"Will the man be convicted?" he asked carelessly, after a step or two towards the door.

"It seems probable; the verger, half insane since the blow which crippled him for life, and the verger's granddaughter, a heedless, sensational creature, claim to have recognised him, and there is circumstantial evidence. I think it very likely this innocent man may be condemned."

"How do you know he is innocent?" cried Stephen, inwardly cursing his folly for discussing the matter at all.

The curate held out his hand. "Stephen, I have never felt certain of his innocence till this moment. I ask *you*, is he not innocent?"

Kindness is occasionally as disabling in its effects as conscience; at the touch of the good man's hand Stephen was moved, and he had no reply to make.

"My son," said the clergyman presently, "we must not allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty."

Stephen started, with overwhelming terror at the folly of his own behaviour.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, turning pale. "You are not going to charge me?"

"No, I am not," said the curate. "*I* have no proofs of your crime."

"Because you shan't!" said Stephen, the forgotten devil in him breaking out. "We are alone here, and I guess I could settle you as easily as I settled your ass of a verger."

"No threats!" said the curate, "I am not afraid of you. I appeal to your new and your better self."

Stephen dropped his fist sullenly and retreated a few paces.

There was a pause.

"Do you know that I am going to be married to-morrow?" he said at last abruptly, though for some minutes the veins of his forehead had been swelling under the effort to get out the words.

"My poor boy! I know it."

"Do you wish to ruin Edith?"

"Would Edith marry you if she knew?"

He laughed. "No, she would not marry me if she knew; and that is why, you fool, I will kill you sooner than let you tell her."

"There will be no upward path for you, Stephen, begun like this. My son, God knows how earnestly I have prayed for you," said the curate.

For a moment Stephen hesitated, then he forced his way roughly past the old clergyman, who staggered and fell heavily, striking his head against the very chest once rifled by the thief. Stephen was dismayed, for he had not meant to hurt the gentle old man; but after a minute he laughed wildly and went out, saying to himself:

"It will keep him quiet till I have got my Edith." Then he hurried away.

VI.

He was just in time for his train, and in less than an hour he was at his cottage gathering roses for Edith's room. His hands twitched, so that the flowers fell from them, and he left them strewn in disorder on the floor. When he brought her home to-morrow she would find destruction not decoration, as if malignant spirits had wrecked the house. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror and started; that was the old Stephen of the hideous memories, not Edith's bridegroom. Mr. Blake's voice was still ringing in his ears and goading him to fury.

"Would Edith marry you if she knew?"

He trampled on the innocent flowers, and the china bowl he was

carrying for them fell from his hands. He was a madman there in the pretty room, destroying everything. Shocked at himself, he fled.

He was back in London ; at Richmond ; at Durlings.

"Edith ! I must speak to Edith !" he cried. "I must speak to Edith !"

"Hallo ! young man !" said Mr. Braham ; "what's the matter? Edith, like the tramp of a girl she is, has taken the brats for a last day's pleasuring. You were to keep out of her sight till to-morrow, eh?"

Stephen explained nothing and hurried back to London. "I must see Edith," he was still saying to himself. Whither had she taken the children? His brain was becoming confused ; he could only think of the Zoo, and went there to walk hither and thither, looking at nothing and making the people stare. Edith was not to be found, and the hours were wearing on.

"Are you seeking someone, young man?" asked one of the keepers. He did not say "sir"—the false air of gentility which Stephen had worn at breakfast time was gone.

He left the gardens, throwing, as he did so, a stone at a wretched little whipped cur, running away with its tail between its legs ; somehow it reminded him of himself, and he hated it.

Passing through the Regent's Park he stopped more than once, so giddy that he could scarce keep on his feet. Holding on to the railings he murmured aloud the curate's words which were still droning in his ears. "No upward path for you."

A policeman eyed him : thinking of him what Eli had thought of the woman with the sorrowful spirit.

"You'd best move on, young chap," said the policeman, "I know the sort of lot you are." Stephen slouched off without rejoinder.

In the streets he got on better ; the "sort of lot" he had relapsed into has always been common enough in the Strand. He passed Darkneedle Street and St. Chad's Without. Had the old curate been killed by that fall in the vestry? "Curse him !" muttered Stephen under his breath. He struggled on.

It was four o'clock, the streets gaspingly hot. He reached the Court and elbowed his way in. A man named Elliott was being tried for sacrilege and assault ; the proceedings were close on termination and with result unfavourable to the defendant. For a minute, Stephen looked straight before him, with wild eyes staring blindly and white fallen mouth. Then he held out a paper.

"Take this to the proper person," he said. On it he had written, "Elliott is innocent. I give myself up. Stephen Turner."

There was a slight commotion, a policeman vanishing with the paper, while another held the youth tightly by the arm. Presently orders came to take him into custody, the proceedings with regard to Elliott having been adjourned for inquiry.

VII.

All night he sat upright, his eyes on the wall, having spoken no word. His brain was much clouded; now and then he lost count of where he was and how he came to be there. But at eleven next morning he got a vision so distinct, it seemed clairvoyance, of the little church at Durlings decked for a bridal, Janey the bridesmaid; Edith Gardiner waiting in her snowy robes; the bridegroom not there, and no one knowing what had become of him. That vision remained with him—Edith come to the church in her snowy robes, and no bridegroom there, and no one knowing what had become of him. Towards evening he grew refractory; but the gaolers knew the "sort of lot" he was, and took their measures accordingly.

When examined, Stephen told the whole story with what seemed impudent glibness. He was not a burglar, certainly not; not even a thief by profession, but he liked adventures, he was clever at anything—oh! very clever, and he had needed money. He had heard of St. Chad's rich plate and the heavy chest with the broken lock; he had reconnoitred the church while attending the service, taking the Sacrament, talking theology with the old curate. He had come when the doors were unlocked and no one was about but the verger. He had been obliged to assault the old fool, because he was going to call the police. He had got the plate away successfully, and had sold it to an obscure Jew in Palermo. From the nest egg thus acquired he had gambled himself into a fortune and a lady's love. He described everything and gave proofs; furnished the name of the Palermo Jew, so that the plate was traced and eventually recovered for St. Chad's Without. There could be no doubt about the story. Jim Elliott was discharged and Stephen Turner was convicted and sentenced. Someone, shocked at his shamelessness, asked him why he had confessed now; and he laughed and replied that it was a pretty tale; then with a savage look in his eyes and a wicked wish to slander others because he had ruined himself, he added that it was bound to come out, for the parson had turned traitor, and the lady had cast him off, and he wanted to annoy her. But he never mentioned Edith's name; and, even as he slandered her, his thoughts went back to the white-robed girl at the altar, and to the chestnut

woods at Castellammare ; and to a pretty English cottage which he had tried to decorate with roses for the approaching bride.

He was shut up in a London prison, and seemed likely to be a wayward and ferocious captive ; for a week or two doubts were entertained of his sanity. Then he was ordered extra punishment ; his hours on the treadmill were lengthened, they put him in the dark cell on bread and water. But his pulse went down so suddenly that the doctor interfered. "These curs have no constitution," he said ; "there'll be a row if we kill the fellow."

Mr. Braham, good honest man, terribly shocked by his *protégé's* imposture, came to visit him. Stephen refused to utter a word. One of his old companions, a prisoner himself, contrived to speak to him in the labour yard, and was terrified by the senseless rage he provoked.

At last sweet Edith herself came.

"The fellow is a ruffian," said the warder, surveying the gentle girl ; "he will insult the lady."

The narrow room, the bars between her and him, the spectators, the listeners, affected Edith's weakened nerves ; but she bore up against that. Stephen, crouching away from her, his brows drawn down, his eyes wicked, his whole aspect malignant, filled her with fear. She barely recognised her lover.

"Stephen, you have broken my heart. Will you not say to me that you are sorry ? But I am here to tell you I have not forgotten my promise. I have loved you, and I at least am true. It can never be the same ; but, God knows, I will do my best. If you wish it, when you leave this dreadful place, Stephen, I will marry you."

He looked at her : he saw that in her eyes he was now no more than the liar, the impostor, the thief, the dishonourer of holy things, only by accident not a murderer. She believed in him no more ; she was not even sure if she loved him still. She had had no explanation, poor Edith ! There were no explanations possible which could satisfy her.

"Go away," he answered. "I do *not* wish it. Oh," he went on roughly, "I have been in prison before, twice. You may as well know all now. I shall do well enough. Don't bother me with pity. Go !"

The ferocity of the last word frightened her, and she gave a cry. In an instant the vigilant warder was assisting the trembling girl to escape.

"You vile young dog !" said the man, chivalrous and indignant, "to insult a lady like that !"

As he listened to Edith's retreating footsteps it seemed to

Stephen that his anguish must kill him. But the next day dawned, and the next again, and he still lived on, amenable to no orders, submissive to no punishments, his tongue tied, misery in his heart.

"My dear sir," said the governor to Mr. Blake, "I am sorry the fellow won't see you, but I do assure you it would be useless if he did. He belongs to the worst type, because he is intelligent. No soul: born without one, I suppose. Hereditary, no doubt. A hopeless case."

"Do me one favour," said the old curate; "don't tell him I am here, but take me where I can speak to him, and leave me as much alone with him as your rules permit."

"Well—a lady visited him: his Sunday-school teacher or something of that sort. Generally these curs have some respect for a lady, but he frightened her off in five minutes."

"Take me to him," repeated Mr. Blake.

Stephen, crouching in his cell, his head on his hand in the attitude that had scarcely varied since Edith had fled from him, heard his door unlocked, and he was once more dragged down to the visitors' bars. It was not Edith; at least that agony was not to be repeated. But why were people thus brought to torment him? With curses on his lips he raised his head. He saw Mr. Blake. When he met the grieving eyes of the old man who loved him, the wall of ice which had formed round Stephen's heart gave way. In mind and body he was weakened, and now he wept. Women weep and are comforted; children sob easily and loud; but this was the wail of a lost spirit. Never before had the quiet curate seen such tears. They seemed to him fire only and blood. But it was long before Stephen spoke.

"You here?—you who have ruined me? Why did you persuade me to it? I was happy. I was respectable. I was on the ladder. I had friends. Oh, God! I had Edith! Now I have lost everything. I tell you I have lost everything! I am back in the mire. I shall never be a decent man now. I shall never be anything but the bastard, the outcast, the criminal, the dog. The dog! that's what they all call me. I am sick of hearing it. And I had," he repeated, his voice choking, "I had her kiss; and the little house—the roses—the hope——"

"When Edith understands——" began the curate, but Stephen interrupted.

"She will never understand! Besides, it would make no difference. I am changed. I am not fit to touch her now. I know it. She knows it. She spoke kindly to me—my sweet, sweet Edith! but she does not love me now. The man she loved is gone,

vanished. She thinks he never existed. He did exist. He was as real as I am real to-day. You have killed him; and he will never live again; never."

"It seems hopeless to you now, Stephen. But you tried to do right. Believe me, God saw it, and will not forsake you."

"I have never repented anything," said Stephen, "as I repent *that*."

Mr Blake knew not what to say; spiritual consolation were a mockery; venom to an open wound. Only love could do anything for the outcast to-day.

His hands were stretched towards the unhappy lad, as towards his son, and even while raving against him, Stephen saw it. After a few moments, the poor eyes lifted a little, and something like a smile flickered on the worn lips.

"Were you hurt that day you fell?" he asked wistfully. "It was my fault."

A spark had been struck from the frozen heart, and the curate's eyes spoke forgiveness. "I shall win him back," he thought; "may God help us both!"

Stephen did quiet down after this, and the prison chaplain and even the governor conceived hopes for him. It was piteous to see the slender fingers which had never done any work in their life, trying to accomplish the daily oakum-picking, to find the nimble brain poring over the chaplain's tracts, and hoping to find in their simple gospel some message for his thwarted soul.

Whether at the end of his punishment, Stephen would, as Mr. Blake fondly hoped, have resumed the upward path, and with the help of his once active wits and his little income, perhaps with Edith, dear and forgiving at his side; or whether, as he prophesied himself, he would have left the prison only to sink back into his early degradation, can never be known. He withered as an uprooted plant; when the winter came he caught cold and died after three days' struggle against pneumonia.

Edith was far away, in Italy again with the Brahams; but Mr. Blake came at the captive's first call, and did not leave him while he lived.

As merciful unconsciousness wrapped him, Stephen still knew his only friend; and at last—all else forgotten—his fading smile had lost its grief. When death had closed the sunken eyes in their last sleep, the clergyman stood long gazing on the poor corpse, and wondering within himself at the riddle of this short and misspent life. It seemed to him that Heaven had accepted his poor lad's one sacrifice, and had taken him away for a fairer start in another world.

OLD-WORLD BALLADS AND BALLAD MUSIC.

THE collecting and singing of narrative songs was, long after the fall of the ballad-monger as an institution, in high favour among all classes, but it gradually fell into disrepute, and, after awhile, very few people read ballads, still fewer sang them, they savouring too much of pure antiquity to be generally popular, and being mostly looked upon as grown so old and so opposed to the tune of the age as to be past rendering as tradition would have them rendered. Latterly, however, they have risen in the public estimation, it having been recognised that they may at times shed some light upon history; and the end and import of this article is to introduce those readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, whose taste may lead to such a field of investigation, to the old world ballads and ballad music so frequently and so affectionately referred to by Shakespeare; a subject intimately connected with the history of English literature, as the ballad-mongers of olden times were undoubtedly the prototypes of the modern writers with a purpose. They conveyed by word of mouth from one generation to another, in the self-same words, or with only the trifling lapses that memory is apt to make, the self-same stories of world-wide fame that had amused, instructed, and inspired their forefathers. Nowadays, in different stories we convey the self-same situations and deduce the self-same morals. Present-day song-writers put forth abnormal quantities of more or less indifferent compositions, which correspond somewhat to these narratives of olden times; but whereas the ballad, as our ancestors knew it, was reverently committed to memory, and so handed down from generation to generation, the modern ephemeral progeny of the muses, however popular it may become for a season, or even two or three, soon sinks into oblivion.

In 1765, when good Bishop Percy ventured, with a modest reserve that might well be imitated by many modern compilers, to put in circulation his "Reliques of Ancient Ballads," he deemed it

necessary to apologise for introducing them to the notice of so polite an age ; but the age, spite of its ultra-polish, received them with enthusiasm instead of toleration, and but given the chance, those fragments from the heart of the olden times still have the power to touch the heart of even this artificial epoch.

About the middle of the twelfth century, the dawn of the most splendid period of Teutonic poetry and romance, emperors, kings, princes, nobles, and monks vied with each other in producing lays of love, romances, *fabliaux*, chronicles, fables, and sacred legends ; and on the models thus furnished, the English minstrels, contenting themselves with following the tract of the Provençal troubadours and the Norman *trouveurs*, built a vast number of love canzonets, very artificial in their construction, and with a most laboured multiplicity of rhymes, but not infrequently with passages of great pathos, and a versification that is wonderful, considering the age. The following specimen is one of the least complicated of these songs of love, and is literally translated from a production of Otto, Margrave of Brandenburg, who died in 1298 :—

Make room unto my loved lady bright,
And let me view her body chaste and fair ;
Esp'rous with honour may behold the sight,
And most confess her form without compare.
My heart, when all men praise her, higher swells ;
Still must I sing how far the maid excels,
And humbly bow toward the region where she dwells.

Oh, lady love, be thou my messenger ;
Say I adore her from my inmost soul,
With faith entire, and love no maid but her ;
Her beauties bright my senses all controul ;
And well she might my sorrowing fears beguile ;
If once her rosy lips on me would smile,
My cares would all be gone, and ease my heart the while.

Two bitter woes have wounded me to death :
Weil may ye ween, all pleasures did they chase ;
The blowing flowers are faded on the heath ;
Thus have I sorrow from her lovely face ;
'Tis she alone can wound my heart and heal ;
But if her heart my ardent love could feel,
No more my soul would strive its sorrows to conceal.

Any attempt at criticising this song would be the greatest affectation ; it appeals to the heart, and not so much to the judgment. Still, it assists conjecture, and throws some light upon a rather obscure subject ; for it shows that the general outlines of human nature have been nearly the same in all ages and countries, in all stages of

civilisation, and in all ranks of society ; and that it is the multifarious and ever-varying detail, arising from education, habit, and circumstances, that alone disagrees. Of this, the more that we know, the wiser we have the means of becoming ; and if we do not also become the better, the fault is not in the knowledge, but in our application of it. The "lady love" in the first line of the second verse of this song is literally translated from the original, "*Frau Minne*," the general deity to whom the amatory poets of the age addressed their invocations.

Besides the lays of love—not always of the most lawful kind—and devotion, the early ballad-mongers were fond of a peculiar species of composition, which they entitled watchmen's songs, possessing considerable variety and a certain degree of sprightliness, and songs dealing with war, murder, execution, and wonderful or laughable events ; indeed, anything and everything in those days was turned into song, and singing being universally indulged in, thus enabled the muse to supply that information now furnished by the miscellany of the newspaper. In "*The Winter's Tale*" one of the characters observes, "such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-making cannot be able to express it." And in "*Twelfth Night*," Sir Toby proposes a song that will draw three souls out of one weaver ; which tends to show that however much the practice of vocal music was afterwards condemned by the Puritans, in Shakespeare's time a disposition towards singing was considered highly meritorious.

There may be remarked in all thirteenth and fourteenth century ballads, so many of which are preserved in a more or less altered form, in the Danish, Swedish, Scottish, and English popular ballads of a much later period, and in those still sung by old women and nurses, and hawked about at fairs in Germany, a frequent and almost unvaried recurrence of certain terms, epithets, metaphors, and phrases which have obtained general currency, and seem peculiarly dedicated to this kind of composition. The same ideas, actions, and circumstances are almost uniformly expressed in the same forms of words ; and whole lines, and even stanzas, are so hackneyed among the reciters of popular ditties, that it is impossible to give them their due appropriation, and to say to which they originally belonged. As a comparison, if for nothing else, to the translation from one of the German *Minnesänger*, or love poets, the following attempt at putting into an English dress an old Norman-French balade by the English poet Gower will no doubt prove interesting :—

Now in this jolly time of May,
To Eden I compare the ground ;
While sings the merle and popinjay,
Green herb and tree bloometh around,
And all for Nature's feast are crown'd ;
Venus is queen, all hearts obey,
And none to love may now say nay.

When this I see, and how her sway
Dame Nature over all extends ;
And all that lives, so warm, so gay,
Each after kind to other tends,
Till liking life and being blends :—
What marvel, if my sighs bewray
That none to love may now say nay !

To nettles must the rose give way,
And care and grief my garland weave :
Nor ever joy dispense one ray
To cheer me, if my lady leave
My love unbless'd, and me bereave
Of every hope to smile, and say,
That none to love may now say nay.

Then go, and try her ruth to move,
If aught thy skill, my simple lay ;
For thou and I too well approve,
That none to love may now say nay.

This translation, the general outline of the versification of which is the same as in the original, though it was impossible to preserve the multiplicity of rhymes, places John Gower, a contemporary with Chaucer, in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he is usually seen. Even among the French poets themselves of this period, not one has left a more tender, pathetic, or finished set of verses ; nor has any English poet ever treated the passion of love with more delicacy of sentiment and elegance of composition—although, it must be confessed, the meaning of one or two lines is somewhat obscure—and as to the popinjay referred to in the third line of the first verse, it adds very little to the melody of the grove, in this country at any rate. But when the golden-jay—which is common on the Continent, and is no doubt what our poet meant—condescends to sing, his notes, five or six in number, are remarkably sweet, full, and mellow ; and are the more to be prized, because he screams horribly at least ten times for once that he utters melodious sounds.

The earnest affection which Shakespeare had for all old-world ballads—whether adopted, or original and peculiar to his country—

so many fragments of which he has preserved to us through the medium of his plays, is very finely expressed by the words he puts into the mouth of Orsino, the duke noble in nature as well as dignity, in "Twelfth Night":—

Give me some music. . . . But that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much. . . .
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their threads with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

THE SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it,
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save, lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

Interspersed throughout "Twelfth Night" are a right goodly number of excerpts from what were once highly popular songs and catches. In the scene between Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, Sir Toby proposes a little variation to the proceedings, as follows:—

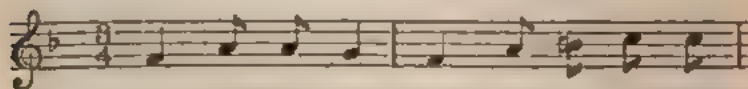
Sir Toby. Let's have a song.

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay! I care not for good life.

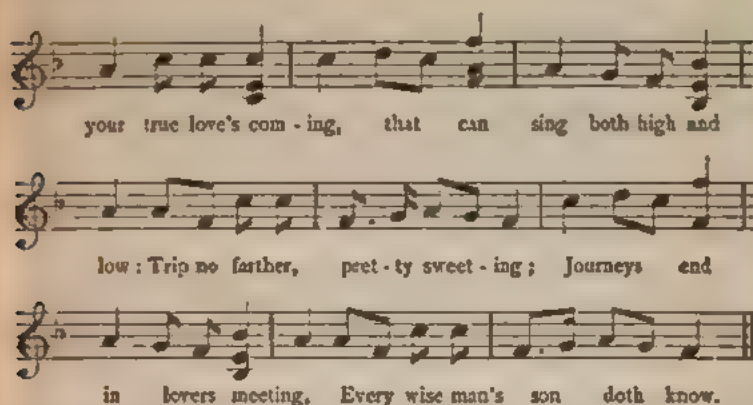
and upon this the clown strikes up:—



O mistress mine, where are you roaming?



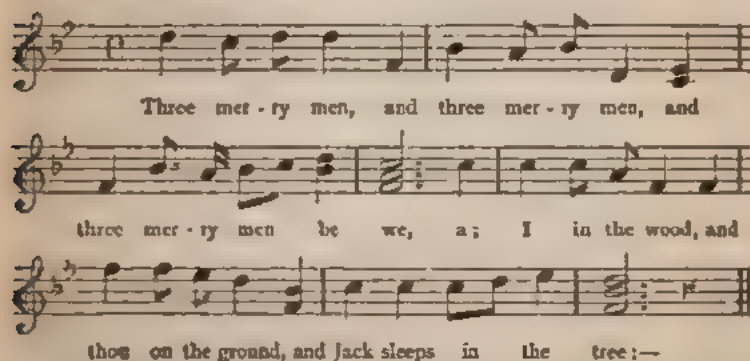
O mistress mine, where are you roaming? O stay and hear;



And whatever we may think of it in this cultivated age, when the rules of correct and elegant composition are almost as familiar as A B C, Sir Andrew pronounces it to be "excellent good faith" ; and they soon after "make the welkin dance," and "rouse the night-owl" with the catch of "Hold thy peace, thou knave," which is so arranged that every singer calls every other "knave" in turn :—

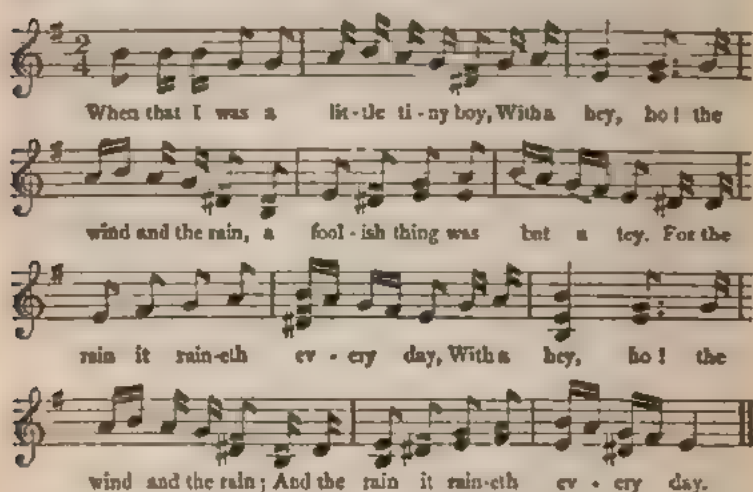
If I'd thy peace, and I prythee hold thy peace,
Thou knave, thou knave, hold thy peace, thou knave.

Sir Toby, being by this time "in admirable fooling," gives voice to "Three Merry Men be We" :—



A song so popular during the Middle Ages that it became a common ale-house sign and motto, and was frequently added to other songs as a kind of burden. The burden or under-song was very early a peculiarity of the English ballad, for in the thirteenth century a composition curiously titled to our way of understanding "Somer is

icumen in" was sung with one—"Sing, Cuckoo ! Sing, Cuckoo !" Other ballads mentioned in this comedy are "Oh, the Twelfth Day of December," and "There Dwelt a Man in Babylon, Lady, Lady," of neither of which any trace remains, and "Farewell, Dear Heart"—modified by Sir Toby and the Clown to suit their purpose—which has been preserved by theatrical tradition, for the air to which it was sung has been generally used as the vehicle for the song which forms the epilogue to the play.



When that I was a lit-tle ti-ny boy, With a hey, ho ! the
wind and the rain, a fool-ish thing was but a toy. For the
rain it rain-eth ev-ery day, With a hey, ho ! the
wind and the rain ; And the rain it rain-eth ev-ery day.

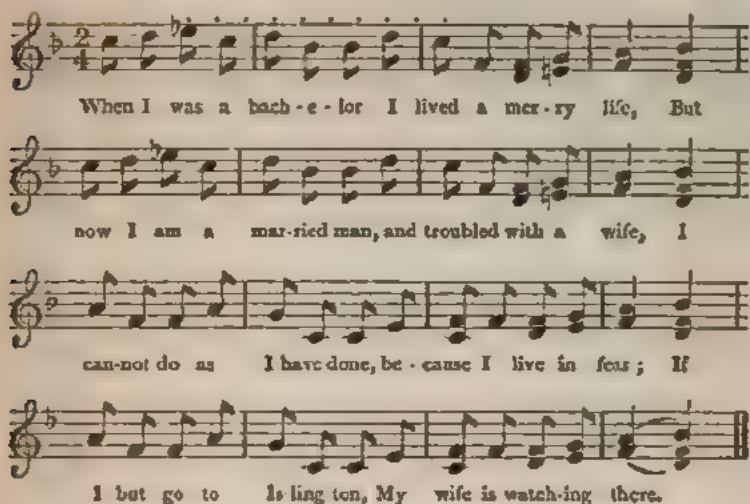
It is noteworthy that a song of the same kind, and with the same burden, is sung by the pleasant, honest fool in "King Lear" :—

He that has a little tiny wit -
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Another of the Clown's songs in "Twelfth Night," commencing—

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does,

is undoubtedly taken from a set of words attributed to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Shakespeare either quoted from memory, and incorrectly, or else he purposely deviated from the original ; and perhaps the most noticeable of the songs incidentally mentioned by Sir Toby is "Peg-a-Ramsay." This has been spoken of by more than one commentator as a dance tune only, but numerous old ballads were sung to this air, and a slight variation of it is set to a song in "The Beggar's Opera."



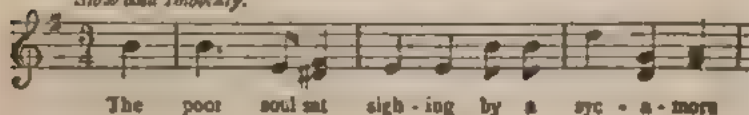
When I was a bach-e-lor I lived a mer-ry life, But
 now I am a mar-ried man, and troubled with a wife, I
 can-not do as I have done, be-cause I live in fear; If
 I but go to Is ling ton, My wife is watch-ing there.

But no fragment of old-world metrical composition is introduced by our immortal bard with more pathetic beauty than the song of "The Willow" in "Othello," where, haunted by some presentiment of her sad fate, the gentle Desdemona says to her attendant:—

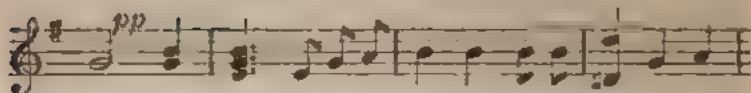
My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
 She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
 And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune.
 And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
 But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it, like poor Barbara.

The following is the original song, but Shakespeare has altered it to suit the sex of the singer. Indeed, he appears to have generally quoted scraps of popular ballad poetry of his own day from memory, as there are trifling deviations in most of them; and in the fragments of still older compositions he has frequently blended the dialects of different ages. Still, it is evident he at least endeavoured to do judiciously what his subject seemed to require of him, in order to preserve as entire as possible, in every particular, the costume of his originals.

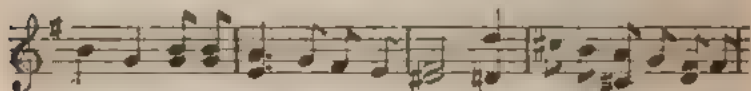
Slow and smoothly.



The poor soul sat sigh-ing by a syc-a-mora

ritard.

tree, Sing wil - low, wil low, wil - low, with his hand in his



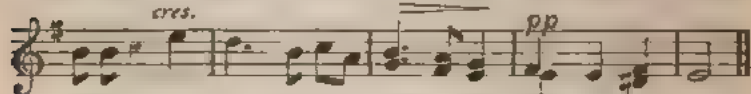
bo - som, And his head up-on his knee; Oh! wil-low, wil low, wil-low,



wil-low! Oh, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low Shall be my gar -



land. Sing all a green wil - low, wil - low, wil-low,

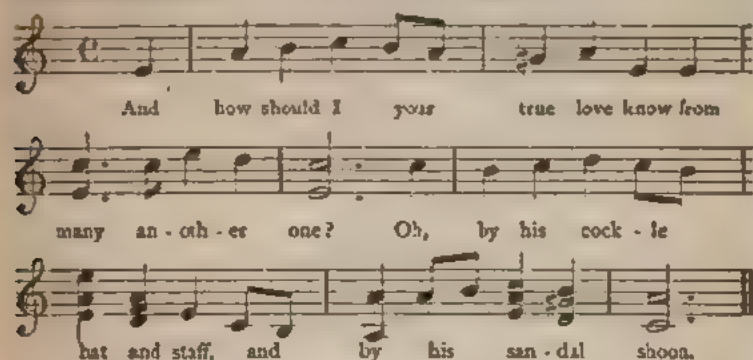


wil-low. Ah me! the green wil-low must be my gar - land.

In the same play is also introduced an ancient drinking chorus, "And Let Me the Canakin Clink, Clink," and the usual line of a song somewhat imperfectly titled, "King Stephen was a Worthy Peer," both chanted by the designing Iago in the drinking scene with the unsuspecting Cassio.

In "Hamlet," the music still sung to the fragments of songs by Ophelia is the same, or very nearly so, as it was in Shakespeare's time. When, in 1812, Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire, the magnificent musical library, which contained the only known copies of these excerpts, perished in the flames; but Dr. Arnold very carefully renoted them from the singing of the two most famous interpreters of that day of the character of the mad maid, Mrs. Jordan, and Mrs. Powell; and it is very unlikely that these wild, pathetic numbers will ever be relegated for the sake of more modern airs. Transmitted by tradition, they are endeared to the popular ear by memories which have blended themselves with the melodies, and refuse to be legally separated; and, moreover, it is extremely doubtful if any modern composer could, with satisfaction absolute, reset them, the crooning lilt of their ancient accompaniment expressing them so exactly. The first three fragments are in all

probability part of the same ballad, and appear to be, as King Claudius observes, "A conceit upon her father."

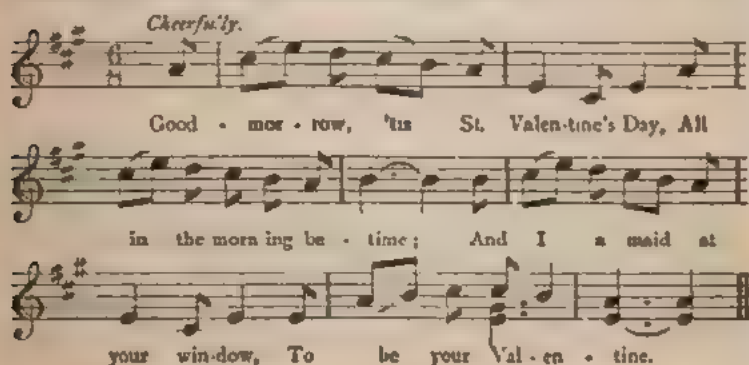


And how should I your true love know from
many an - oth - er one? Oh, by his cock - le
hat and staff, and by his san - dal shoe.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

Then follow two, "Good-morrow, 'Tis St. Valentine's Day," wedded to an antique and artless snatch of melody that is singularly and irresistibly charming; and "By Gis and by Saint Charity," both, no doubt, suggested to the poor singer's mind by some vague association with her own unfortunate love affair.

Cheerfully.



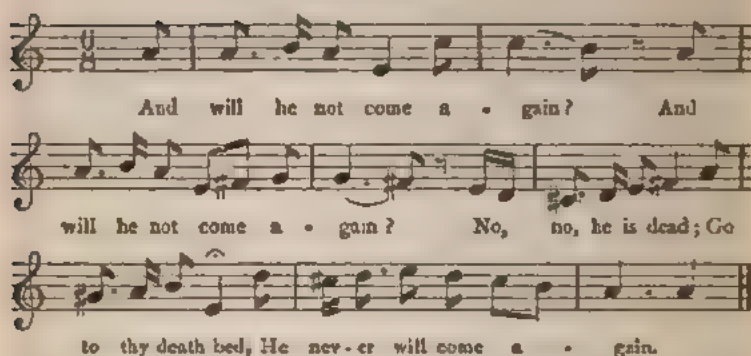
Good - mor - row, 'tis St. Valen-tine's Day, All
in the morn-ing be - time; And I a maid at
your win-dow, To be your Val-en - tine.

The next ballad Ophelia sings, or rather chants—the melody is little more than plain song or chanting, written in the clef C, and without any marks for time, so that the movement and embellish-

ments depend entirely on the abilities of the singer—shows that her wandering mind has again reverted to her murdered father, Polonius, and the scene closes with two pathetic fragments, which evidently also have relation to his untimely end.

They bore him barefaced on the bier. . . .
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.



Her vacillating, distracted state of mind is most touchingly apparent at this juncture by her intermixing these two fragments with two idle, foolish lines, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a," and "For bonny sweet robin is all my joy." The grave-digger's song in this play—

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shroud-ing sheet;
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet,

is by all traditions of the stage sung to the following old air, which is the original music of a ballad that was once one of the darling songs of the common people, and the delight of most English men in some part of their age, "The Babes in the Wood."



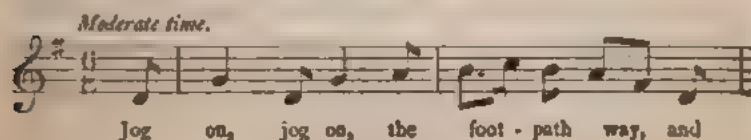
The other stanzas which this somewhat grisly artificer sings are from a ballad of the time of Edward VI., set to a variation of a tune composed by James I. of Scotland, who was a great composer of airs to his own verses; and may be considered as the father of that plaintive melody which in Scotch tunes is so pleasing to a taste not vitiated by modern affectation.

Apocryphos of "The Babes in the Wood," that the popular legend was a disguised recital of the reported murder of his young nephews by Richard III. can scarcely be doubted from the general resemblance of the ballad to Shakespeare's account of the dark deed. Throughout the tale there is a marked similitude to several leading facts connected with Richard of Gloucester and his brother's children, as well as a singular coincidence between many expressions in the poetical legend and the historical details of the time; and among other evidence that may be adduced is that of a rude representation of a stag surmounting the black-letter copy of the ballad at Cambridge—a hind, or female stag, being the badge of the unfortunate Edward V.

The lugubrious Prince of Denmark himself is represented as being well versed in ballad lore; for while bantering the old and officious counsellor, Polonius, he quotes a part of the first stanza of a song entitled, "Jephthah, Judge of Israel"; and in the dialogue with his bosom friend, Horatio, regarding the strange conduct of the king, his uncle, during the play, he brings to notice fragments from two very popular ballads:—

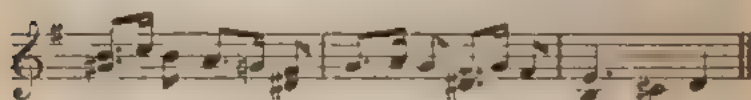
Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, and some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.
And
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was,

In "The Winter's Tale," the songs are, with one exception, of Shakespeare's own writing, and that exception is the first verse of an old, old catch—variously ascribed to Shryngham, William of Newark, and John Marbeck, who set the whole English cathedral service to music—"Jog on, Jog on, the Footpath Way," chanted by that dexterous rogue and vagabond, Autolycus.





mer - ri - ly hent the stile • a; Your mer - ry heart goes



all the day, Your sad tires in a mile - a!

This Autolycaus is himself a great ballad-monger, with a goodly stock of ballads for all sorts and conditions of men and women, in many of the snatches of which we, as a modern writer aptly expresses it, hear the drawl of the dull rustic, and catch the surrelling tone of the provincial moralist, as another character in the play says of him, "He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love songs for maids . . . with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings." As to what was the origin and precise meaning of "dildos," opinions greatly differ; but the "fading" was an old Irish dance, and "With a fading" appears to have frequently been used as a burden to a song, in the same way as "Hey nonny nonny," "Derry Down," and such like. For example:—



The court-iers scorn us coun - try clowns, we coun - try clowns do



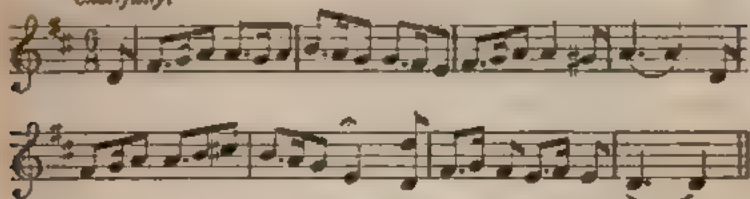
scorn the court, For we are as mer-ry up - on the downs as



you are at mid-night with all your sport. With a fa - ding.

In "The Famous History of Friar Bacon" may be found a very old song entitled "Whoop! do me no harm, good man," the music of which is preserved in "Ayres to Sing and Play to the Lute and Bass Viol," published in 1610, and though the actual words are not quoted, it is twice referred to in this play:—

Cherfully.



Whoop! do me no harm, good man.

In all probability it was a dance as well as a song, resembling in this way an old dance tune of the twelfth century, set to words of a much later date, and called "Light o' Love," which Shakespeare alludes to in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Thus:—

Lucilla. Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

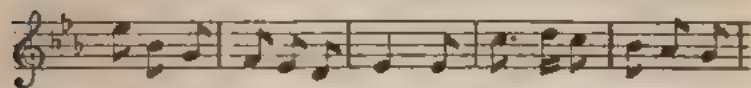
Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of Light o' Love.

And again in "Much Ado about Nothing," in the scene between the modest lady Hero, the bippant Beatrice, and Margaret, the last-named says:—

Clap us into Light o' Love that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.



By force I am fixed my fan - cy to write, In grat - i - tude



will-eth me not to re - frain; Your tra - ces in pla - ces to

D.C.



out-ward al-lure-ments, Do move my en-dea-vour to be the more plain.

As an incident relative to the period to which this air belongs, it may prove interesting to note the origin of the degree of Mus.D., Doctor of Music. According to Spellmann, the appellation of doctor was not among the degrees granted to graduates in England sooner than the reign of King John, about 1207; but in Wood's "History of Oxford," that degree is said to have been conferred, even in music, in the reign of Henry II. As the title was created on the Continent in the twelfth century, and as, during the Middle

Ages, music was always ranked among the seven liberal arts, it is not at all unlikely but that the degree was extended to its disciples.

In "*King Henry IV.*," second part, Shakespeare, through the medium of one Justice Silence, gives us a number of interesting excerpts of the most popular convivial songs of that age, in most of which there is certainly much doggerel. The worthy justice, when sober, evinces a decided lack of original ideas, and has little or nothing to say for himself; but when slightly elevated with wine, he gives the lie direct to his cognomen, and somewhat boisterously gives vent to his festive feelings in a series of fragments of songs and catches with such suggestive titles as "*Be Merry, be Merry,*" "*A Cup of Wine that's Brisk and Fine,*" "*Do Nothing but Eat and Make Good Cheer,*" "*Fill the Cup, and let it Come,*" and such like. In the same play that old, humorous, vapouring, cowardly, lying, drunken debauchee knight, Sir John Falstaff, enters upon the scene trolling the first two lines of a ballad entitled "*Sir Lancelot du Lake,*" the whole of which will be found in the "*Percy Reliques*," and later on he alludes to a famous old song called "*Fortune, My Foe.*" The melody of this song—almost identical with that once so well known as "*Death and the Lady*"—was during the early part of the present century known as "*The Hangman's Ditty,*" from its being by popular election of the "*patterers,*" who sung and sold strings of songs at "*three yards a penny*" in every town and village throughout the land, the vehicle of ballads relating to notorious murders and executions, such morbid effusions always being given as having come "*from the depths of the condemned cell,*" written "*with the condemned pen, ink, and paper.*" Singularly enough, the verses were invariably the same on each occasion, while many of the culprits could not write at all, much less compose even doggerel poetry; still, inasmuch as these broadsheets were at a period when newspapers were an expensive, and in many places an unobtainable, luxury, practically the only means that the majority of people had of gaining information on matters about which everybody was talking, it was only natural that they should command a ready sale, even though the intelligence imparted was neither so correct or so improving to the mind as might be desired.

In another scene, where Sir John Falstaff and Pistol enter into a noisy dispute, the rascally old knight ejaculates:—

What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

This last is a quotation from a most pathetic ballad, telling of

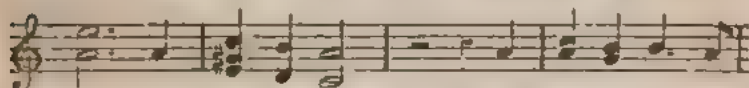
blighted hopes, of withered love, of the fickleness of fortune, which was long known as "Queen Anne's last good-night." It was written by the hapless, ill-fated Anne Holeyne, about the time that the crown was falling from her brow, and the axe was slowly and surely rising to supply its place, and is the personal outpouring of a woman badly used, and meant probably for no other end than an outlet for sad thoughts and mournful recollections.



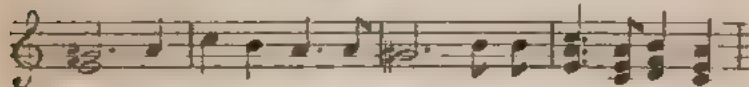
O Death ! O Death ! rock me a sleep ! Bring me to qui-et



rest ; Let pass my wear-y, guilt-less life Out



of my care-ful breast. Toll on the pass-ing



bell, Ring out my dole-ful knell, Let thy sound my death tell.



Death doth draw near me, There is no rem-e-



dy, no rem-e-dy, There is no rem-e-dy.

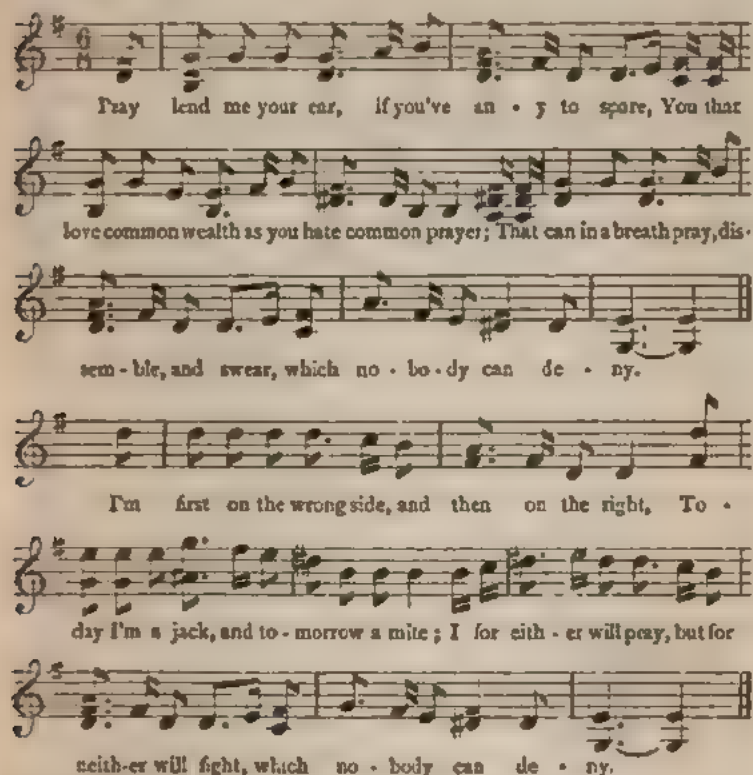
This air was originally copied from a manuscript of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century, when music was an indispensable part of polite education, and the genius and learning of the British musicians were not inferior to any on the Continent ; an observation scarcely applicable at any other period of the history of this country. There is a collection of melodies of this era preserved in manuscript, called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," and if her Majesty was able to execute any of the pieces in it she must have been a great player ;

for any modern performer upon the modern offspring of that instrument, of even more than the average ability, would require at least a month's practice to play one of them correctly from beginning to end. Tallis, who was singularly profound in musical composition, and Bird, his admirable scholar, were two of the authors of this famous collection. A stanza of "Come live with me, and be my love," a famous old song that held its own for many a long year, is also sung in this same play—"King Henry IV." second part—by Sir Hugh Evans:—

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

In "The Passionate Pilgrim," published in 1599, these verses appear over the name of Shakespeare; but the few lines Sir Hugh Evans hums are alluded to by Izaak Walton in that pastoral scene wherein he meets a milkmaid and her lover, and hears them singing, as "that smooth song made by Kit Marlowe. . . . Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." No English ballad music has ever been more popular with the people than the tune of "Green Sleeves," which is still set to any song that will bear its old burden, "which nobody can deny." The original air was well known as far back as the first quarter of the fifteenth century, but it was altered into its present form about the end of the reign of James I. by Dr. William Hychin, a musician of some repute, who founded a music lecture or professorship at the University of Oxford. It is twice mentioned in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; first by our old acquaintance Falstaff, who says, "Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves'"; and then by Mistress Ford, who is of the opinion that Falstaff's words and disposition "do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'" Early in the reign of Charles I. this tune was used as the vehicle of a lengthy ballad satirising the granting of a charter to the musicians of Westminster, incorporating them as the King's musicians into a body politic, with powers to prosecute and fine all who, except themselves, should "attempt to make any benefit or advantage of music in England or Wales," powers which in the subsequent reign were put in execution; and during the Civil War it was high in favour with the cavaliers, and a number of songs

antagonistic to the Parliament were sung to it, of which the following is a specimen :—



Pray lend me your ear, if you've an - y to spare, You that
love common wealth as you hate common prayer; That can in a breath pray, dis -
sem - ble, and swear, which no - bo - dy can de - ny.
I'm first on the wrong side, and then on the right, To -
day I'm a jack, and to - morrow a mite; I for eith - er will pray, but for
neith - er will fight, which no - body can de - ny.

In "All's Well that Ends Well" there are but two fragments of old minstrelsy, and both are put into the mouth of the Clown. One is evidently the chorus of a nuptial song, and the other a verse from a ballad on the subject of the Trojan War, which, although literally believed in, reverently cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past, is under the microscope of modern inquiry essentially a legend and nothing more. Part of these lines have been perverted from their original reference to Priam's sons to a jest on women :—

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

From very early times saints and classical heroes and heroines appear to have been favourite subjects for narrative songs, for these

are several old, old ballads founded on Chaucer's history of St. Cecilia, and Bishop Percy published from the original black-letter one about Queen Dido, a mythical lady of most exemplary virtue, who, in order to remain faithful to her dead husband, put an end to her own life, which is evidently the legend referred to by old Gonzalo in "The Tempest." *Apropos* of St. Cecilia, although Chaucer, the father of our genuine poetry—who in the fourteenth century enlarged our vocabulary, polished our numbers, and with acquisitions from France and Italy augmented our store of knowledge—wrote a long poem purporting to be the history of this saint, he fails to explain when and for what reason she was appointed patroness of harmony; nor in any other history or legendary account does anything appear to authorise the religious veneration paid to her by the votaries of music. In "As You Like It" the two pages sing a song, the first verse of which runs—

It was a lover and his lass,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,

and these apparently simple lines have probably given rise to as much unprofitable discussion as all the rest of Shakespeare's songs put together. The precise meaning of the words "ring time" in the last line was long a cause of great trouble to the erudite gentlemen who pretend to expound our immortal bard to their less enlightened fellow-creatures. They variously rendered them "rank time," "rang time," and "spring time"; which renderings are palpably incorrect, for Shakespeare knew what he was writing about, if his commentators did not, and the idea he wished to convey—that spring time is the only pretty time for marriage—is perfectly plain to every average school boy. In the same play, Touchstone quotes a verse from a ballad of the sixteenth century :—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee,

and in a subsequent scene the love sick Orlando refers to a little amorous poem entitled "Wit, whither wilt?" In "Romeo and Juliet" two pathetic ballads, "Heart's Ease" and "My Heart is Full of Woe," are introduced by Peter in his talk with the musicians :—

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's Ease, Heart's Ease:" O! an you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease."

1st Mus. Why "Heart's Ease"?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe." O! play me some merry dapp, to comfort me.

Peter finally exits chanting :—

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Mercutio, in the same play, alludes to two famous old ballads—
"Young Adam Cupid, He that Shot so Trim," and "King Cophetua
and the Beggar-maid" :—

I read that once in Africa,
A prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign,

both of which are also mentioned in "King Henry IV.," second
part, and "Much Ado About Nothing."

In the last-named comedy allusion is also made to a song called
"Sick, Sick, and very Sick," for when Hero questions Beatrice, "Why,
how now! do you speak in the sick tune?" she replies, "I am out
of all other tunes, methinks," and hums :—



In "The Taming of the Shrew," the two lines Petruchio sings in
the fourth act—

It was the Friar of Orders Grey,
As he forth walked on his way—

supplied the foundation of Percy's well-known tale, which consists
mostly of fragments of songs, entire copies of which were not forth-
coming; and in "Love's Labour's Lost," one word stands for a song,
which in all probability had at the time a popularity sufficient to
make any explanation unnecessary, for when Moth, in obedience to
De Armado's command, commences to sing, the first word, "Con-
colonel," causes the fantastical Spaniard to exclaim "sweet air."
This same play also contains the catch or burden of a very old ditty
that is sung by those two sharp wits, Rosaline and Boyet, in one of
their sprightly sallies.

- Rosaline.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man
When King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
- Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when
Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it
- Rosaline.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
- Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

Trippingly.



Rosaline: Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.



Thou canst not hit it, my good man. *Boyet* An I can - not,



can - not, can - not An I can-not, an oth - er can.

In "King Lear" Edgar mentions an old pastoral song, "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me"; and two lines, "Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind" and "Child Rowland to the dark tower came," that he quotes during his assumed madness, are also taken from ancient ballads; while the legendary rhyme,

Saint withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the nightmare, and her ninefold;
Did her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

is a sixteenth century translation of what was from time immemorial the popular charm or spell against the visita^{on} of the night horrors; just as the word "abracadabra" counteracted fevers, and the words "Haut haut hista pista vista" charmed away sprains and bruises. To us whose lot it is to have been born in a cultivated age and a cultivated country it becomes of importance to know not only what our less favoured forefathers did know, but also what they did not know; and even their errors and credulity are no less instructive than amusing.

Had the various authors of these old-world relics belonged to a polished and enlightened era, in all probability they would have

represented many of the events which they have recorded in a very different and, perchance, less contenting manner. Naturally, in the ages in which bards, scalds, or minstrels—by whichever name one chooses to call them—were the only preservers of the records of the time, truth was constantly blended with the most extravagant fictions and exaggerations; and though most of these fictions, with the incidents which they embellished, have perished or become difficult of access,

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As buoyant on the stormy main
A parted wreck appears.

And these fragments, whatever their defects, both ethical and metrical, are interesting, as they most of them commemorate events which have affected, at one time or another, in a greater or less degree, almost all the nations of the earth; and they are both interesting and valuable as faithfully representing the kind of literary, historical, and ethical pabulum on which were nourished the men who have contributed some lively pages to the world's history.

FRED. S. LEFTWICH.

THE SUNS OF SPACE.

THE fact that the stars are suns like our own sun has long been known to astronomers. So far back as 1750, Thomas Wright, of Durham, in his work on the "Construction of the Milky Way," said "The sun is a star, and the stars are suns;" and the poet Young, in his "Night Thoughts," says: -

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.

The truth of this theory, which must have always seemed a most probable one to a thinking mind, has been fully proved in recent years by the spectroscope, which shows that the stars are incandescent bodies shining by their own light, and that many of them are almost identical in physical constitution with our own sun. All the stars, however, do not show exactly the same character of spectrum, and they have therefore been divided into classes or types according to the nature of the light which they emit. Stars of the first type, like Sirius, Vega, Regulus, Altair, &c., show a spectrum with strong dark lines of hydrogen, and are believed by astronomers to be intrinsically hotter and brighter than stars with a solar type of spectrum, which constitute the second type of stellar spectra. The third and fourth types are essentially different from the other two, and include the red stars, many of which are variable in light. Although all the types probably represent suns of various kinds and in various stages of their life history, those of the second type only are strictly comparable with our sun in their physical constitution. But how are we to compare the sun with any star? The first thing necessary to know is, of course, the distance of the star from the earth, for without this knowledge the star might be of any size. It might be comparatively near the earth and of small diameter compared with the sun, or it might be at a great distance and have an enormous diameter. The next thing to ascertain is the relative brightness of the star compared with that of the sun. This is also most important, for the apparent brightness of any self luminous sphere varies directly as the square of its diameter, so that if we can find the relative brightness of the sun and a star,

we can find their relative diameters if their relative distances are known, provided that their intrinsic brilliancy of surface is the same. This latter condition we may assume to be practically true, if the star's spectrum is similar to that of the sun. These two factors of distance and relative brightness being known it becomes possible to compare directly the diameter of the sun (and hence its volume) with that of a star having the same type of spectrum. Now it has been computed¹ that the brightness of the sun may be represented by stating that it is twenty seven magnitudes above the zero of stellar magnitudes, or twenty-eight magnitudes brighter than an average star of the first magnitude, such as Aldebaran. The meaning of "stellar magnitude" is that a star of the first magnitude is 2.512 times as bright as a star of the second magnitude; a star of the second magnitude 2.512 times as bright as one of the third, and so on. Or, generally, if m be the difference in magnitude, then $(2.512)^m$ will represent the difference in brightness. Hence the sun will be $(2.512)^{28}$ times brighter than an average star of the first magnitude; that is, the sun is equal in brightness to 158,500 million stars of the first magnitude. In the following paper I will consider those stars of which the distance has been determined with some approach to accuracy, and of which the spectrum—according to the "Draper Catalogue of Stellar Spectra," observed at Harvard—is of the solar type (F), and therefore fairly comparable with that of the sun.

The first star I will consider is Beta Cassiopeiæ, one of the stars forming the well known "Chair of Cassiopeiæ." For this star the late Professor Pritchard found, by means of photography, a parallax of 0.154 of a second of arc, which would place it at a distance of 1,339,380 times the sun's distance from the earth. Were the sun placed at this vast distance—about twenty-one years' journey for light—I find that its light would be reduced to that of a star of magnitude 3.63 (light varying inversely as the square of the distance). Now the photometric magnitude of Beta Cassiopeiæ, as measured at Harvard Observatory, is 2.42. Hence the star is 1.21 magnitude, or about three times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance. Hence, if strictly comparable with the sun in physical constitution, the diameter of Beta Cassiopeiæ would be $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the sun, and its mass about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times the mass of the sun.

Eta Cassiopeiæ. A parallax of 0.465 of a second has recently been found for this star by means of photography. This would give a distance of 443,600 times the sun's distance from the earth. The sun placed at this distance would shine as a star of 1.13 magnitude,

¹ See my paper in *Astron. Edge* for June 1895.

and as the photometric magnitude of Eta Cassiopeiæ is 3.64, it would follow that the sun is ten times brighter than the star, and hence the mass of the star would be only $\frac{1}{10}$ of the sun's mass. The star is a well-known binary, or revolving double star; and an orbit recently computed by Dr. See, combined with the above parallax, gives for the mass of the system $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the sun's mass. The discrepancy between the above results may be partly explained by the fact that the comparison, which, of course, has a mass of its own, is faint, and does not perceptibly influence the light of the primary star.

For the Pole Star, a parallax of 0.015 of a second has been found by De Ball. Placed at the distance indicated by this minute parallax, the sun would be reduced to a star of only 8.69 magnitude, and as the photometric magnitude of the Pole Star is 2.15, we have a difference of 6.54 magnitudes in favour of the star. This would make the star 413 times the brightness of the sun, and its mass no less than 8,395 times the sun's mass! This is a rather startling result, but the small value of the parallax of course makes its accuracy somewhat doubtful. Brioschi found a parallax of 0.60 of a second, which would considerably reduce the mass; but most of the results found in recent years have been very small. It would therefore seem that the Pole Star is probably a sun of enormous size. The spectrum is a doubtful one (F?) of the solar type.

For the brilliant star Capella a parallax of 0.107 of a second was found by Dr. Elkin. This would give a distance of 1,927,700 times the sun's distance from the earth, and at this distance the sun would be reduced to a star of 4.42 magnitude. As the photometric magnitude of Capella is 0.18, it follows that the star is 4.24 magnitudes, or 49.66 times brighter than the sun. This would make its diameter about seven times the sun's diameter, and its mass about 350 times the mass of the sun. A considerably larger parallax of 0.522 of a second was, however, found by Glasenapp, which would make the sun but little inferior to the star in brightness and mass. The star's spectrum is very similar to the solar spectrum.

Procyon. For this brilliant star Auwers found a parallax of 0.240 of a second, Wagner 0.229, and Elkin 0.266. Elkin's value, which is about a mean of the other two, would place the star at a distance of 775,439 times the sun's distance from the earth. This would reduce the sun's brightness to a star of magnitude 2.45; and as the photometric magnitude of Procyon is 0.46, it follows that the star is $6\frac{1}{2}$ times brighter than the sun. This would make its diameter $2\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the sun, and its mass about $15\frac{1}{2}$ times the sun's mass.

Its spectrum is of the same type as the sun and Capella, and its brilliancy would lead us to believe that it is a sun of large size.

Theta Ursæ Majoris. This is another star with a spectrum of the solar type. A small parallax of 0.045 of a second was found by Kapteyn. Placed at the distance indicated by this parallax the sun would shine as a star of 6.26 magnitude. But the star's photometric magnitude being 3.22, it follows that the star is 3.04 magnitudes, or 16.44 times brighter than the sun. Its mass would therefore be about 66½ times the mass of the sun, so that if the parallax is at all reliable we have here another sun of large size.

85 Pegasi. For this star Brunnnow found a small parallax of 0.054 of a second. The sun if placed at the distance indicated by this parallax would shine as a star of 5.91 magnitude, and as the star's photometric magnitude is 5.83, we have the sun and star almost exactly equal in brightness, and therefore probably nearly equal in mass. The star is a binary, and from an orbit recently computed by Dr. See and the above parallax, I find that the mass of the system would be nearly eight times the mass of the sun. The star's spectrum (E) is, however, not exactly the same as that of the sun, and the star may therefore not be strictly comparable with the sun in brightness. If we assume that the intrinsic brilliancy of its surface is somewhat less than that of the sun, then its diameter, and therefore its mass, may be greater than our sun's.

Although stars with spectra of the Sirian type are not directly comparable with the sun in brightness, being probably much hotter, it will be interesting to consider some of the stars having this type of spectrum. In the case of Sirius itself, I find that the sun placed at the distance indicated by a parallax of 0.37 of a second, found by Dr. Gill, would shine as a star of 1.73 magnitude, and as the photometric magnitude of Sirius—as measured at Harvard—is +1.43, or 1.43 magnitudes brighter than the zero of stellar magnitudes, it follows that the star is 3.16 magnitudes, or 18.37 times, brighter than the sun. Dr. See finds from his orbit that the combined mass of Sirius and its companion is 3.473 times the mass of the sun, the mass of the primary star being 2.36, and that of the companion—which is faint—1.113. From this it follows that if Sirius had the same density and intrinsic brightness of surface as the sun it would be only 1.773 times brighter. Hence its brightness is over ten times greater than it would be if its physical constitution were the same as that of the sun. It would seem therefore that the great apparent brightness of Sirius is due to its comparative proximity to the earth, combined

with its great intrinsic brilliancy, and not, as was formerly supposed, to its being a very massive sun.

For the bright star Regulus, Dr. Elkin found a parallax of 0.093 of a second, which would reduce the sun to 4.73 magnitude, and as the photometric magnitude of Regulus is 1.42 , we have the star 3.31 magnitudes, or twenty-one times brighter than the sun, or somewhat brighter than Sirius.

For the star Beta Ursæ Majoris—the southern of the two “pointers”—Klinkerfues found the minute parallax of 0.01 of a second. This would reduce the sun to a star of 9.57 magnitude, and the star's magnitude being 2.60 , would imply that the star is no less than 613 times brighter than the sun! The minuteness of the parallax, however, renders its accuracy doubtful. All the other stars in the “Plough”—with the exception of Alpha—have spectra of the Sirian type and small parallaxes. The star Zeta Ursæ Majoris is an interesting case, for spectroscopic observations have shown that the brighter component of this wide double star is a very close binary star with a period of 104 days, and a mass equal to forty times the mass of the sun. A parallax of about 0.045 of a second was found by Klinkerfues, which would reduce the sun to a star of 6.30 magnitude, and as the star's magnitude is 2.38 , we have the star 3.92 magnitudes, or 37 times brighter than the sun would be if placed at the same distance. Now, if the star were of the same density and intrinsic brightness as the sun, its mass would imply that its brightness would be about 11.7 times the sun's brightness. From this we see that the intrinsic brightness of the star is individually greater than that of the sun. This excess of brightness may, however, be due to the expansion of its volume by greater heat, and the same remark may apply to Sirius.

For the bright star Vega (Alpha Lyre) Glasenapp found a parallax of 0.110 of a second. This would reduce the sun to 4.36 magnitude, and the star's photometric magnitude being 0.19 , we have the star 4.17 magnitude, or $46\frac{1}{2}$ times brighter than the sun. This would make Vega a considerably brighter body than Sinus, but situated at a much greater distance from the earth.

Another star with the Sirian type of spectrum is Altair (Alpha Aquilæ), for which Dr. Elkin finds a parallax of 0.199 of a second, which would, I find, make the star about seven times brighter than the sun.

For the star Alpha Cephei, which has a spectrum of the Sirian type, Professor Pritchard found by means of photography a parallax of 0.061 of a second, which would, I find, make the star—whose

photometric magnitude is 2.58—about $16\frac{1}{2}$ times brighter than the sun.

From the above results we may conclude that many of the stars are larger than our sun. On the other hand, there is reason to think that many of the fainter stars—such as those comprising the Milky Way—are much smaller suns than ours. In fact, the visible universe probably contains suns of various sizes, a result which might reasonably have been expected. That they are all incandescent bodies, shining by their own light, and therefore veritable suns, is, however a fact which admits of no reasonable doubt.

J. ELLARD GORE.

THE ENGLISH TOWNSHIP.

IF the proverbial "man in the street" were asked if he knows where Ditmarsh is, he would probably reply "In England." Its name has certainly an English sound, and well it may, for Ditmarsh is the cradle of our race, the old Saxony from which our forefathers set out in order to found new homes in Britain. Ditmarsh comprises the strip of country situate between the mouths of the rivers Elbe and Eider. An old map of Neocorus shows that the physical aspect of the shore-line has greatly altered even in recent times. In the fifteenth century a great island of sand lay off the coast, and diverted the main stream of the Elbe, so that it flowed northward and mingled its waters with those of the Eider. It is said that the language spoken in Ditmarsh three centuries ago closely resembled the early English tongue, and this assertion is borne out by the occurrence in the dialect of such phrases as, "flo und ebb," "sink oder swim," and "quit und fric," which no Englishman could fail to understand. Both languages in fact belonged to the "Low Dutch" group, which formerly prevailed along the northern shores of the continent, from Denmark to Picardy, and formed an intermediate link between the "Scandinavian," spoken in Norway and Sweden, and the "High Dutch" of the interior of Germany. King Waldemar's *Erdbuch* or census, which dates from the thirteenth century, contains names of localities in Ditmarsh:—Ruye, Stening, Worthing, Öre, Hethe, Rumso, Swanso, Grumby, and Withly, which had long since been transferred to places on the British shores. At any rate, they find counterparts in Rye, Steyning, Worthing, Ore, Hythe, and Romsey on the south, Swansea on the west, and Grimsby and Whitby on the east coast; and a list of families resident in Ditmarsh during the fifteenth century exhibits many surnames identical with our own, such as Bute, Butteler, Evers, Groeve, Hartman, Hemming, Harder, Helman, Jerriman, Portman, Suwell, and Wilder. ("Archæologia," 37, 373.)

Up to the fifteenth century the people of Ditmarsh contrived to preserve their identity and independence, and each parish formed a

self-contained and self-governed agricultural community, and elected from the most influential of its "gudemen" or landowners certain officers called the "Sixteens," who administered justice, and from whose decision an appeal lay only to the assembly of the whole parish. The Sixteens also regulated the cultivation of the "feld-mark," or land belonging to the community, superintended the division by lot of the common field and common pasture, provided a common bull for breeding cattle, and appointed subordinate officials to attend to the gates and hedges. (*Ibid.* 382) The standard of land-measure in Ditmarsh until the thirteenth century was the *jordh* or "yardland." We shall presently have occasion to notice more particularly what was the nature of this very ancient unit of measure.

Now if we turn to our own country, we shall find a most striking example of how this same form of home-rule was imported by foreign invaders from the banks of the Elbe to those of the Thames, and in spite of the wear and tear of a millennium and a half still preserved some of its original features.

The manor of Aston and Cote, in the parish of Bampton-in-the-Bush, Oxfordshire, possessed a custom which, at the date of its inclosure in 1853, was thought to be unique, though there is reason to suppose that a similar one prevailed at an earlier period in neighbouring manors. All the inhabitants met, on the eve of Lady-day, at the town cross of Aston, and there elected a representative from every hide of land to serve as "Sixteens" during the ensuing year. These Sixteens (the term it will be observed is identical with that formerly used in Ditmarsh) formed a court, which exercised a jurisdiction quite independent of the lord of the manor and his steward, in all matters relating to the internal arrangements of the manor. They made orders, amerced suitors for nonappearance, set penalties, made presentments, and their orders, if proclaimed from the town cross, were binding on all the inhabitants. Like the Sixteens of Ditmarsh, they made an annual allotment of the common fields and meadows, and appointed four "grass stewards," whose duty it was to see that bulls were provided for the common use, and that gates and hedges were kept in good repair. ("Archæologia," 33, 274.)

Before pursuing our subject further, it may be convenient to ascertain precisely who were these foreign invaders who introduced the germ of popular local government into our midst. The Venerable Bede, who wrote some 250 years after the invasion, tells us that they belonged to three powerful tribes of "Germany"—the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes ("Hist. Eccles." i. 15).

Claudius Ptolemy, a celebrated geographer of the second century, is the first author who mentions the Saxons by name. He places them north of the Elbe, upon "the neck of the Cimbric chersonese," and upon the three "Saxon islands." The peninsula of Denmark continued to bear the name of the "Cimbric chersonese," although its former denizens, the Celtic Cimbri, had at that period been displaced by nations of Gothic origin. Its "neck," or, in other words, the territory intervening between the Elbe and the Eider, became known in later times as Nordalbingia, because it lay north of the Albis or Elbe, and Old Saxony, because it was the original home of the Saxon race. It comprised the provinces of Ditmarsh, Holsatia, and Stormaria. Ditmarsh consists, for the most part, of low-lying country, protected by great sea banks. Holsatia was a tract of forest land immediately to the eastward, while Stormaria, the most southern province, was a dismal marsh, extending along the course of the Elbe to a point some few miles above the city of Hamburg. It remains for us to notice the three islands, which formed the remaining territory held by the Saxons at the period when Ptolemy wrote. The first was North Strandt, on the coast of Sleswick, formerly twenty miles long by seven broad, but now almost entirely annihilated by encroachments of the sea. The second was Busen, an embanked island at the mouth of the Eider, and the third was Heigoland, the "holy isle," which lies some forty miles out at sea (Turner's "Hist. of Anglo-Saxons"). Both Busen and Heligoland are suffering the same fate as Nordstrandt, and are being gradually devoured by the waves of the German Ocean. The Saxons are described by a writer of the seventh century as a people settled upon the shores of the ocean and in trackless swamps (Isidorus, Orig. 9, 2). The name of Jutæ, Giotæ, or Gutæ was applied to the Gothic inhabitants of that part of Sleswick, which afterwards obtained from them the name of South Jutland. The Angles, Bede tells us, came from the country known as the "angle" (*angulus*), which had ever since remained unoccupied between the territories of the Jutes and Saxons. We are inclined at first to regard this statement as a mere play upon words, comparable to Gregory's epigram, "*non Angli sed angeli*;" but the writer evidently had in mind the name of a district on the east coast of Sleswick, which is still known as Anglen or Angeln. This is made clear by the statement of Ethelwerd, a chronicler of the tenth century: "Old England is situate between the Saxons and Jutes, and has in it a capital town, which in Saxon is called Sleswick, but in Danish Haithaby." The same locality is more vaguely indicated by King Alfred in his translation of the

"History of Orosius," for, in describing a voyage made by Ohthere of Haigoland, he writes: "Ohthere says that he sailed in five days from Scringes-heale to the port which men call Hæthum (perhaps Haithahy), which lies between the Wends, Saxons, and Angles, and forms part of Denmark. When Ohthere sailed to Hæthum from Scringes-heale, Denmark was on his port side, and a wide sea on his starboard side, for three days. And two days before he came to Hæthum, Gotland and Sillende and many islands were on his starboard side (on these lands the Angles dwelt before they came to this country), and for two days the islands which belong to Denmark were on his port side."

Hengist, according to Nennius (c. 37), came from the *isle* of Angul, so we may take it that the Angles originally occupied a portion of the east coast of Jutland and the adjacent islands. The "three powerful tribes" who held the frontiers of Germany and Scandinavia were, therefore, near neighbours, near kinsmen, and spoke the same language. Indeed, we should regard them as one homogeneous race were it not for the fact that, long after their settlement in Britain, there appears to have existed a broad distinction, in name, at any rate, between the Saxons of Sussex, Essex, Wessex, and Middlesex, and the Angles of the North and Midlands. The line of the ancient Watling Street seems to have separated the Saxons from the Angles, just as in after times it did the Saxons from the Danes.

The Angles perhaps contained a larger Scandinavian element than their more Teutonic neighbours the Saxons. The former were the predominant race, and gave their name to the new country; the Saxons, properly so-called, were fewer in numbers, the Jutes, if they ever formed a distinct tribe, were still less numerous, and soon lost their identity. Bede tells us that Kent was occupied by the Jutes, and it is significant that the county is cut up into five peculiar divisions called "lathes," a term possibly derived from the Jutish word *lething*, meaning a military expedition, and so denoting a district liable to contribute to the same (Lappenberg, 97).

During the reign of Diocletian and Maximian the Saxons, in company with their allies the Franks, were infesting the coasts of Belgic Gaul and Armorica to such an extent that a fleet was stationed at Boulogne, under the command of Carausius, whose successor bore the title "Count of the Saxon shore," in order to keep them in check ("Eutropius," 9, 21); but at the beginning of the following century all the sea-shore of the continent from Jutland to the Rhine was occupied by a great confederation of Gothic tribes, whom Roman

accompanied an expedition had assigned to him, by lot or arrangement, a share of the conquered territory. His dwelling marked the site of a future township. Around it clustered the homesteads of the ceorls or freemen, who were actually or theoretically his kinsmen and blood relations. The ceorl's toft or homestead had attached to it a croft or small enclosure, and "as much land as was requisite to form a garden, kitchen garden, and for flax and other culture, which required a constant protection against the common stubble and fallow pasturage rights, and wild beasts, as well as smaller enclosures for cattle requiring especial care and attention, and which could be put up in the farmyards in the village." (Nasse's "Agricultural Community of the Middle Ages," Ouvry's translation, p. 17.) This petty enclosure of "toft and croft" was sometimes called the *tun*, and formed the Englishman's castle, the only land which he could properly call his own, but the entire village, including the dwellings of ceorl, ceorl, and serf alike, was surrounded by what was *par excellence* called the *tun*, a stockaded rampart and ditch, from which we derive the expression "township" (*tunscripe*) applied to an English village and its appurtenant territories. Professor Leo considers that the familiar suffix *ham* in place-names has a technical meaning equivalent to that of *tun*, and the mere fact of the village being designated "the enclosure," implies that the rest of the territory belonging to the township was wholly devoid of permanent fences, and such, in fact, was the case. A portion of that territory was reserved for the especial benefit of the ceorl, in virtue of his social position, and of that we will say no more. The remainder was assigned for the common use and benefit of the free community, in the proportion of one hide of land for each household, and consisted of (1) plough lands for growing a succession of crops, (2) meadow land for hay, and (3) rough pasture. The plough-lands were divided into an immense number of small allotments, separated by wide margins of unploughed turf, and usually consisting of one acre apiece. These acre strips were annually distributed among the ceorls by lot, or in rotation, according to the bye-laws and regulations devised by the *tun-gemot*, that is to say, the moot or assembly of the township, which met under the presidency of its elected reeve at the sacred tree or mound dedicated for the purpose. Motcombe, at Eastbourne, Sussex, is the "coombe" or hollow behind the old church where the *tun-gemot* may have held its meetings in ancient times. The great hill called the Mote, at Brampton, Cumberland, may be so named for a similar reason. Every ceorl, as owner of a family dwelling, enjoyed the right of

ploughing and sowing and gathering the year's corn-crop from as many acre strips as were for the time being allotted to him. His acre strips did not lie together in one block, but were widely scattered over the open field, in order that he might obtain his due share of the best land as well as of the poorer soil, and his scattered strips were in the aggregate termed his "yardland," from the fact of their having been originally meted out by the yard or measuring-rod. When harvest was over the yardlands reverted to the community, and all its members could turn out cattle to graze upon the entire area of stubble. Next year a fresh portion of the common ploughland was allotted in a similar manner, and the part which had been ploughed in the previous year was allowed to lie fallow, in order that the land might recover its full power of fertilisation. The ceorl had the further right of winning his hay from his allotment of the meadow land, and, when the crop was earned, of pasturing his cattle on the whole of the mown field, and the right of sending his cattle at all times, under the care of the village herdsmen, to the rough pasture in the heath and woodland which girdled the township. Here, too, he probably possessed the right of taking "botes" or necessaries, that is to say, what in later times was known as house-bote or wood to repair his buildings, fire bote or wood for fuel, plough-bote or cart-bote for repairing the agricultural plant, and hay-bote for mending the hays or fences. The terms corresponding to bote in the Norman-French were "*estovers*," derived from the verb *estoffer*, to furnish, and "*essarts*" from *essarter*, which means to clear ground of scrub. Lastly, the ownership of the household carried with it the right to dig peat in the common peat moss, and to fish in the waters belonging to the community. But all these rights were strictly subject to the bye-laws framed by the village assembly, and were enjoyed according to the custom of the township. The ceorl was probably admitted to the freedom of the community, and received possession of the acre-strips constituting his yardland, by the symbolical delivery of a piece of turf or twig of a tree, in the presence of his fellow freemen. At any rate the modern ceremony of "admitung" the copyholder or customary tenant of the manor seems to have originated from some such practice. At Malmesbury, even in recent times, the delivery of allotments to commoners was accompanied by the repetition of some curious doggerel rhymes which are evidently of great antiquity :—

This land and twig I give to thee,
As free as Athelstan gave it me,
And I hope a loving brother thou wilt be.

How and when the yardlands of the township ceased to be allotted in rotation amongst all the members of the community, and became permanently vested in certain individual members, to the exclusion of the rest, we can only conjecture. However, in some of the Swiss cantons, where the same primitive system of cultivation survives, we find the allotments distributed, not every year, but at intervals of five, ten, or twenty years, and even for life, while, upon the death of a commoner, the right to cultivate or pasture the allotment of the deceased passes, in some instances, to his son or widow, until a new division of the common land takes place. (Laveleye, "Primitive Property," English translation, p. 93.) Similar customs, prevailing in this country, would speedily create a species of tenant-right, which would naturally develop into a customary estate of inheritance.

Several Saxon townships were grouped together into larger districts called hundreds. In the Anglian counties they are usually styled wapentakes or wards. The hundred had its origin in the military organisation of the ancient German tribes, as described by Tacitus. In England it was a merely conventional term, applied to a collection of townships, united for the purpose of local government. The hundred also had its assembly the "hundred-gemot," to which each township sent its reeve or headman, and four other members to act as its representatives. The hundred-gemot formed a court of appeal from the decisions of the tun-gemots, and settled questions of dispute between village and village. It is easy to imagine how the native population must have melted away in the face of so powerful and clannish an organisation as the Saxon township. The man who failed to obtain admission to the charmed circle of the village community, as a fictitious or adopted kinsman of the local eorl, could hold no property, and could have no more civil rights than a mere serf.

Time brought with it many changes, and those not violent but gradual, in the constitution of the township. Tracts of unoccupied land, which had long been regarded as the common property of the nation, eventually became the demesne of the king, and were granted by him to his companions in arms, who exercised the rights of chief lords of the hundred and its component units. The eorls, or athelings, the old *hereditary* landed nobility, became in turn subordinate lords of petty manors, co-extensive with the ancient townships. The free commoners held their yardlands according to the ancient custom of the township, but nominally "at the will of the lord and according to the custom of the manor," as the phrase ran,

and their reeve or ealdorman, instead of being elected by the tun-gemot, became a mere nominee or steward of the lord of the manor. The principles of feudalism had evidently taken deep root in England before ever William the Norman set foot upon our shores. With the spread of Christianity, townships were grouped together, so as to form another territorial division, the ecclesiastical parish, and the functions of the ancient tun-gemot were lost in those of the manorial court and the parochial vestry. It will thus be seen that the boundary of the parish is often the most venerable relic of antiquity which it possesses. The stream, or other natural feature of the landscape, which originally formed the limit of a British tribe, or Roman colony, has become that of a Saxon township or hundred, an English parish or county, a Norman manor or barony. It is sometimes marked by standing stones which possibly date from prehistoric times. These "hoar stones" were originally so called, not from their hoary appearance, but from the fact that they are landmarks, for the words *or*, or *oir*, in Welsh, and *or*, or *oru*, in Saxon, mean a limit or boundary. We find the same epithet applied to ancient trees, which for generations, and it may be centuries, came to aid the short-lived memory of the peasantry when they perambulated and beat the boundaries. Speed's map of Devonshire shows a "hoar oak" on the line of division between that county and Somersetshire. Elsewhere we find a *harab apoldre*, or hoar apple-tree, such as the one mentioned in the Saxon chronicle, around whose aged trunk raged the battle of Hastings, and "harestones" and "warstones" innumerable, which all form ancient landmarks. ("Archæologia," 25, 25.)

We will now briefly notice the nature of the three principal land measures used by the Angles and Saxons: the acre, the yardland, and the hide. The Saxon *acer*, like the Latin *ager*, originally signified a field of indeterminate size. In this sense it survives in the surnames Akerman, meaning field-man, and Whitaker, meaning white-field, but at a very early period it was used to denote a strip of arable land in the common field of the township, containing as much land as one of the common ploughs drawn by a team of eight oxen could plough in a working day. We may compare with it the French term *journal*, and the German *morgen*, which both signify an acre of ground, but mean literally "a day's work" and "a morning's work." When we speak of an acre nowadays we mean any area of land which contains the exact quantity of 4,840 square yards, but it would surprise many people to learn that the acre of an earlier period had a conventional shape. Such, nevertheless, appears to have been the case, for Du

Cange tells us that the English acre, mentioned in the "*History of Battle Abbey*," was 40 perches in length and four in breadth, and even Dr. Johnson defines it as "a quantity of land containing in length 40 perches and four in breadth." Now, 40 perches make a furlong, and a furlong, as Spelman informs us, means a "furrow-long," or length of the furrow in a ploughed field. It is very inconvenient when ploughing a small allotment of land to be continually turning the plough, so it seems to have been the custom from time immemorial to lay out the acre strips, so that the furrows might be as long as possible, and so that the plough might travel 40 perches, or one eighth of a mile, without a turn. We can now perceive why it was that the allotments in the common fields of our country villages were so absurdly long in proportion to their width, for if they contained an acre apiece, their length was 40 perches or rods, and their breadth 4 rods. If, as was frequently the case, they contained half an acre apiece, their length was still one furlong and their breadth two rods, and if they consisted of a quarter of an acre only, or in other words, a rood or square rod, their length was still 40 rods and their width but one rod.

The yardland, as we have already hinted, was composed of as many acre, half-acre, or quarter-acre strips of the common arable field as the assembly of the township could afford to allot to each of its free members. The yardland varied greatly in quantity according to the situation of its component plots, the nature of the soil, and local custom. As land was gradually reclaimed from the forest surrounding the township, and distributed in equal shares among the existing holders of yardlands, the number of acres in every yardland had a tendency to increase ("*Archæologia*," 33, 272). Indeed, as agriculture improved, and the soil was rendered more productive, the yardland and not the hide came to be regarded as the amount of ground sufficient in theory to support a household, while in fact several households sometimes contrived to live upon the produce of a single yardland. A manuscript relating to the Abbey of Malmesbury gives the following definition of a yardland: "The yardland contains 24 acres, and four yardlands constitute a hide." At Wimbledon, in Surrey, a yardland consisted of only fifteen acres. At other places it contained 20, 30, 40, or 45 acres, but, for convenience sake we will adopt the golden mean, and accept the definition given in a modern work on arithmetic, "A yard of land=30 acres."

The hide anciently contained as much land of all descriptions as was necessary for the support of a village householder and his family, but, as a definite land measure, it consisted of four

yardlands, and varied in proportion as its component unit varied in quantity; but as we have adopted 30 acres as the average contents of the yardland, we may take it that 120 acres represented the average area of the old English hide. Spelman derives the word "hide" from the Saxon *hýfan*, "to cover." It was applied originally to the covered dwelling of the ceor. or householder, and later to the land appurtenant to it. That this derivation is correct is proved by the fact that other synonymous terms have a corresponding signification. The Saxon name for a hide of land, "hiwisc," means literally a family or household, the Low Latin "mansa" comes from the verb *manere*, to dwell; "casata" is derived from *casa*, "a cottage"; while "famula," which is used by the Venerable Bede, and translated "hide" by his Saxon commentator, speaks for itself. It is important to observe that at the mediæval *inquisitio post mortem* no account was taken of the value of that portion of the hide that happened to be lying fallow, and that circumstance may help to account for the great discrepancy in the number of acres composing the hide in various counties ("Archæologia," 33. 278).

But it is by observing the system of open-field cultivation as it existed in our own country a few generations ago, and by comparing it with the same system as it continues to exist in Germany and other parts of the continent, that we are able to reconstruct the skeleton of the Saxon township, and to conceive the spirit which animated its dry bones. Let us descend to modern times and judge *ex pede Herculem*.

Every village, says Marshall, in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling houses and farm buildings, had some few inclosed grass lands for the rearing of calves, or for other cattle which it might be thought necessary to keep near the village (the common farmstead or homestead). Around these home inclosures lay the *arable land*, divided into fields of nearly equal size and usually three in number, on which winter and summer crops and fallow followed in succession. In the lowest grounds, and "in the water-formed base of the rivered valleys, or in the boggy dips adjoining the arable land, lay *meadow ground* for hay harvest." The more distant land served for *pasture* and wood, but the pasturage was of two distinct kinds; the inferior portion of a better kind called "stinted," on which there was a limit as to numbers and kinds of cattle, milch cows, draught cattle, and others, which required better food during the summer, and the "common" pasture, on which everyone could turn out as many cattle during the summer as he had fodder to support during the winter. Thus the whole acreage of the township was divided like one great farm, which was made use of by the joint tenants according to a uniform plan. It is only in the extreme west, says he, that this system has never prevailed. (*Narr.*, Overy's translation, p. 10.)

We will deal first with the arable land. Many of our rural place-names echo rustic terms, which were once upon everyone's lips, but

which are now well-nigh forgotten. The "acres" and "half-acres" mark the site of the old common field, where arable strips lay side by side, each separated from the other by a "balk" or grass border. *Balk* is a Saxon word, meaning a strip of turf left unturned by a careless ploughman between two parallel furrows, and hence the margin of grass intentionally left to prevent one neighbour from encroaching upon the allotment of another in the open field. In some parts of England this grass border is called a "reecan." The modern German words *balken*, *rain*, and *rainbalken* have a precisely similar signification.

In Scotland and Ireland the acre-strips are termed "rigs" or ridges, and the open field system of cultivation is generally known as the "run-rig system," on account of its marked feature the alternation of rig and recan, or ridged-up furrows and balk. The triangular or pointed strip, which occupied the corner of a field, was called a "gore" or "gored acre." A block of parallel acre-strips was technically termed a "furlong," from the fact of its being a furrow in length, or a "shot," which is the Saxon *scot*, a contribution or share; and every furlong or shot was bordered by a balk, much broader than those which separated its constituent acre-strips, where the hare sat in her form, and the wild vegetation flourished undisturbed by the plough. The balk which lay at the head of the furlong, where the ploughs turned when they had traversed the acre-strips, was distinguished by the name of the "headland." Very often the lie of the ground necessitated one furlong being laid out cross wise or at right angles to the others, so that the headland of the former abutted on the sides of the latter. These transverse strips were then termed "butts" or, in Scotland, "butt-riggs." (Seebohm: "The English Village Community.")

"When a hillside formed part of the open field, the strips almost always were made to run, not up and down the hill, but horizontally along it; and in ploughing, the custom for ages was always to turn the sod of the furrow downhill, the plough consequently always returning one way idle. If the whole hillside were ploughed in one field, this would result in a gradual travelling of the soil from the top to the bottom of the field, and it might not be noticed. But as in the open field system, the hillside was ploughed in strips with unploughed balks between them, no sod could pass in the ploughing from one strip to the next; but the process of moving the sod downwards would go on age after age just the same within each individual strip. In other words, every year's ploughing took a sod from the higher edge of the strip, and put it on the lower edge; and the result was that the strips became in time long level terraces, one

above the other, and the balks between them grew into steep rough banks of long grass, covered often with natural self-sown brambles and bushes. These banks between the plough-made terraces are generally called *lynches* or *linces*, and the word is often applied to the terraced strips themselves, which go by the name of 'the linces' (Seebohm: *Ibid.* p. 5). The word "lynch" is the same as the Saxon *Alinc*, which is often used in old charters to signify a boundary bank. In Cooper's "Provincialisms of Sussex" a link is defined as "a green or wooded bank, always on the side of a hill between two pieces of cultivated land." The name of "The Links" occurs at Eastbourne, while examples of their peculiar formation may be seen upon the downsides at Jevington in the same neighbourhood, where they are popularly regarded as the remains of a Roman camp. Save the mark!

Such was the "fair field full of folk" which the fourteenth century poet William Langland saw in his vision concerning Piers the ploughman, where all manner of men—the mean and the rich—in "cring and sowing swonken full hard." Piers told the pilgrims that he had a half-acre to erie. Then he and the pilgrims set about ploughing the half-acre, while "diggers and delvers digged up the balks," and the reprobate "Sloth" remarks that, though he had been priest and parson for more than thirty winters, he could neither "sol-fa, nor sing, nor saints' lives read"; but he did know how to find a hare in a furlong (*Ibid.* p. 18).











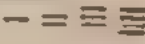
The common field was in general subject to a three-course system of cultivation, and, in consequence, comprised three tracts, each of which in turn became the winter-field, summer-field, and fallow. In the first year the old fallow was broken up, and "tilth-grain," that is to say, wheat, was grown upon the newly tilled land. In the second year the etch or stubble field was ploughed, and "etch-grain," that is, oats or sometimes beans, were sown upon it in the spring, and in the third year the tract lay bare and fallow. The acre-strips composing the yardlands of the commoners were intermixed and scattered in wild confusion over these three tracts or fields, and this intermixture was, as we have already noticed, the result of their having been originally allotted annually in this manner purposely, and in order that each commoner should have his due proportion of good and bad land. When the crop was carried, the common arable field was manured by folding sheep upon it. For example, at Berwick, in Sussex, during the last century, the "laine," or arable upland held in common, or to use the local expression "in tenantry," contained 155 acres, divided into 338 intermixed strips; and, as there were no fences, it could only be depastured in

autumn. Every commoner, therefore, contributed a certain number of sheep, in proportion to his or her holding, e.g. Thomas Susan, fourteen sheep; Widow Godly, sixteen sheep; so as to form a "tenant flock," or common flock, which was fed and folded on the strips and balks composing the laine, according to strict rules. ("Suss. Arch. Coll." 6, 239)

We will next deal with the meadow ground of the old English township. This, like the arable field, was distributed in allotments by rotation or lot, and when all the commoners had carried their crop of hay, the whole meadow became subject to the grazing rights of the community, according to local custom, "used time out of mind, whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary." The common mowing ground was sometimes known as the "Lammas lands" or "Lammas meadows," because

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When husbands win their hay,

that the cattle were driven to pasture on the mown grass field. The common meadow of the before mentioned manor of Aston and Cote was permanently divided by means of boundary stones into sixteen large shares, technically known as "layings-out," and each laying-out was subdivided into four smaller shares, called "sets." But as the sixty-four sets were not equally productive of hay, it was necessary that there should be an annual distribution of them amongst the tenants by lot. Now, each of the sixteen hides of land which formed the manor had from time immemorial made use of a peculiar and distinctive mark, and the names of these mysterious marks have been preserved to us; they were as follows:—

The one, two, and three "on right," i.e. parallel upright strokes	
The two on right and one at head, the Greek Π	
The three on right and one at head, the Greek Π with three down strokes	
The priest, two concentric circles representing a tonsure	
The crane's foot (latterly the hern's foot)	
The headless, i.e. a cross without a head	
The bow	
The cross	
The reel, a cross with crossed ends	
The peel (latterly the frying pan)	
The one, two, three, and four, "thwart over," i.e. parallel horizontal strokes	

(*Archæologia*, 35, 471.)

In Ditmarsh *peel* or *pool* meant the band of gilt leather which adorned the head of the unmarried girl. The same symbol was called in Sussex the "doter," which is probably the Saxon word *dohter*, daughter ("Archæologia," 37, 387). As every hide of Aston Manor contained four yardlands, the tenants of these four component yardlands used the same mark in common. When the hay crop of the great common meadow was ready for cutting, the grass stewards and the "sixteens" called a general meeting of the commoners. Each of those who had the right of mowing hay in the common meadow brought with him a piece of wood, on which was carved such one of the above-named marks as was proper to the hide in which his yardland lay. The "sets" of meadow-land were then balloted for in the following manner:—Four of the commoners came forward and deposited their marks in a hat, and a boy drew them out one by one, after giving the hat a good shake. The first mark drawn entitled its owner to have his share of meadow in set Number 1, the second drawn in set Number 2, the third in set Number 3, and the fourth in set Number 4. Four more commoners then came forward, and the same process was repeated, until the whole sixty-four sets had been distributed. Each man thereupon marked the set or strip of meadow which had fallen to his share by cutting on the turf his own proper mark ("Archæologia," 33, 275). Marks of a similar nature were used in the allotment of the fourteen so-called "hides" of common meadow among the holders of yardlands belonging to the manor of Southeast, Sussex. In the latter case the symbols were termed the one score — (one horizontal stroke) up to seven score (seven horizontal strokes) \equiv the

doter O , the dung hook J , the cross $+$, the two C's, the D, and the drinker I I ("Suss. Arch. Coll." 4, 307). At Berwick, in the same county, the dole lands (*i.e.* meadow lands divided into doles or shares) were set out in equal proportions for mowing, and lots were drawn from a hat ("Suss. Arch. Coll." 6, 239).

In the parishes of Congresbury and Puxton, Somersetshire, were two large pieces of common meadow called the "East and West Dolemoors," which were divided into separate acre strips, each of which had a peculiar mark cut upon the turf, such as the "born," the "four oxen and a mare," the "two oxen and a mare," the "pole-axe," the "cross," the "dung-fork," the "oven," the "duck's nest," the "hand-reel," and the "hare's tail." On the Saturday preceding Old Midsummer Day the commoners assembled at the spot, and a

number of apples, which had previously been marked in the same manner as the doles or shares of meadow, were placed in a bag or hat and distributed amongst them by a boy. At the close of the distribution each commoner repaired to his allotment as the apple directed him, and took possession for the ensuing year. An adjournment then took place to the house of the overseer of the Dolemoors, an officer annually elected from the body of commoners, where four acres reserved for the purpose of paying expenses were let by "inch of candle," and the rest of the day was passed in conviviality (Collinson's "Hist. Somerset").

The third class of land belonging to the township, as described by Marshall, was the pasturage, stinted or common, where horses, cattle, sheep, or pigs were sent to graze according to local rule and custom. It was the last fragment of the township territory to escape inclosure, and owes its preservation to the fact that its soil is generally of the poorest description, and unsuitable for agriculture. This "waste of the manor," with its scanty herbage and overgrowth of furze and wild bushes, where a few commoners still cling tenaciously to their ancient rights, is so familiar to us all that further description is unnecessary.

Many of our old municipal boroughs are mere developments of the English township. The Saxon word *burh* or *burg* meant originally the *fortified* house and courtyard of the nobleman, and came to be applied to the town which grew up around it—a community which held its own *burh-gemot* or borough assembly under the presidency of its own reeve. The borough was in fact a more strictly organised township. (Stubbs' "Const. Hist.") Only a generation ago Marlborough had its common arable field. The allotments were divided by broad "lanchets" or strips of meadow, and were subject to common pasture during the autumn, while a continuous right of common pasture existed over "The Thorns." (Waylen, "Hist. Marlboro'.") Old records show that other boroughs observed a mode of cultivating their municipal lands similar to that formerly in use among the rural townships. The commoners of Malmesbury, who possessed rights of common over "King's Heath"—a grant of land conferred upon them, according to the ancient tradition, by King Atnelstan—were divided into six "hundreds" or "tribes." Above them ranked certain privileged bodies, styled respectively the "Forty-eights," the "Twenty-fours," and the "Thirteens," who all had their respective shares in the land belonging to the community. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1832, 405.) The constitution of Dymmarsh

comprised analogous bodies of forty-eight and twenty-four members. ("Archæologia," 37, 377.)

The open-field system of cultivation was not peculiar to the Saxons, or even to the nations of the North. It was the primitive form of agriculture, which was once widely prevalent both in Europe and Asia, and continues to exist locally on both continents. Neither was the organised village community a distinctive Saxon institution. But the English township was essentially so. In it were developed and matured the first principles of our popular and representative local government. But the system has had its day and served its end. Society has quite outgrown this narrow chrysalis in which it was enveloped, and those enthusiasts who desire to confer larger powers upon our local councils, or to revive the now effete class of small landed proprietors, are only endeavouring to put back the hands of the clock of progress.

T. H. B. GRAHAM.

THE MINISTER'S MAN.

ON an afternoon when the sky was bright and the breeze blew gently through the yellowing corn, I alighted from the coach that plies twice daily between the station at Appletongie and the village of Mossielce. He who seeks peace and rest finds it there. The tourist, unless he be a cyclist wheeling along unbeaten tracks, has not discovered this sequestered spot. Its name is not mentioned in a guide-book, and nine miles of road, winding through two valleys and across steep ridges, separate it from the great line of railway that is ever bearing travellers north and south. In the old days the village was hidden from the wayfarer until he overlooked it from the summit of a hill down which the road plunges at a fearful gradient. These were the days of broad chests and strong hearts. No man of this generation can climb "The Brae" without panting, and without stopping now and then to look back on the fair scene he has left. There came a time when a better road was needed than one fit only for pack-horses and lumbering carts. Now the stranger gets his first glimpse of Mossielce from afar. By-and-by the coach enters a long, narrow street, flanked by whitewashed cottages whose walls are gay in summer-time with creeping plants rooted in a handful of earth. At the foot of "The Brae" the road turns abruptly to the right and crosses the narrow, high-arched bridge that spans the Balwhat. In July this stream dwindles to a wimpling burn, with pools so shallow that the village urchins lay aside their hazel rods and guddle for the troutlets with their hands. But when the winter snows melt on the hills the burn becomes a torrent, swirling and roaring down the glen as if it would sweep the whole village away into the big river round the base of Penlee. The water laves the gable of the inn, a rambling, two-storey house with a signboard that used to swing and creak above the door, but being hurled down by a March gale is now nailed to the wall. It bears in faded colours the half-length portrait of a gentleman of uncertain age, whose right hand is thrust into the breast of a military coat. The hostelry being known as "The George," there is a general impression that the portrait repre-

sents one of the four illustrious monarchs who bore that name. But the point is disputed.

The "George" being the only place of entertainment for man and beast within a wide circuit of country, the landlady might be expected to take advantage of her monopoly. But Mossielee is not in the Highlands. Mrs. Jardine is one of the few survivals of a type of landlady once common in the inns of rural Scotland. She is kind but autocratic. If I remark in the morning that I would like a chop for dinner, she replies: "Deed an' ye'll get naething o' the kind. There's a chicken pluckit ready for your denner this day an' to my mind that's a hantle better than the bit chop that a' you tolin's fowk are sae daft about." Mrs. Jardine doesn't lay out any of her silver plate for me. A brown teapot is good enough for a single man, but she loads the table with home-made and home-grown delicacies. The linen in my bedroom is white as the snow that swathes Penlee in winter, and fragrant with the odour of woodruff. From the window the outlook is on a garden with rows of kitchen vegetables and a hedge of berry bushes, beside which my landlady's red-haired grandson spends much of his time. Bees buzz all day long at the hives. Flower beds, rose bushes, stalwart fuchsias, and spreading honeysuckle furnish the room with a dainty bouquet which only delights me in a modified way, for it allures wasps. Mossielee is surrounded by hills, but the highest can be scaled in a forenoon. Grass clothes them to the summit, and climbing up there, after sundry rests by the way, I lie and look up at the ever-changing face of the sky or watch the play of sunshine and shadow on the hill-sides. There are no jarring sounds, only the dulled clink of the smith's hammer, the plaintive bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle in the valley, or the weird cries of the whaups and peeseweeeps that circle overhead. But the feeling of refreshment and restfulness is greatest when the glare of day is past and the twilight is creeping westward. It was at such an hour on a Saturday evening that I first saw the minister's man.

At the farther end of the Mossielee is the parish church, plain and time worn. A grey-haired man stood at the kirkyard gate. His age might be anywhere between sixty and eighty. There were many wrinkles on his thin, solemn face, from the crow's feet that came as the first token of advancing years, to the deep lines that seamed his forehead. A puckering at the mouth gave a sarcastic expression, which somewhat belied the kindly look in the sad, grey eyes. Absorbed in thought he did not notice my approach. I stopped beside him and remarked, "This is a very fine night!"

He turned and eyed me from head to foot, before he cautiously answered, "Ay, it's no that bad."

"Do you think it's going to keep fine to-morrow?"

"Weel, I wadna say but it may; only that's a gey watery sunset, an' there's a kind o' sniff o' rain in the air. 'Gin it wad come a bit shooer it wadna dae the neeps ony harm, onywise it wad lay the stour."

"You'll be the church officer, I suppose?"

"What! The church officer! Na, na, sir, we've nane o' thae new-fangled names in this part o' the country. Church officer! Od, that wad be a braw name. Na, na, I'm just the minister's man, the same as I've been for mair than forty years in this same parish."

He took a stumpy, blackened clay pipe from his waistcoat pocket and knocked out the dottle on the wall. I handed him my pouch, and when he had lit his pipe he began to thaw.

"Ye'll be a stranger in thae parts?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "this is my first visit to Mossielee. I've come from Glasgow for a holiday, and only arrived yesterday afternoon. It's very quiet here, such a change from the noise of the city."

"Ay it'll be that. It's a lang time sin' I was in Glesca, an', od, man, the clatter o' thae buses an' carts an' whatno fair deaved me. I can tell ye I was unco thankful to get hame again! yon's an awfu' place for quiet bodies like oorsells to bide in."

"Yes, it's very different from living in a village like this. But one gets accustomed to anything, even to noisy streets."

"I daur sac; I daur sac."

"Is your own minister to preach to-morrow?"

"Weel, no exactly. Ye see, he has a brither in Embro', a big man wi' a grand hoose, an' he gangs aften to see him about this time o' year. There's a laddie frae Embro' to preach the morn, an' gin he's like the lave that Maister Christie sends us when he's awa he'll be no muckle worth. He gets them cheap. Man, there's some queer birkies come to this kirk. Noo, just last spring there, Maister Christie was awa on aye of his veebits to Embro'. On the Saturday night I was ower at the manse—yon's it, yon big hoose amang the trees—an' I was sittng at the kitchen fire haein a crack wi' Mrs. Macphail, the hoosekeeper, when she says, 'The minister's no come yet for the morn. D'ye think he's turned ill, or forgotten a' aboot it?' The bus is in lang syne. I wonner wha he'll be sending this time?"

"'Hoot,' says I, 'dinna fash your heid aboot the minister, he'll come a' richt. I'se warrant ye he'll be ane o' thae pur chieks that tramp

frae Aipleringie to save the bus money.' Weel, to see what might happen, I sat till't was on the chap o' eleven, when a rap cam' to the front door. Mrs. Macphail opened it an' in walked a lang, scranky man wi' nae mair baggage than an umbrella, an' it hadna dune him muckle guid, for it had come on an awfu' nicht o' rain, an' he was for a' the warld like a drookit crow. Weel, to mak a lang story short, I furraged out some o' Maister Christie's clacs for him, the while Mrs. Macphail got a bit supper ready. He began to rummage in his coat pocket, an' his face got as white's a cloot. Says he to me, unco wae fu', 'What am I to do? I've come away and left my sermon at home!' 'Is that a'?' says I. 'Dinna bother yersell aboot that, sir, I ken whaur Maister Christie keeps his auld anes, an' the time ye're getting your supper I'll seek oot ane o' them, an' ye can look it ower afore ye gang to your bed, just to see that ye can read it.' Man, ye should hae seen hoo his face brightened up at the sicht o't. Weel, the upshot was that he read that sermon in the kirk next day, an' did it weel to, yet some fowk actually said it was naething like Maister Christie's. That's what prejudice can dae. But that's no a' the story. On the Monday morning Mrs. Macphail went up an' chappit at his door to wauken him, an' what d'ye think? The chiel was gane; up an' awa lang afore onybody in the village was aboot, that he micht tramp back to Aipleringie an' so save another shilling. Ay, sir, it's a fine thing to be a minister wi' a guid fat glebe, but mony a ane rues the day that he taen thocht to wag his pow in a pulpit. It's aften a sair fecht to keep body an' soul thegither till ye're through the college, an' a sairer fecht to get a kirk o' ony kind, far less ane wi' a stipend that'll keep a minister as he ought to be. The kirk's like every ither profession nooadays, its ower thrang, an' unless ye hae influence at your back ye canna get elected as a beadle, forbye a minister."

"Have there been many ministers here in your time?"

"Ay, a when! Let me see; there was Maister Jamieson, it was under him that I took office, then there was Maister Dick, an' Maister Carnegie, an' Maister Macphee. They're a lying aneath the sods in the kirkyaird. Ye see it's a hantle healthier to be a minister's man than a minister. No that I havena my worries. A minister's man is never aff the trot, an' some ministers wad mak him naething but a scodgie. Noo, there was Maister Macphee; says he to me ae day, says he, 'John I would like you to kill my pig to-morrow.' Says I, "Dinna ye think, sir, the butcher wad mak a better job o't?" I was kind o' sarcastic like, but he either didna see it, or didna want to, for he was as mean a man as ever put feet in shoe leather. 'Not a bit, says he, 'you'll do it as well as any butcher in the country, John

you're a wonderful man ; you can do anything.' But he didna get ower me wi' his wheedling Hielan tongue. My dander got fair up, an' says I, 'Maister Macphee, I'm willing to dae as muckle as I can to obleege ye. I'll gang your errands, I'll delve your garden, an' I'll no say I'll no pu' your hens' necks, but I draw the line at cutting soo's throats.' Wi' that I left him. Ane has to keep up the dignity o' his office."

"Certainly," I replied ; then I got him on to another theme. "Sermons used to be much longer than they are now?"

"Ay, that they were. Noo-a-days ministers gie the fowk scrimp measure. Twenty minutes by ordinar', an' half an' hour at the outside, that's your sermon noo. It used to be three-quarters o' an hour, an' sometimes mair. Od the fowk got lang snoozes in the kirk in thae days. The longest sermon ever preached in this parish, or in any ither I believe, was ane I heard nigh thirty years ago. The minister was an auld man frae the Hielands wi' a voice like the drone o' a bagpipe. When he gied oot the text the fowk settled doon, the men to sleep an' the women to souk peppermints, as was their habit. He divided his subject into well-nigh as mony heids as there are months in the year, but neither heid nor tail could I mak o't. Weel, he preached, an' he preached, an' he better preached, till a' body had waukened, an' the fowk began to fidget ; but they had to fidget a gey while, for it was nigh twa hours ere he'd warsled through a' h's heids an' got his application worked aff. Lang afore that I'd slipped oot. That's ane o' the privileges o' a minister's man. When a sermon's lang an' dreich I bemin'd me that the vestry fire needs mending, so I slip oot an' gie it a poke up, syne gaun to the hinner end o' the kirk, an' hae a draw till I hear the singing, when I slip inside again in time to let the minister oot o' the pulpit."

"Have you an organ in your church?"

"Organ ! ma certy, ye're no blate to talk about organs here. Organ, forsooth ! We hinna even a band ; an' we ne'er sing a tune oor auld precentor disna ken by heart, an' ye micht count them a' on your twa hands, without the thooms. But there's braw fine singing for a' that. Its singing frae the heart, an' gin a man praises God in that way He winna be very particular, though some o' the notes are oot o' tune or the voice be na ower sweet. It savours ower muckle o' the papacy this paying ither fowk to dae your singing for you. They tell me that in some o' the toun's kirks whaur there's a big organ an' a paid band it's no thocht the genteel thing for the congregation to join in the singing. But, sir, there'll be nae paid singers in heaven, an' weel just hae to dae o'or best, I'm thinking."

"But do you think it sinful to use an organ in public worship? Didn't David praise God with musical instruments?"

"Ay, sir, but there were some things that David did we'd be as weel no to copy. No that I'll say ye're a' thegither wrang, for I'm maybe a bit auld-fashioned in thae matters. There canna be muckle harm in an organ o' itsel, but it's the thin end o' Popery, an' it's wasting a hantle money that might be better spent elseways."

The gloaming had deepened into darkness, and the wind was beginning to sough eerily among the trees as John Rutherford locked the kirkyard gate. As we walked slowly along the road he told me a little of his private life, of his wife's long illness, and of the sad summer evening when the light of his home went out with the dying day.

"O, it's sair, sair," he said, "to see ane ye loe dear lying tossing on a sick bed, an' to feel that ye canna dae onything to help her. Sometimes it gars ye lose grip o' God, but His hand's ne'er far awa an' gin ye grope ye'll soon get haud o't again. I had a sair time after Jean's death, for I was left wi' six young bairns on my hands, but I warsled through. Noo they're a' dacin' for themsells but Liz that has keepit hoose for me mony a year. No, but I micht hae married again gin I'd liked, for a widow man disna want chances. Some women gie ye a hint that's next door to an offer. Noo there was Mrs. Gillespie the widow that keeps the bit grocery shop fornenst the Cross, says she to me ae day, 'That's a rale comfortable looking seat o' yours in the kirk, Maister Rutherford.' 'Ou, ay,' says I, 'no that bad.' 'Div ye hear weel in it?' says she. 'Ye canna fail to hear in it,' says I, 'unless ye're as deaf as a post, for the minister's speaking into your lug.' 'I was just speiring,' says the body, 'because sin I had that awfu cauld last winter I've been kind o' dull o' hearing on the left side, an' I thocht ye micht manage to get me a sitting in your pew.' I jaloused what the woman was after, for ae day afore that she'd been telling me that the shop was dacin rale weel an' that gin she married again she wadna gie it up, for it wad keep a man an' wife unco cosie. But I couldna thole her, so says I, 'Mrs. Gillespie, there'll ne'er be a sitting to let in my pew, for my ain bairns need them a', but gin ye canna hear whaur ye are; maybe I can get ye a sitting in the deaf fowks' pew fornenst the pulpit.' Ma certy! when I said that she birsled up an' whisked awa saying, 'I think ye maun be getting deaf yersel, Maister Rutherford, for ne'er a word said I aboot no hearing, sae gude-day to ye.' A fine thing it wad hae been for me to let her into my pew, for aince there she wad hae made a toun's talk o' us, an' the end wad hae been that I wad hae had to

marry her. Then there was Tibbie Wilkie, a girnin cratur that nae man wad tak, though he had nae mair choice than Adam. Says she to me ae day in her maist wheedling manner, 'Maister Rutherford, d'ye ken what a' the fowk are saying?' 'No,' says I, 'my hearing's no very sharp for gossip.' 'Weel,' says she, 'they're saying that you an I are gaun to get married.' 'Then just tell them,' says I, 'that it's a lee.' I heard nae mair of her tattle. Ay, sir, women are kittle craturs to deal wi', an' some o' them are no blate at the asking. But this is whaur I bide, so I'll bid you gude-nicht."

On the morrow with solemn face he ushered the young preacher into the pulpit. It was a sunny day, but when the sermon had lasted half an hour John Rutherford remembered the vestry fire.

ALEX. W. STEWART.

THE KNIGHTLY ORDERS OF FRANCE.

KING JOHN, in the first year of his reign, instituted the Order of the "Etoile." That was in 1351, two years after the institution of the Garter at Windsor by Edward III., and it was the first Royal order of France, as the Garter was of England. Very long before this time there were of course knights in plenty of various degrees; but they were not necessarily created by the King, and, great as was the honour, it was not strictly limited—that is to say, practically the whole of the *noblesse* became knights on attaining majority.

During the Crusades were founded the military orders, but they were associations of a different kind—brotherhoods of warriors constituted like the religious orders, receiving the King's countenance and support, but not originating with him. But from the middle of the fourteenth century began the orders of the King on the system which has lasted throughout Europe down to our own time. Chivalry pure and simple was perhaps passing away, but not the desire for personal distinction, which is probably the most universal and deeply-rooted of all sentiments. Some writers have argued that the formation of these orders marked the decadence of chivalry, but it seems truer to say that it marked the growth of the monarchy. They were not intended to prop up a crumbling institution, but rather to aid in the building up of a supreme central authority. Out of mediæval chaos rose the royal power; it was, as De Tocqueville has pointed out, the Monarchy, and not the Revolution, which endowed France with an administrative centralisation; and the orders of knighthood were among the means by which the King strengthened the throne, by surrounding himself with the chief men of the land. Henceforward his authority steadily increased, and at last became absolute. "The nobles," says Taine, "through an old instinct of military fealty, consider themselves his body-guard, and down to August 10, 1789, rush forward to die for him on his stair-

case; he is their general by birth; the people down to 1789 regard him as the redresser of abuses, the guardian of the right, the protector of the weak, the great almoner, the universal refuge." Such was the position of the grand-master of the orders of knighthood.

It was John's ambition to be known as a *preux chevalier*; his mind was steeped in chivalrous romance. Perhaps he hardly lived up to the character, and he has been liberally abused. His conception of chivalry may not have been the highest, but he seems at least to have been a man of honour. He was not indeed an ideal monarch, and the English were strong and aggressive. During his reign and for the best part of a century after his death France suffered greatly. The order which he established lasted hardly a hundred years, but though short-lived, it had the honour of serving as the pattern for the illustrious Golden Fleece (*Toison d'Or*), which his great grandson, Philip Duke of Burgundy, instituted in 1430.

When the English were at last expelled from France Charles VII. settled himself down to live in as much peace and comfort as might be. Fettered from anti-feudal instincts or from preference he surrounded himself with parvenus, and he degraded the order of the Star by conferring it upon his huntsmen and archers and others of low origin. Some historians say that it was his intention to establish a new order, but if he had any such design it was left to his son to carry out.

Louis XI. instituted the order of St-Michel at the Château d'Amboise, by Letters Patent, dated August 1, 1469. If in doing so he was merely giving effect to his father's design it was not from filial affection, nor can it have been from any love of display, for this great and crafty king was of mean appearance and shabbily dressed. In the statutes he declares that he founds this order to the glory and praise of God and of His glorious Mother, and in commemoration and honour of "Monsieur Saint Michel, Archange, premier chevalier," who vanquished the dragon, the ancient enemy of human nature, in order that the high and noble may be incited to valiant deeds. It is not very likely that Louis believed what he said, nor can there be any doubt that this institution was, like all his actions, a means to an end—the firm establishment of the supremacy of the Crown. From the commencement of his reign he was beset with difficulties; almost crushed by the "Ligue du Bien Public," he had need of all the force of arms, all his resources of cunning—which were considerable—all the honours and patronage available. His adversary, the Duke of Burgundy, had the Golden Fleece, the King of England the Garter, while he had no decoration worth bestowing. For his

purpose the "Ordre de l'Etoile" was useless, it had fallen into such disrepute. Therefore he created a new order, and declared it to be the extreme mark of honour of the kingdom. Edward had conferred the Garter on the Duke of Burgundy. Louis tried to gain the support of the Duke of Bretagne by offering him the collar of his new order, but he refused it on account of the oath of allegiance, while he accepted the Golden Fleece.

The Dukes of Guienne and Bourbon and the Comte de S. Pol were among the first knights of St.-Michael. The original number was thirty six. They wore a cloak reaching to the ground, of white cloth, with a pattern similar to the collar embroidered in gold round the edge. The ribbon was black; the collar of gold, a design of curved lines and escallops. The cross was of the Maltese pattern. Whether from a lack of originality or that it gave peculiar pleasure to the Gallic eye, this form was adopted for all the orders of France. It was of gold and white enamel, with four *fleurs de lis* of gold in the angles, and in the centre a medallion charged with a representation of St. Michael slaying the Dragon, all proper, and the motto "Immensi tremor oceani." The origin of the motto is thus accounted for. In the year 709 St. Michael appeared in a dream to the Bishop of Avranches, and bade him build and dedicate to him an oratory upon the rock which has ever since been called Mont St. Michel. It is told that whenever the enemies of France have approached the Mount the Archangel has been seen raising a storm upon the sea.

The order lasted till the Revolution, and was revived after the downfall of Buonaparte. For some time after its foundation it was a much coveted distinction, but presently, like the "Etoile," it became too common to be highly prized. It was given to country squires and to lawyers. "In our time," writes Brantôme, "we have seen lawyers issue from the courts, throw aside cap and gown, and take to wearing the sword. We have seen those, I say, get the collar of St.-Michael without having served at all. Thus did the Sieur de Montaigne, who had far better have stuck to his pen and gone on scribbling essays than changed it for a sword which did not sit so well on him." Probably no member of this order, with the exception of Gaspard de Coligni, is so well remembered as this despised *littérateur*.

Charles IX. endeavoured to raise the order from its degradation by deciding that no further appointments should be made until the number was reduced to fifty, which was to be the limit. But this regulation does not appear to have been carried into effect. A hundred years later, in 1665, Louis XIV. revised the statutes,

making two generations of gentility a necessary qualification, and limiting the number to a hundred, not counting those who were also knights of St.-Esprit. During the last century this decoration was chiefly conferred on those distinguished in art, letters, and science; and after the Restoration of 1814 it became exclusively a reward of merit of that kind.

We now come to the premier order of France, "*l'Ordre du Saint-Esprit*," of which Henry III. was the author. He instituted it in December 1578, in the Church of the Augustins at Paris, and as long as the Monarchy lasted it remained the highest honour in France. Henry stated that he instituted this order as a memorial and thanksgiving for the Divine favour bestowed upon him, for at Whitsuntide, in 1573, he was elected King of Poland, and at Whitsuntide of the following year he ascended the throne of France.

There is not so much to be said in praise of the last of the Valois that one likes to cast doubts on this statement, but it would probably have been more accurate to say that, having decided on forming a new order, the Whitsuntide coincidence suggested a very excellent name. Practically his motives seem to have been to weaken both the League and the Calvinist party by forming a society to which entrance would be eagerly sought, and to belong to which it was necessary to profess the Roman Catholic faith, and to swear the strictest allegiance to the King, undertaking neither to serve nor to receive honours or pension from any other person. Foreigners were ineligible (Sovereign Princes were admitted by Henry IV. and subsequently), and French subjects having any order except St.-Michael. They might, however, by Royal permission, accept the Garter and the Golden Fleece.

Henry received the collar at the hands of the Bishop of Auxerre (Jacques Amyot), grand-almoner of France. He endeavoured to restore the prestige of St. Michael by connecting it with the new order. They were henceforward known as "*les Ordres du Roi*."

To be eligible for Saint-Esprit it was required first to be a knight of St.-Michel. On being received, a knight swore in most solemn form, before God and his Church, and upon his faith and honour, to live and die in the Catholic religion, and never to depart from the communion "*de nostre mère Sainte Eglise Apostolique et Romaine*," ever to render absolute obedience to the King, and to guard and defend the honour and rights of his Royal Majesty, and never to enter the service of anyone else whomsoever, nor to take pensions, nor to leave the kingdom without the King's express permission. And the King, investing him with the insignia, replied: "*Receive*

from our hands the collar of our order of the Holy Ghost, to which we as Sovereign Grand-Master receive you, and have in perpetual remembrance the Death and Passion of our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, in token whereof we command you ever to bear this cross attached to your outer garments, and at the neck the cross of gold with a ribbon of sky blue. And God give you grace never to break the vows and oath which you have just made, but have them ever in your heart, being sure that if you infringe them in any manner you will be dismissed from this company and incur the penalties provided by the statutes of the order. In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." And the knight, kissing hands, makes answer: "Sire, God give me such grace, and rather death than ever to fail therein, and I thank your Majesty very humbly for the honour and gifts that it has pleased you to bestow on me."

It was ordered that on January 1 every year the knights—they numbered 100—were to go together with the King to hear mass at the Church of the Augustins, "*de nostre bonne ville de Paris*," or if the sovereign were absent from the capital the ceremony was to be held wherever he happened to be. They were to go in procession to the church clothed in long cloaks of black velvet embroidered all over in silver flames, with a cape adorned with silver doves, both cloak and cape being lined with yellow satin. The hat was black with a white feather, and doublet and hose were of white, the style being left "*à la discrétion du commandeur*."

At the offertory the King gave as many crowns as he had years of age, and each commander one crown; the money going towards the support of the novices of the Augustins. They received the Sacrament, and afterwards all dined together with the King, at his expense, *en signe d'amour*. Then they went to church again to hear vespers for the dead, wearing this time cloaks of black cloth, but the grand-master's was of "*écarlatte brune moiré*." Again, on the following morning, they went to church, when each offered a wax candle of a pound weight. The registrar then read out the names of the cardinals, prelates, and commanders of the order who had passed away since the last ceremony, and for whose souls mass was said and a *De Profundis* and funeral oration. Then there was another grand dinner as on the previous day, which was followed by a chapter of the order. The cross of Saint-Esprit was of gold and white enamel, with four *fleurs de lis* at the angles, and in the centre a silver dove. The motto, "*Duce et auspice*." The ribbon was of sky-blue *moiré*, and was worn over the shoulder and across the body from right to left,

but prelates wore it round the neck. The collar was of gold and very heavy; it was composed of *fleurs de lis* combined with tongues of fire, trophies of arms, and the initial "H" alternately at equal distances. The last representative of this illustrious order was the Duc de Nemours, who died at Versailles in June 1896.

The Church of the Augustins has disappeared, but some records of the order are still to be seen in Paris. At the archbishops to whom there are monuments in Notre Dame are represented with the cross upon their breasts, and there is a beautiful marble relief of the seventeenth century of the "maréchal de Guebrent, chevalier des Ordres du Roi," and his wife Renée. Also, in St. Eustache is a statue of the great Colbert, treasurer of the order, with the mantle and collar.

In the tapestries at the Luxembourg one notices the royal arms encircled with the collars of St. Michel and Saint-Esprit, and at the Cluny are preserved three cloaks of the latter order, and also the hangings of the chapel. These are of green, elaborately embroidered with flames, doves, and monograms. On the canopy of the throne are two escutcheons with the arms of France and Poland encircled with the collars of the King's orders and surmounted by the crown. The back is tapestry, probably representing the institution of the order.

St. Lazare was one of the old crusading orders which had managed to survive. About the end of the fifteenth century, Innocent IV. had tried to suppress it, but the Parliament of France protested, and his wishes were not carried out.

In 1607 Henry IV., partly, it is said, to reward those who had stood by him in troublous times, and partly to manifest his love for the old religion, which was comparatively new to him, founded the order of "Notre Dame du Mont Carmel," and he united it to the old order of St. Lazare. The sovereign, however, was never grand-master. Philibert de Nérestang was the first to fill that office, and among his successors were the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Berry, and last the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), who did a great deal to improve the order. He divided the hundred knights into two classes, the first open to none under the rank of colonel; for the second it was necessary to be a captain of some years' standing. The collar was a chain of silver pearls, the ribbon crimson; the cross was of purple and green emerald with the figure of the Virgin in the centre.

The military order of St. Louis was instituted by Louis XIV. at Versailles in April 1693. It was desirable, he said, to have some

reward besides money for valour and distinguished service in war. In purpose and constitution it was very much like the Bath, except that there was a pension attached to the honour, and there was no civil division. There were at first eight knights grand cross and twenty-four commanders, but it was afterwards enlarged to forty grand-cross and 120 commanders. The number of chevaliers or companions was not limited. To obtain this decoration it was necessary to have actually served six years in the army or navy, and subsequently the qualification was raised to ten years. As only those in the royal service could aspire to this honour, it was considered a very distinguished mark of royal favour when Dupleix received the grand-cross for his successful defence of Pondicherry. At his investiture a knight swore "to live and die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Religion, to be faithful to the King and never to fail in the obedience due to him and to those in authority under him; to guard, defend, and sustain with all his power the honour of his Majesty, his authority, his rights and those of his crown, never to leave his service nor to enter that of any foreign Prince without his Majesty's written permission, and to make known anything prejudicial to the King that might come to his knowledge. To observe carefully the statutes and regulations of the order, and to conduct himself as a good, wise, virtuous, and valiant knight ought to do." And the King gives him the cross, and striking him on the shoulder with his sword, says, "*Par S. Louis je vous fais chevalier.*" The ribbon was red—"couleur de feu."

The cross was like that of the other orders, with a medallion in the centre, upon which was the figure of St. Louis in golden armour and royal mantle, holding in his right hand a crown of laurel and in his left a crown of thorns, with a background of red studded with nails of the Passion, the whole encircled by a ring of blue bearing the words "*Ludovicus Magnus Instituit 1693.*" The reverse was red with a flaming sword passed through a wreath of laurel, with the motto, "*Bellicæ Virtutis Præmium.*" It will be remembered that St. Louis bought the Crown of Thorns and a fragment of the True Cross from the Emperor of Constantinople, and for the reception of these sacred relics built the Sainte Chapelle.

Every year on St. Louis' Day all the members of the order were to accompany the sovereign to church, there to attend devoutly the celebration of the mass, and to pray God "that it may please Him to pour down His blessings upon us, upon our Royal House, and upon our country." The service was followed by a magnificent reception.

The Duc de Lauzun, who carried the despatches to Versailles announcing the subjugation of Corsica, was given the grand cross for his services, which, though he had displayed much courage, would probably not have earned it had he not been a favourite at Court. But though carpet knights were not uncommon under the *ancien régime*, real merit was not forgotten.

There is a tablet in St. Eustache to the memory of "François de Chevert, Commandeur Grand' Croix de l'Ordre de S. Louis, chevalier de l'Aigle Blanc de Pologne, Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roy," who, 'without ancestors, without fortune, without interest, an orphan from infancy, entered the service at the age of eleven. He rose in spite of envy, by dint of merit, and each rank was the reward of a brilliant action.'

It became a matter of course for officers of long service to obtain this decoration. The Chevalier de Mautort writes: "I earned at last about this time (May 1790), on account of the length of my service, the cross of St.-Louis, which I had solicited in vain since 1783. This distinction would have flattered me at the time that I asked for it, believing that I fully deserved it for my campaigns and wounds. It gave me less pleasure to obtain it only as a thing due; but in the following year it would have been a matter of indifference on account of the abuse which arose in giving it practically to all who asked for it, even to those who had never really served. It was part of the programme of the National Assembly to degrade this distinction."

The last order created in France under the *ancien régime* was the "Institution du Mérite Militaire," which Louis XV. instituted in 1759 for Protestants. He had long felt the want of some suitable reward for the valour and devoted service of officers in his army, to whom, on account of their religion, he could not give the cross of St. Louis.

Besides the Swiss Guard, there were in the French army many officers natives of countries where the reformed religion was established. Therefore he founded a new order in all respects like that of St.-Louis, omitting only the religious clause. The King, however, as a good Catholic, could not be grand master. The cross was of gold, of the same pattern as St.-Louis, but instead of the figure of the saint, the medallion was charged with a sword in pale, with the words, "Pro virtute bellica"; the reverse bore a crown of laurel. The ribbon was dark blue, but after the Restoration the same as St.-Louis.

The dignity of knighthood was not neglected in the good old

days; "Nemo me impune lacessit" might have been the motto of the chivalry of France during the last century. It appears that in the reign of the Bien Aimé, some unauthorised persons, from vanity or other motives, adorned themselves with the cross of St.-Louis. This occasioned an *ordonnance du Roi*, given at Compiègne, July 11, 1749. It begins by stating that when the order of St.-Louis was instituted, no penalty was provided for such cases, as it had never been supposed possible that any one could have the audacity to wear, without the King's authority, the badge of an order of which the King himself was grand master. But as some individuals have so far forgotten themselves, it provides for the future as follows: "Any officer or gentleman who shall dare to wear the cross of St.-Louis without having received it in consequence of his Majesty's orders, shall be tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be degraded from the rank of gentleman, and to undergo twenty years' imprisonment, after which he shall be disqualified for any military employment. Any other person who, being neither an officer nor a gentleman, shall commit the same offence, shall be similarly tried by court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life."

Like everything else, including the inoffensive calendar, the orders of chivalry were swept away by the "red fool fury of the Seine," and for twenty years they were not *en vigueur*, as a courtly French writer puts it.

With the return to the throne of a son of St. Louis they were revived, and flourished for a little while, then passed away; and there has succeeded a flood of red ribbon and a blinding storm of crosses of the Legion of Honour.

J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

INSPIRED BY THE SUNBEAMS.

EVERYONE has heard of the sublime prophetic vision of a civilised and illuminated Africa with which Pitt closed his great speech on slavery in 1792; but an interesting parallel which may be associated with it has been forgotten, if, indeed, the circumstance was ever noticed. Pitt's speech was delivered in the early days of the agitation against the slave trade, when, though only thirty-three years of age, he was at the zenith of his power and fame. The occasion was a proposal brought forward by Wilberforce for the immediate abolition of the traffic in slaves throughout the British dominions, and Pitt, even if he had inward doubts of the expediency or practicability of so sweeping a measure, was induced by his almost sacred friendship with the saintly young enthusiast to give a whole-hearted and uncompromising support to the motion. Indeed, Wilberforce had some years before, when lying on what he believed to be his death-bed, exacted from Pitt a solemn promise to take into his own hands the cause of emancipation.

The debate took place on April 3, and dragged its slow length through the night. It turned mainly on a flanking amendment to substitute "gradual" for immediate abolition, an amendment which was carried shortly before seven o'clock in the morning. It was probably at least four o'clock when the Prime Minister rose to support the original motion, for the sun would rise at half past five, and it was, as we shall see, in the heavens when he concluded. He was weary and ill, and took medicine immediately before rising to enable him to speak, yet Lord Rosebery says all authorities concur in placing this speech before any other effort of his genius. Only fragments of the oration have survived, but the report of the peroration may be taken as tolerably complete. Pitt was enlarging on the iniquity of upholding a traffic which tended to crystallise in Africa the barbarism from which more favoured portions of the world had long emerged.

If, he exclaimed, we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this right the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret.

We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry—in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times may blaze with full lustre; and, joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length in the evening of her days those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the early kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which in more fortunate regions has been so much more speedily dispelled.

Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

The lines quoted are a portion of a passage in Virgil's "*Georgics*," which Dryden thus translates:—

When Aurora leaves our northern sphere
She lights the downward heaven, and rises there;
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.

Earl Stanhope says in his "*Life of Pitt*": "I have heard it related by some who at that time were members of Parliament that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile, and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded." Let the reader look through the passage again and picture the scene, and he may appreciate the remark of Wilberforce that during the latter part of his speech Pitt seemed to be inspired. We may also partly understand how the Minister's opponents, Windham, Fox, and Grey, as they walked home in the cool of the spring morning, and discussed the events of the night, could concur in the opinion that the speech was one of the most extraordinary displays of eloquence they had ever heard. And this was the period when British oratory was at its high water mark.

Forty-one years passed away. Pitt's glorious and strenuous life had long since come to a premature close. Fox and Windham had followed him to the land of shadows, but Grey was Prime Minister, and Wilberforce lived on in a supreme old age, remote now from political life. The traffic in slaves had for many years been prohibited, and the agitation for the complete abolition of slavery in British dominions was rapidly approaching a successful issue. On 1833, Wilberforce was induced to leave the quiet of his

home and speak once more at a public meeting in support of a petition against slavery. The meeting was at Maidstone, and the incident is thus related in the fifth volume of the "Life" by his sons: "It was an affecting sight to see the old man who had been so long the champion of this cause come forth once more from his retirement, and with an unquenched spirit, though with a weakened voice and failing body, maintain for the last time the cause of truth and justice." At the close of this last speech Wilberforce exclaimed: "I trust that we approach the very end of our career;" and as a gleam of sunshine broke into the hall he threw up his hand, and cried with all his early fire: "The object is bright before us, the light of heaven beams upon it, and is an earnest of success."

We may well conjecture that the old man's heart was thrilled on this occasion by the memory of that other April day nearly half a century before, when Pitt's imagination was fired by the sudden appearance of "the panting horses of the East." At any rate the prophetic vision did not deceive him. Within four months the abolition of slavery was accomplished, and three days after the Emancipation Act received the Royal assent Wilberforce breathed his last, thanking God that he had lived to see the joyful consummation of his life's work.

JAMES SYKES.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

OF all the Scotsmen of the stormy period immediately preceding the union of the Parliaments, none appreciated more justly the significance of the new time that was then dawning than did Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. Although his name is less widely known than that of some of his contemporaries, he is entitled to rank as a man of fertile ideas with the foremost statesmen of the period, English or Scottish. He was gifted with a clear comprehension of the elements of weakness and strength in the national life; he was imbued with an honest sympathy with what was good and true in the national aims of his country; he had original ideas of the national destiny and of the way in which that destiny might be worked out. His contemporaries were disposed to regard him as an unpractical visionary, but their unflattering opinion may be partly ascribed to the fact that he did not possess that singleness of purpose which so often means only narrowness of vision or docile obedience to party. Posterity has associated his memory with the oft and inaccurately quoted epigram that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation"; if his popular fame extends beyond the reputation he has earned as the author of this saying, it is as an advocate of predial slavery and the benefactor who introduced a new ingredient for the broth-pot of the Scottish house-wife in the shape of "Saltoun barley." Of late years, however, there has been a growing interest in the man, traceable probably to a recent political controversy which, whatever else it did, stimulated curiosity regarding the conditions of the Parliamentary union. This interest has not resulted in any material addition to our knowledge of Fletcher's career. Indeed, the conclusion of his latest biographer, who has done a good service in correcting the inaccuracies of his predecessors, seems to be that it is hopeless now to expect any fresh light to be thrown on Fletcher's stirring and eventful life, of the details of which the records are disappointingly meagre. This is to be regretted, for Fletcher is an admirable subject for a biographer, and one is disposed to cherish the somewhat vain

hope that the biographical material with which Rousseau is said to have been supplied may yet come to light.

The little that we do know of Fletcher's career illustrates well the unsettled character of his time. In his teens—he was born in 1653—he had as tutor the episcopal clergyman of his native parish, a man who played a great part in the Revolution—Gilbert Burnet, the historian Bishop of Salisbury. During Burnet's incumbency of Saltoun parish, the Laird of Saltoun, Sir Robert Fletcher, died, and on his death-bed requested his clergyman to take care of his son. The commission was faithfully discharged, and Burnet no doubt endeavoured, in the case of his ward, to practise the theory of education which he afterwards developed in the concluding section of his "*History of his Own Time*." Among other things, he was of opinion that a young gentleman should be "betimes possessed with a true measure of solid knowledge and sound religion, with a love to his country, a hatred of tyranny, and a zeal for liberty." The sagacious and cautious tutor must have found his pupil apt, if we may judge by the earnestness with which, when he went out into the world, the young man endeavoured to testify his zeal for liberty and his hatred of tyranny. Indeed, the Bishop may well have been tempted to ask whether those principles had not struck too deep a root in the mind of his pupil; for in later years he was constrained to confess that Andrew Fletcher was "a gentleman of great parts and many virtues, but a most violent republican and extravagantly passionate."

Of Fletcher's life, for some ten years after Burnet's tutorship came to an end in 1668, little or nothing is known, except that he went abroad a year or two, according to the custom of the time, to learn the continental languages and see about him. But, undoubtedly, he is the Fletcher who was elected a member of the Estates for his native county in 1678, although in the official roll the name of the member for East Lothian is printed "*James Fletcher*." One wishes that much more had been preserved of his goings out and comings in in the year 1679 than has come down to us, for great and momentous doings were then afoot. In that year Sharpe, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, met his death on Magus Muir; and if a prudent young man like young Morton of Milnwood, the hero of Scott's "*Old Mortality*," was drawn into the turmoil which ensued, how was it that the fiery, liberty-loving East Lothian laird kept out of it? What was he, now a young man of twenty-six, doing when Covenanter and Cavalier were at death-grips at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge? There is nothing to tell, except that he was in a small

minority which opposed the supplies for the payment of the troopers who were sent out to harry the Western shires ; and that in the year following the rout of the Covenanters he made himself conspicuous in opposing the levying of the Militia. Cited before the Privy Council for his contumacy, he escaped with a rebuke. The reproof had, however, little effect, for he continued to play the part of a village Hampden, and within six months we find him bearding the Council, and to their faces declaring quartering contrary to law, questioning the King's prerogative, and impugning the wisdom and virtue of the Government. Naturally, he became a suspect. The Council began to regard him as one of the disaffected. Nor was his behaviour in Parliament such as tended in any degree to make him less obnoxious to the Court party. He made himself known as an opponent of the doctrine of the unalterableness of the succession, earning the special resentment of the Duke of York, who was then Royal Commissioner, by the position he took up on that question, and ultimately matters were made so hot for him that he deemed it expedient to retire to the Continent. By-and-by he came over to London, and along with Argyle and Baillie of Jerviswood, was admitted to Lord Russell's Council of Six. The club was in the act of maturing an active policy when the Rye House affair gave the Government an opportunity of swooping down upon its members, and dispersing them. Argyle and the Laird of Saltoun succeeded in reaching Holland, but a brave and faithful follower of the Earl's, who was taken prisoner, was, after subjection to extraordinary torture, compelled to reveal the names of his master's correspondents. Fletcher's name was probably in the list, for shortly afterwards, the Council having at last found a ground of action against him, he was outlawed.

During the latter years of the reign of Charles II. the number of English and Scottish refugees in Holland continued to increase ; and when James became king the exiles determined on invading Britain and striking a blow for liberty. An old project of invading Scotland, for the carrying out of which Russell's Council had promised to raise £8,000, was again mooted ; and after much discussion it was agreed to make the attempt. A rich widow of Amsterdam furnished Argyle with £10,000 with which to buy transports, arms, and ammunition. The plans for the invasion completed, Argyle and his friends persuaded the Duke of Monmouth to make a simultaneous descent upon England. Fletcher did not like Argyle's scheme, and, according to Burnet, although he consented to run his fortune with Monmouth, he saw the invasion was a forlorn hope. But he was a man of the most chivalrous temper, and when he found that his

fellow patriots could not be dissuaded, he did not think it honourable to forsake them. Unfortunately for himself and his friends his unselfish devotion to the cause he had espoused was counterbalanced by an ungovernable passion. He was liable to fly into an unreasoning fury on the slightest provocation. In the old Scottish Parliament he was constantly creating scenes by his inability to put a check upon his eloquent tongue; and on one occasion at least he carried his quarrel outside the walls of the House and met his opponent on Leith Sands to have it out there. His gunpowdery irascibility brought him into a lamentable scrape at the very commencement of Monmouth's campaign, and probably hastened the catastrophe of Sedgemoor. It seems to have been generally recognised that he had military capacity. On what the opinion was based one cannot well make out. It is just possible that he may have seen some military service in the interval between the conclusion of his education and his first election to the Scottish Estates. We know that he was strongly of opinion that every young man should be trained to the use of arms and should study the art of war. At any rate, he had a reputation as a military man among the friends of Monmouth, and it was with great regret they parted company with him. For he did abandon the army a few days after a landing had been made at Lyme. It was his misfortune rather than choice that brought about his departure. Probably he was not altogether satisfied with Monmouth's behaviour when the first rays of success gleamed upon his cause; but his resentment would not of itself have been strong enough to have induced him to break with the Duke. According to Burnet, his departure came about in this way. Monmouth having put him in command of a reconnoitring party, Fletcher, who had not been furnished with a horse, took one which had been brought in from Taunton, and not seeing its owner to ask his leave mounted it, thinking "that all things were to be in common among them that could advance the service." The owner of the horse was Goldsmith Dare, a very popular man in those parts, who had been living in exile in Holland, and had come over with Monmouth and his friends. Finding Fletcher in possession of his horse, and being, according to Burnet, "a rough and ill-bred man," he reproached his comrade in arms in very insulting terms for not asking his leave. "Fletcher bore this longer than could have been expected from one of his impetuous temper. But the other persisted in giving him foul language, and offered a switch with a cane. Upon which he discharged his pistol at him, and shot him dead." The fatal quarrel of these two hot-tempered

men was a great misfortune for Monmouth. Dure appears to have had great influence among the people of the southern counties. His death of itself was accordingly a serious loss. But it also inevitably necessitated Monmouth's giving up Fletcher, for the popular clamour demanded it. At the earliest opportunity Fletcher took ship for Spain, where he was arrested and put in prison pending his despatch to England. By the aid of an unknown friend, however, he escaped from prison in a most marvellous manner, and evaded the vigilance of his guards with an ease for which we shall not easily find a parallel outside romance. It is an interesting trait in Fletcher that, although he must have been surrounded with many dangers, he occupied himself while travelling through Spain in disguise in collecting books for his library, which had the name of being the best private collection in Scotland.

On leaving Spain he made his way to Hungary, and served in several campaigns against the Turks, in the army of the Duke of Lorraine. Hearing, however, of the projected invasion of England by the Prince of Orange, he made his way to the Hague to offer his services; and is said to have taken an active part in the preparations for that design. When William became King the sentence of forfeiture which had been pronounced against him for his part in the Monmouth rebellion was annulled, and after many years' absence he was able to return to his home at Saltoun.

After settling his own house in order, Fletcher began to play a very prominent part in Scottish affairs. At this time the fortunes of Scotland seemed to have touched their lowest ebb. The long fierce controversy with the Southron was apparently leading only to national bankruptcy. In the grandiloquent words of Sir George Mackenzie, "the fields of Scotland, though fertile enough, did lie barren, and brought forth nothing but men." But the spirit of the people was not broken, and the temper of the time was on the whole one of hope rather than of despair. Since the union of the crowns the commerce of the country had been thrown into confusion partly by the disturbance of her old alliances, and partly through the trade policy of England. The nation, constantly taunted with its poverty, set its heart upon wealth, and it first sought to attain the object of its ambition by trying to build up a new foreign trade. Fletcher, in those years, appears to have agreed that the country was to be saved by the establishment of a great foreign commerce. None had a clearer apprehension than he of the important fact that thenceforth trade was to be the golden apple for which all the nations were to strive. From that time, indeed, trade and commerce became

dominant questions in domestic, as well as in foreign, politics. How important a part, for instance, did the Bank of England and the East India Company play in public affairs during the last years of William's reign ! What we are at present concerned with, however, is this, that it was a question of trade that hastened the Parliamentary union between England and Scotland. And, strangely enough, the instrument by which this result was brought about was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. It was the ambition of those whom the friends of the old East India Company described as interlopers that suggested the project which issued in the ill-fated Darien expedition. Scottish patriotism was called in to counteract the exclusiveness of London capitalists. In its original shape the scheme was a plan for establishing a Scottish company to trade to the East and West Indies. It fired the imagination and ambition of the Scottish nation, not less than it suited the designs of the rivals of the old East India Company. The author of the scheme was William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. With him Fletcher had become intimate, and, according to Walter Scott, he was so dazzled by the vision of opulence and grandeur which his friend unfolded, that he "thought of nothing less than securing for the benefit of Scotland alone a scheme which promised to the State that should adopt it, the keys, as it were, of the New World." Fletcher probably was the means of introducing the Darien scheme to his countrymen, but it is questionable whether he was so blindly sanguine as Walter Scott would make out. It is apparent, from the tenor of his "Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland," that he clearly foresaw the dangers to which the expedition was exposed, and strove all in his power to avert them. Unfortunately, his forebodings were sadly justified by the event, and the measures of relief which he proposed were insufficient to cope with the forces which were directed from many quarters against the Scottish colony on the isthmus of Darien. How the settlement was treated as a violation of international agreements ; how the American plantations became alarmed at the prospect of the opening of a free port on an isthmus which many at that time regarded as the door to the wealth of all the world—the far East as well as the far West—how, in the imagination of the Scottish people at least, the Dutch brought pressure to bear upon William to disown the Scottish venture, are all sufficiently known. We should like to point out, however, how all this intensifies the dramatic interest of Fletcher's career. He stood sponsor for the scheme ; the failure of the scheme led directly to the Parliamentary union which he opposed. The collapse of the great design brought

ruin to many a Scottish home, for people of all degrees had ventured what they could to aid the nation's colony, and long after many a Scottish family traced its decadence to the share it had taken in that ill-omened enterprise. At the time it was the promise of England to pay the losses of the company with interest that doubtless induced many, who would otherwise have been opponents, to acquiesce in an act of incorporation, and become partners on equal terms in the business of John Bull.

If Fletcher was the means of making the union a necessity for Scotland by introducing the ill-fated Darien scheme to his countrymen, it is no less true that by the influence he exercised in the shaping of the Act of Security, he was largely instrumental in making the union a matter of necessity for England. In 1700 the Parliament of England had, without seeking the advice or consent of Scotland, nominated a successor to the Crown. This hasty action of the English Parliament, as Fletcher at once saw, gave Scotland a golden opportunity of imposing what limitations she might consider just on the Government of the Sovereign whom their Parliament might nominate. He accordingly introduced a measure in the Estates, providing that the Convention should, on the death of the Queen, publish by proclamation the conditions on which alone they should receive her successor. Fletcher's measure enumerated twelve limitations which were to be imposed in the event of the Scottish being the same as the English Sovereign. Fletcher's limitations were not adopted in their entirety, although several of them became law as separate Acts, but to Fletcher may be ascribed the real pith and marrow of the Act of Security which was ultimately passed by the Estates. Its policy is essentially his policy. It provided that the successor of Anne should take the throne only under such conditions as should secure the independence of the nation, and admit the Scottish people to the full benefits of trade and navigation. The Statute further provided that the whole manhood of the nation should be trained to the use of arms, and that on the Queen's death the commissions of the officers of State and the military employed by them should expire. The passing of the Act of Security convinced the English ministers that they would have an armed nation to contend with if they did not come to an agreement with the Scots, and they accordingly entered into the negotiations which ended in the Act of Union.

While Fletcher was a most important factor in the two movements—the Darien expedition and the agitation for an Act of Security—which resulted in the union, he was a determined opponent

of the union that was actually effected. He was an original thinker, and, as usually happens with original thinkers who become involved in active politics, he could not attach himself to any party, and no party could lay claim to him. He could not be classified. The Scottish Whig of that time, according to a contemporary definition, was "a true-blue Presbyterian who, without considering time or power, would venture his all for the kirk, but something less for the State," while the Tory was an "honest-hearted comradish fellow" who was friendly to neither. To adopt a modern phrase, which not inaccurately describes Fletcher's attitude, his was a "cross bench" mind. He was as zealous for the good of his country as any Westland Whig, but he would have nothing to do with forcing Presbyterianism or any other form of faith upon the people. His lodestar was neither Hanover, nor St. Germain's, nor St. James's; it was, one may say, without rhetorical exaggeration, the homestead of the Scottish peasant. He offers a rare instance of a politician who had thought out his political creed in the spirit of a statesman, and who endeavoured to realise his ideal with what instruments he had; and his policy is not always to be judged by the principles of those in whose company he found himself. His creed is founded on what he believed to be the first principles of just government, and in his exposition of it he makes use of an eloquence, unsurpassed in the literature of the time, in respect of vigour and power to convince.

A brief outline of the main doctrines which he taught may serve to explain what, if one judged them by conventional standards, might be described as the inconsistencies of his political conduct. If he sometimes co-operated with the Jacobites, it was only because the orbit in which he moved touched for a moment the narrower circle of their political course. He took a comprehensive view of public affairs. He was an internationalist, a cosmopolitan. The principles he enunciated were applicable not to his own country alone, but to all Europe. Indeed, to have carried them out in their entirety, it would have been necessary to have created a federated Europe. Federation was one of his root political ideas. It appeared to him that God and Nature had "marked out certain portions of the world for certain great societies of men, having divided them from each other by seas and mountains, or some remarkable difference of soil and climate," and that these natural divisions corresponded with certain types of national character and language. Ten such divisions, he found, could be made in the map of Europe, the United Kingdom being one of them. They were all of about equal strength; each was capable of self-defence against any other, but not of aggression. The principle of the foreign policy of all of

them was to be "defence not defiance," and to ensure the maintenance of international peace he proposed that the whole male population should be trained to the exercise of arms. The system of training which he proposed resembles in some points the continental method of conscription, and in others it anticipates the organisation of our modern citizen army. He treats the subject with great originality, and one or two points may be mentioned in order to give an idea of the scope of his proposals. His leading suggestion was that we should in this country have four great camps into which all the young men of the nation should enter on their twenty-second birthday, that the ordinary period of training should be one year, but that young men of means should remain two years, while those who could afford to buy horses should be obliged to do so and be formed into the cavalry of the nation. During their stay in camp, the recruits were not only to be trained in strategy, military evolutions, gunnery, fortification, and the like, but, having all gone through a school training, "they should be obliged to read at spare hours some excellent histories, and chiefly those in which military actions are best described, with the books that have been best written concerning the military art." There were to be no recognised chaplains, but such of the youth as were fitted for the office were to be chosen every Sunday to "exhort the rest to all Christian and moral duties, and chiefly to humility, modesty, charity, and the pardoning of private injuries." Having gone through the preliminary training of the camp, the recruits, Fletcher suggested, should return to their homes and engage in their several trades; meeting thereafter once a week for drill, and in the summer uniting with their neighbours in forming camps of instruction.

But not only would he have had the youth trained in the knowledge of military affairs, he thought young men should take an active part in public business. The two great evils which afflicted society he saw were war and corruption of manners. His partition of Europe and his plan of military service were directed against these evils. But they were not of themselves sufficient. He supplemented his proposal to partition Europe into ten great States, with a plan of dividing each State into a number of local governments; and in the case of the United Kingdom, he suggested the formation of provinces around London, Bristol, Exeter, Chester, Norwich, York, Stirling, Inverness, Dublin, Cork, Galway, and Londonderry. In this way he hoped to put a stop to the crowding of the rural population to the Metropolis, of which he says it is "like the head of a rickety child that, by drawing to itself the nourishment that should be dis-

tributed in due proportions to the rest of the languishing body, becomes so overcharged that frenzy and death unavoidably ensue." Besides, he argued that "if the people of Yorkshire or Devonshire were not obliged to go further than York or Exeter to obtain justice, we should soon see another face of things in both."

That the mere machinery of government could not of itself bring about material prosperity Fletcher was, however, aware; and his experience of the Darien expedition convinced him that the way of salvation did not lie in that direction. It would be tedious to enter into an examination of his political economy, which is extremely heretical, but it may not be uninteresting to point out that he thought the straight road to wealth was the development of our natural resources, and particularly the encouragement of agriculture. His plan for encouraging agriculture was more original than practical. He proposed that interest should be gradually abolished, and that no man should be allowed to possess more land than he could cultivate by the help of his servants. The effect of these two proposals, he believed, would be to bring all the land under cultivation, and force all the wealth of the country into reproductive employment. But that was not all that was needed. In his own country the great practical difficulty which stared him in the face was the want of farm labourers. According to him, farm labourers in those days were so unfaithful and lazy that anxious landowners, even when they tried to manage their own estates, were, after a vain struggle with innumerable difficulties, forced to give up trying to alter the bad methods in vogue. The remedy proposed by Fletcher was a drastic one. It applied to the Scottish out-of-work the treatment Carlyle recommended for the vagrant lack all and poor Quashee. The only difference is that the older writer, unlike the modern apologist of perpetual service, throws his suggestions into a systematic form and condescends upon details. By his plan, the constant service of the antique world would have been restored, slavery (or, as its author regarded it, secure and steady employment) would have been sweetened to the servant by the hope of freedom earned by honest work, and the social system would then have been reared, it was hoped, on a firm foundation. Trade and commerce were to spring naturally out of agriculture, for it was anticipated that when the new order was fairly organised the children would be trained in the mechanical arts, and that around each small estate there would gather an industrious community which would give up its time to spinning, weaving, and other useful manufactures; while with her surplus wealth the nation would execute great public works.

The intention of the system of which the outlines have been given was manifestly patriotic. Its mistakes are obvious. So far as its proposal for the enactment of perpetual service is concerned, it is evident that the author underesimated the efficacy of individualism. When he died in 1716, Time, which tries all things, was proving the truth and error of his theories. A change was rapidly coming over the aspect of Scotland. Industrialism was beginning to take the place of penurious gentility. Ere long, the little village of Saltoun, wisely tended as it was by the members of Fletcher's family, became a hive of industry and famed for its Holland cloth. The harsh ecclesiastical controversy fell silent; and Saltoun affords a somewhat interesting illustration of the changed temper of the time, for we find that in the year 1744 the minister of this Presbyterian parish was "a pious and primitive old man, very respectful in his manners, and very kind. He had been bred an old Scotch Episcopalian, and was averse to the Confession of Faith—the Presbytery showed lenity towards him, so he did not sign to his dying day." The change everywhere was rapid and great. Edinburgh, though the nobles and knights of the shire had forsaken her streets, became the home of the sciences and the arts, and Glasgow flourished by trade. Clearly Fletcher fell into some mistakes. The evils which grieved him were being cured by other means than those he proposed—by means, however, in the provision of which he was a conspicuous agent, the just terms which he was in great part instrumental in obtaining for Scotland in the Union Treaty. On the other hand, there are matters with which he dealt which will for many long years to come engage the attention of thinking men and baffle the efforts of the wisest statesmen to settle. Many solutions will continue to be proposed and to find advocates. Some of them may be wiser than Fletcher's; most of them, it is safe to say, will go even farther astray. Be this as it may, even an imperfect glimpse of this chivalrous and deep-thinking man should be sufficient to prove the justice of the estimate of one of his eulogists, who says: "He was blessed with a soul that hated and despised whatever was mean and unbecoming a gentleman; and was so steadfast to what he thought right, that no hazard or advantage could tempt him to yield or desert it. In his life he never once pursued a measure with the prospect of any by-end to himself, or further than he judged it for the common benefit and advantage of his country."

D. C. BANKS.

FROM THE KONGO TO THE NIGER.

THE map of Africa is being rapidly filled in in all directions by travellers of the different European nations, a very large share being taken in recent years by the French, who have shown a feverish anxiety in exploring "the Dark Continent." In doing this they are following and developing a strong colonial policy, which has already given France a preponderating share of the African continent. And when a Frenchman travels in Africa nowadays he does not do so merely for the purpose of adding fresh countries to our knowledge, or of advancing trade, but he goes with treaties in his pockets, by means of which to get the petty chiefs he comes across to place their countries under the "protectorate" of France, and so to bring them under the control of France to the exclusion of other countries. John Bull seems hardly yet to have awakened to the way in which the possible extensions of his trade are thus being limited.

The exploration of the Kongo system and the plotting on the maps of its great tributaries had left a great blank space between its northern feeder, the Welie-Mobangi, and the countries bordering the Benue river and Lake Chad, a blank containing little more than the dotted lines of hypothetical rivers according mainly to hearsay information received by travellers. An important contribution to the filling in of this large area has been made by a French traveller, M. Casimir Maistre, the result of whose travels has appeared in a sumptuous volume.¹ M. Maistre was not the first to throw light on this dark "hinterland" of the German Kamerun colony. In 1890 M. Paul Crampel plunged into this unknown region from the Mobangi, with the intention of crossing the Sudan and the Sahara, and emerging in Algeria, but he was taken prisoner by a Mahomedan sultan south of Wadai, and died of fever.

After the departure of Crampel, some Frenchmen who had furnished the funds for his expedition and that of Lieutenant Mizon, formed the "Comité de l'Afrique Française," under the presidency of

¹ Maistre, C. *À travers l'Afrique Centrale, du Congo au Niger*, 1892-1893. Paris, 1895.

Prince Auguste d'Arenberg, in order to favour by all peaceable means the extension of French dominion in Africa. This committee at once sent M. Jean Dybowski to join the Crampel mission, to revictual it, and then go and found a permanent establishment in the region of the Shari. Dybowski left Bordeaux in March, 1891, but reached Brazzaville, the French post on Stanley Pool, only to hear of the death of Crampel. With a view to punishing those responsible for Crampel's death, he pushed forward from the Mobangi to the upper



Sketch Map of West Central Africa *French Post*

waters of the Shari, when want of provisions compelled him to retrace his steps.

Nearer to the west coast, M. Fournieu had in 1891 explored the Sanga river, another tributary of the Kongo, till he was attacked by very superior forces and had to turn back; and in 1891-92 Lieut. Mizon travelled from Yola on the Benue to the Lower Kongo.

Like Dybowski, Maistre was sent on his expedition by the Comité de l'Afrique Française, his object being to reinforce and act conjointly with Dybowski. Though his was not, therefore, primarily

a Government expedition, the French Government gave him a large subvention and considerable material, besides giving him power to sign treaties with the native chiefs in the name of France. On January 10, 1892, the young traveller—he was only 23 years of age—left Bordeaux with three companions, MM. Clozel, de Behagle, and Bonnel de Mézières. Recruiting a number of *laptots* at Dakar, in the French colony of Senegal, he landed at Loango, and travelled overland to Brazzaville. Here the carriage of goods is effected solely by the aid of human carriers, of whom Maistre required for his impediments no less than 400, making the transit to the navigable waters of the Kongo a costly affair. The importance of Brazzaville lies only in its position on Stanley Pool at the commencement of thousands of miles of navigable waterway; for the town consists only of about a dozen buildings scattered over a bare plain above the river, which serve as dwellings or magazines, a flagstaff with the tricolor, some very recent plantations, and two or three walks planted with bananas. However, here, where he met Dybowski returning home ill from his expedition, Maistre was provided with two French gunboats in which to ascend the Kongo and the Mobangi, and his voyage as far as the station of Bangi was thus accomplished with ease. The rapids above Bangi form an impediment to steam navigation, and the goods had here to be transferred to pirogues. On this river Maistre was joined by two members of the Dybowski expedition, MM. Brunache and Briquez, and the party now consisted of six Europeans, an escort of sixty armed men, and about 120 native porters.

Leaving the river at Wadda, a post established by Dybowski, on June 9, Maistre first proceeded to Kemo, another post formed on the river of that name by Dybowski, beyond which his route lay in altogether unknown country. He remained at Kemo a fortnight to complete his arrangements, and then on June 29 plunged into the unknown. He first traversed the country of the Ndris, and in the first village signed his first treaty in the name of France with the chief Azamganda. This was all done with full ceremony. The chief was formally received before Maistre's tent, the Frenchman being surrounded by his European companions and the whole *personnel* of the expedition under arms, whilst Azamganda was followed by other chiefs and all the natives of the village. A big, sly-looking fellow was this chief, with matted hair ornamented with several rows of red and white beads and three long ivory pins stuck in a sort of chignon, that was all that distinguished him from his subjects, his costume being of the smallest dimensions. The Ndris

are thoroughly unsophisticated people, and no trace of any European or Arabic articles was to be found amongst them. The chiefs and people were very friendly. They are big men, strong and well built, with very black skin. Their costume consists of a morsel of cotton-cloth made in the country, or bark, passed between the thighs and attached to a cord round the waist. The women are generally ugly, and wear as their sole vestment a bunch of leaves suspended to a small cord, which serves as a belt. This very simple costume, which Maistre found amongst other tribes visited, has, we are told, the advantage that it can be frequently renewed without any expense.

Beyond the Ndri country, to the north, Maistre entered a forest or "brush," which was uninhabited, and which separated it from that of the Manjias. These Manjias have an evil reputation with their neighbours to the south; Maistre's guides endeavoured to draw him away to the east so as to avoid their country, and he had to find his way by compass. The first meeting with these people was certainly not encouraging, for they assailed with spears the Senegalese who were at the head of the cavalcade. But a volley from the little force quickly drove them off through the bush and long grass. Though surprised at the unwonted visitors they were not daunted, and reassembled with war cries and wild dancing, evidently intended to intimidate the intruders. The latter, to show their friendly disposition, offered beads and cloth, but the peaceful overtures were only answered by a shower of arrows. Then Maistre gave the command to fire, and the discharge of the guns quickly cleared the Manjias off, leaving one or two dead on the ground. So scared were they that they deserted their village, in which the travellers took up their camp. There was thus no fear of hunger for the present, the food question being the chief difficulty in travelling with a large party through a strange country. Further attempts were made to bring about a peaceful understanding with the natives, but they kept at a respectful distance, suspicious of the motives of the whites. At last they were sufficiently emboldened to attack the camp with their primitive arms—firearms were evidently quite a new experience for them—and again were they driven back by a volley from the guns. Maistre gave orders to capture one of the natives if possible, and presently the Senegalese proudly brought in a big bestial-looking man of a low type, whom they had surprised. It was a long time before the prisoner could be got to reply to questions, but realising after a time that the whites meant him no harm he became more communicative, and was at last sent off with

some small presents to show his fellows the goodwill of the French. But it was not until after another, yet more determined, encounter that peace was finally brought about. The Manjias now saw that it was hopeless to contend against European weapons, and in the last combat they had suffered considerable losses. Presents were exchanged, and the Manjias were induced to come into the camp and to provide the travellers with food, the supply of which was getting low, and on August 21 the inevitable treaty was signed with Kandia, one of the principal chiefs, and the French flag was given him.

In the Manja country Maistre had come to a large river, flowing to the north, called the Nana, which was evidently a feeder of the Shari. This river he followed to the northward till it united with a still larger river, the Gribingi, flowing from the east, which he identifies with the Kukuru of Dybowski. In the countries of the Wia-Wia, Auaka, Akunga and Aretu, along the courses of these rivers, he found the people more friendly. Yagussu, the great chief of the Auakas, signed a treaty placing his country under French protection. Maistre did not wish to cross the Gribingi, but his guides persuaded him that on its west bank he would have to traverse an uninhabited country, where food was scarce. He had no boats to navigate the river itself, and to cross it with his goods he had to make a number of rafts with branches of trees, for the river was too deep to ford. The peaceful peoples here were subjected to the ravages of the Smussus, Mussulmans of Dar Runa, away to the south of Wadai, who make periodical raids on the villages for slaves and plunder, and numerous ruined and deserted villages were passed which they had practically depopulated. So friendly were the Akungas to the travellers that they even helped the carriers with their loads. But they carefully kept all their women out of sight, fearing that the newcomers might treat them in the same treacherous manner as the dreaded Smussus.

At the village of Finda, Maistre at last persuaded the Aretu to bring one of the women before him. He did not find her at all prepossessing; she was by no means so good looking as the men; but then, he adds naïvely, perhaps they only sent the oldest and ugliest woman in the village so as not to tempt him. Her clothing was exceedingly scanty, and consisted of a cord belt to which was attached in front a sort of small apron a few inches long formed of a number of small finely-plaited cords; behind, a great bunch of grass, also attached to the belt, completed the costume. Her hair was matted very short, with a small chignon on the left side. The

men's attire was similarly primitive, and consisted of a small piece of bark of the width of the hand attached to the belt in front, and attached also from behind by a little cord passing between the thighs. These Akungas were most friendly and hospitable, brought presents of fowls, corn, &c., to the travellers, and willingly entered into treaty relations with the French.

Had he been provided with boats, Maistre would have descended the Gribingi and Shari to Lake Chad, but in default of these it was necessary to push on to the West Coast, as his barter goods were not sufficient for a more extended journey. So he again crossed the Gribingi to its left bank to turn his steps towards the west, in order to reach the Benue river.

Coming into the country of the Saras, an evidence of the influence of the Moslems of the Sudan was met with. The chief, Manjatezze, came to receive the travellers clad in a short sleeveless shirt or tunic, formed of strips of cotton cloth about two inches wide sewn together. These strips were of different colours: white, yellow, black, blue, brown, &c., and Maistre was told that it came from Bagirmi, the first he heard of that country from the natives.

Manjatezze brought some presents of welcome, and offered the use of his pirogue for crossing the river. At the same time the chief seemed to be relieved when the travellers passed on their way with their treaty of protectorate, of the importance of which he probably had a very hazy idea. These Saras are the finest race of people that Maistre met. Some of them have been brought into subjection to Bagirmi, a country made known to us by Barth and Nachtigal, and at the village of Gako, Maistre was welcomed by a representative of the Sultan of Bagirmi. Si Said spoke Arabic, so the difficulty of communicating with people of an unknown tongue was now at an end. From him, Maistre learnt of the events that had transpired in Bagirmi since Nachtigal had left in 1874. The country was then desolated by civil war, and divided between two competitors, Mohammed Abu Sekkin, whose guest Nachtigal had been, and Abderrahman. The latter having vanquished his rival, drove him from Massenya, his capital, and installed himself there. Hostilities continued a long time with divers fortunes; at last, about 1882, Mohammed Abu Sekkin entered Massenya, and within the walls of the town gave battle to his competitor, who was killed during the combat. Abu Sekkin, now without a rival, established himself first at Maiba, then at Buguman, the present capital of Bagirmi, about 1885. Peace has since reigned, and Bagirmi has preserved the best relations with its neighbouring states, Bornu and Wadai. The pre-

sent sultan or *mbang* is Gauranga, probably a younger brother of Abu Sekkin, whose son Burumanda retired to Wadai. One of the sons of Abderrahman, El Hadji, still lived, but had been blinded as a measure of policy.

Before reaching Gako, Maistre crossed another considerable river, 200 metres broad, called the Bahar Sara, which he identifies with the Bahar Kuti of Nachtigal. His aim now was to reach the villages of Gundi and Palem, which had been visited by Nachtigal, so as to connect his own itinerary with that traveller's. He had in this country some very trying marches through deserted regions, where the party suffered much from want of provisions, and through marshes where the European members were in turns laid low by fever. Gundi and Palem are situated in the country of the Tumoks, a smaller, blacker, and poorer-looking race than the Saras. Palem Maistre found surrounded by a regular forest of palm trees, but it was by no means so important as in Nachtigal's time, the country having been ruined by the war. Gundi, three hours' journey to the eastward, had from the same cause practically ceased to exist. By joining his itinerary with that of the German traveller, Maistre claims to have connected the Kongo with the central Sudan; there is now an uninterrupted series of routes traversed by Europeans extending from Tripoli to the Cape of Good Hope.

Pushing on to the westward, the country of the Gaberis was entered, a tribe of robbers who possess horses and plenty of ivory, for it is also an elephant country. These people appeared friendly, but their pillaging instincts were soon aroused, and two of the Senegalese, who had wandered away from the others, were assassinated and stripped of everything they had. Their comrades cried out for vengeance, but Maistre did not feel in a position to punish the villagers then, hoping that he might be enabled to bring them to justice when he reached Lai, the chief town of the Gaberis. But here he and his party found themselves almost in the position of the animals of the Zoo, surrounded as they were by a motley throng of warriors, women, and children. In the face of such numbers he felt that he could not afford to make enemies of the Gaberis. Lai is a town of over 10,000 inhabitants, situated on the bank of the Logon, a tributary of the Shari, and the *mbang* Dalem, the chief of Lai, who signed a treaty of protectorate, is recognised as the sultan of the whole of the Gaberis. The Logon here is 800 metres broad, but when Maistre crossed it in November—the dry season—half that width was a sandbank. On leaving here the Gaberis tried to involve Maistre in a raid on a neighbouring village, and in this they

succeeded too well, for his party was attacked in an ambush. But firearms again proved superior to the primitive weapons of the savages; the natives were easily driven off and their village burnt, after first rifling the stores of grain.

Passing on through the Laka country and signing treaties with the chiefs, Maistre reached the upper waters of the Mayo Kebbi, an affluent of the Benue. Here he met Fulah merchants coming from the north-west, and he was not sorry to join their caravan, as they were on their way back to Yola. At Lame, which was reached on January 14, 1893, the natives, though idolatrous and independent of Adamawa, have adopted the costume of the Mussulmans of the Sudan; though the women are much less advanced in this respect, possessing only a small piece of cloth passing between the thighs and held by a belt ornamented with bits of glass. Herds of cattle now became a familiar sight; they had not been met with before throughout the journey. At Lame, Maistre's treaty-making came to an end, for a few stages more brought him, at Aujeli, to the frontier of Adamawa and the river Benue. This river, where he forded it on January 21, has a bed 200 yards broad, but being then low water, banks of sand occupied half this width. In the rainy season the river would be 12 or 15 feet deep; then it was only about 16 inches in the deepest places. Maistre hoped that from Yola he would be able to descend the river by steamer, and so relieve his people after their weary march of seven months through a tropical region, but on arriving there (January 29) he was disappointed to learn that at that time of the year steamers could not ascend above Ibi; he had therefore another weary month's march before him. He was, however, most hospitably received by the agent of the Royal Niger Company, whom he calls M. Bradschaw. He acknowledges similar kind treatment on the part of the Company's agents at Ibi and at Akassa, at the mouth of the Niger—a very pleasing contrast to Lieutenant Mizon's diatribes against the Company and its treatment of him. Mizon was on the river at this very time, and learning that Maistre was on his way home, sent M. Nebout to him to ask for some guns. Maistre was able to spare him twenty-five, as he was now practically at his journey's end.

In fourteen months Maistre had covered more than 3,000 miles, of which about 1,000 were previously absolutely unknown. During the long march he and his companions had sustained many privations, and had suffered much from the fevers to which travellers in those regions are subjected. All his European companions returned with him, but of the blacks he had lost forty-seven—killed by natives

dead of disease or exhaustion, and deserted—leaving 132 soldiers and porters to return to their homes. Not only from the point of view of geographical discovery, but for its aggrandisement of French interests in Africa, Maistre's journey is an important one, connecting as it does the Kongo with the regions made known by Barth and Nachtigal. Although the watershed between the Kongo and Lake Chad had been previously crossed by Crampel and Dybowski, Maistre has first made clear the hydrography of that region. We now know that the Shari is formed by the junction of the Gribingi, the Ba Mungi, and the Bahar Sara, all of which rivers appear to be navigable. The watershed between the Kongo and the Shari does not rise to any great height, consisting of an extensive plateau, nowhere reaching 1,200 feet high.

The political results of Maistre's mission and his treaty-making received recognition in the agreement between France and Germany, delimiting the frontier between the hinterland of the Kamerun territory and the French sphere, which was signed at Berlin on February 4, 1894. France had in 1890 proposed that this line should follow the meridian 15° east of Greenwich; but this was now modified so as to bring Lame and the highest navigable point on the Mayo Kebbi into the French sphere. Even so, the boundary remains a ridiculous instance of the unwisdom of statesmen, disregarding as it does natural boundaries and frontiers. Could anything be more idiotic, for instance, than to draw imaginary lines across the territory of the Sultan of Adamawa, and allot his territory between the three nations, England, France, and Germany? Yet this is what has been done, without, of course, consulting the people most immediately concerned.

It is probable that before this the great waterway of the Gribingi has been navigated by a French steamer. In 1896 M. Gentil went out by way of the Mobangi, with a small steamer in sections to place upon the Shari. He succeeded in transporting these sections to the Nana, the southern tributary to the Gribingi, where it was ready for launching in May last, and we may at any time hear that it has floated on Lake Chad.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS EDWARDS.

TABLE TALK.

"THE AUTHORESS OF THE 'ODYSSEY.'"¹

AFTER devoting a fair amount of time to the study of Mr. Butler's "Authoress of the 'Odyssey,'" I cannot make up my mind whether the brilliant author of "Erewhon" wishes to be taken seriously, or is having a game with his readers. Apparently he is perfectly serious, but that may be in order to accentuate the joke against those naïve enough to accept him in good faith. At any rate, he has written a work which those with any taste for classical scholarship may read with the certainty of amusement and the probability of delight. His contention is that the "Odyssey" was written by a woman, and his belief is, although on this point he does not insist on being followed by the reader, that the woman in question is Nausicaa, the delightful heroine of the washing episode of the sixth book. One could fancy the Homeric laughter with which the theory would be greeted "on the snowy top of cold Olympus," if the great gods still presided there over mortal destinies. Mr. Butler is too fine a scholar to go far astray, and he makes out a good, or at least a plausible, case. I should personally like to believe him. It is true that I do not care to look upon the fair Nausicaa as, like an anticipatory Marie Corelli, singing her own well-mented praises. Comparing the nymph to Latona, we are asked to believe that she wrote concerning herself:—

With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendent o'er the beautiful train.

I use the translation assigned to Pope as that likely to appeal most directly to the majority of my readers. Stronger, of course, are the raptures of Ulysses:—

"Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung;
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung;
Bless'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied.

But bless'd o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms
Who clasp the bright perfection in his arms."

¹ Longmans.

Nowise modest in assertion are the heroes of Homer, or those even of Shakespeare, and it may be that, accustomed to intercourse with them, women grew equally frank in self-eulogy. Personally, however, I do not think that Nausicaa wrote the praise of herself.

THE "ODYSSEY" WRITTEN BY A WOMAN.

NOT quite convincing, indeed, are Mr. Butler's efforts to prove that the "Odyssey" was written by a woman at all, whoever the woman might be. It is obviously impossible for me to compress into a few lines an argument that occupies a volume of nearly three hundred pages. My real purpose is to introduce to such of my readers as are not already familiar with its existence a work which, whether regarded as a *tour de force* or as a serious argument, rewards the closest attention. One reason why Mr. Butler thinks that a woman must have written it is that the author comes such "croppers" in regard to matters on which a man could scarcely go so far wrong. The writer, for instance, supposes that a ship has a rudder at each end; that the wind whistles over waves; that a hawk while still on the wing tears its prey; that dry and well-seasoned timber can be cut from a growing tree, and that a lamb could live on two pulls a day at a ewe that was already milked. Errors such as these may perhaps be more easily made by women than men, but men fall into strange blunders. That the "Odyssey" is not by Homer is a view now generally accepted. I am not scholar enough to enter upon the question of authorship. The authoress, whoever she was, lived, Mr. Butler holds, at Trapani, in Sicily, and it was around the island of Sicily that Ulysses sailed. Here, again, I am too ignorant to venture on an opinion. I think, however, that the attempt to localise the scene of the "Odyssey" is not likely to be very profitable. What, however, is profitable, in a sense, is to read Mr. Butler's ingenious and brightly written volume for its own sake, and to leave to others the serious criticism for which he calls.

DR. FORBES'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

I HAVE read with much interest the "Life of Napoleon the Third" of Dr. Archibald Forbes: 'a brief and picturesque record of a career forming an illustrious instance of what John Lydgate the Monk, translating from Boccaccio, calls "the Fall of Princes." Very few hours will, in the case of an assiduous reader, serve for its perusal, and the occupation involves not a dull moment. The aim of the

¹ Chatto & Windus.

author is to give a concise, continuous, and graphic account of a career, supplying facts rather than opinions, and leaving the reader to a great extent to furnish the application of what he reads. In the case of one whose entire career some of us remember, who has but recently disappeared, and concerning whom the youngest of us knows something, this is the right, in fact the only, plan to adopt. We are not yet far enough away to see in good perspective a man with whom we were in close association, who spent a great part of his life in our midst, made here some of his closest friendships, used us as a stepping stone to his ambition, and contemplated—and was only by accident prevented from—treating us with the basest ingratitude. These things are shown us in Dr. Forbes's book. Putting aside the question how far English shelter and protection enabled Napoleon to mature in safety his not very ingenious plots, there is no doubt that when he established his position as Emperor instead of President, the recognition accorded him by England was to him a matter of indescribable importance. His alliance with us in the war of the Crimea served more than anything else to consolidate his power, and the hospitality accorded him by the Queen and the Prince Consort strengthened his position in all respects. If, after all these things, he meant, even to the time of his collapse at Sedan, to head a coalition against this country, it proves less, perhaps, the exceptional baseness of his nature than the fact that what is called the *haute politique* is the most selfish and degraded thing in human experience.

NAPOLEON'S THEORY OF GOVERNING THE FRENCH.

NAPOLEON'S own estimate of the manner in which the French could or should be governed is said to have been to amuse them with a war every four years. I will neither attack nor defend that position. Napoleon at least acted on his convictions, and he tried the experiment, with what success the world knows. The war undertaken with England against Russia is now held to have been a mistake. This again is a question I will leave others to decide. It might be a mistake for France without being necessarily a mistake for its Emperor. The Italian campaign, by which it was followed, ended less brilliantly than it began. After passing through Milan amidst enthusiastic acclamations a painful contrast must have been felt "when," says Dr. Forbes, "the victor of Magenta and Solferino was allowed to return from the scenes of his successes without a single cheer from the people whose country he had promised to free

from the Alps to the Adriatic, but whom he was now abruptly abandoning, leaving his mission but half accomplished." Following on this came the absorption by France of Savoy and Nice, the treaty for which was signed in March 1860. France was enriched by the acquisition of two fair provinces, the price for which was the loss of the friendship of England and the acquisition of the mistrust and hatred of Italy. Close on the heels of this triumph—or defeat, call it which you will—came the Mexican campaign, the tragic termination of which prepared the way for the end of the French Empire. Not much triumph was there here at least, and when the tidings of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian reached the Tuileries on July 2, while the distribution of awards at the Great Exhibition of 1867 was in progress, one hears without surprise that the proceedings "were interrupted, and that the Emperor and Empress were stricken with deep sorrow." One thinks more, however, of that other poor widowed Empress who, with her brain reeling under the shock of calamity and wrong, lives "partly in the solitude of Laeken, partly in her villa of Miramar, near Trieste."

THE EMPEROR HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

THE last war with which Napoleon was to "amuse" France was that with Germany, which ended in the disruption of the Empire and the final—so far as anything concerning France can be said to be final—dismissal of the Napoleonic dynasty. The chapters in which these closing scenes of the Empire are depicted are the most absorbing in interest in the volume. That Napoleon was jockeyed by Bismarck, and compelled to show himself the aggressor, when in fact he was the aggrieved, has long been known. Never, however, has it been shown so clearly as in Dr. Forbes's fascinating work. The policy of the Emperor seems the more tortuous because it was undecided. The enlargement of Prussia following on the acquisition of provinces previously Danish, and the total defeat of Austria, aroused the jealousies as well as the apprehensions of France, who, emboldened by her success in extorting compensation from Italy, thought to play the same game with Germany. Exactly as a skilful angler plays with a salmon did Bismarck play with Napoleon until war was declared, and the French army, well provided with maps of Germany, but in arrogant ignorance of its own borders, shuffled across the Saar and did nothing, while its adroit enemy planted the dagger in its heart. All these things are shown in a few brilliant pages, until, with the surrender of the French army at Sedan, comes the end of

Napoleonic rule, and the Emperor, who has striven so arduously to "amuse" his people, slinks cowed, beaten, and moribund to England. On these hospitable shores he finds once more as near an approach to happiness as he was to know. "He was visibly cheered," says Dr. Forbes, "by the warmth of his English welcome."

THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON III.

ON the whole, the verdict passed upon Napoleon by Dr. Forbes is lenient. Reasons of statecraft are held to be overmastering, and an indulgence is claimed for acts of a monarch which would never be extended to those of an individual. I have lived in circles in which the *coup-d'état* was regarded as a crowning iniquity. In the case of Dr. Forbes the attitude maintained seems nearer approval than condemnation. In this and other political matters I advance facts unaccompanied by comment. It may be that the cause of failure in Napoleon was the absence of resolution in action to support his powers of initiation, which were unquestionably great. When the point was reached at which energetic action was imperatively demanded, Napoleon was wanting. He was always more or less at the mercy of events, and he drifted on to his ruin. Such is the man as we see him in this latest biography. I still wonder, however, whether a firmer moral fibre might not have staved off calamity. He was always shifty and Mephistophilean. The hospitality and support he received from England did not prevent him from plotting her overthrow; and at the period when, unconsciously, his own fate hung in the balance, he was playing a double game with Austria and Prussia, negotiating with each a secret treaty directed against the other. Is it not possible, I ask, though I do not venture to answer my own question, that in statesmanship, as in private life, honesty might prove in the long run to be the best policy? Napoleon, at least, never gave it a chance, any more than did, for the matter of that, his great and finally triumphant adversary. A great addition to the attractions of this fascinating work consists in the portraits with which it overflows.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1898.

WILLIAM MOON, CLERK.

BY HARRY DAVIES.

HE came forth into the air as one who is stunned or bewildered, groping shakily for the hand-rail that ran down the steps. He noted in an absent kind of way that one of the flag-stones of the path which ran from the steps to the gate had been taken up, and speculated as to the reason, and wondered anxiously why it had not been replaced. He also observed vaguely that a crowd had gathered around a horse and cart in the busy thoroughfare. Probably a man had been run over, for the people were looking at something on the ground ; but crowd and roadway and every other object of life were miles apart from him ; years away ; æons removed. They had nothing to do with *him* ; a great gap had opened between him and the rest of the world. The hum of life around him seemed confused and distant and strange to the ear. A continuous stream of people came down the pavement of the broad street. They were the workers from the factory hard by, and they jostled and sang and joked in their delight to be free once again. He threaded his way among them blankly, vacuously, as one would thread his way amidst phantoms of a dream, yet noting every detail of their manner and personal appearance.

Meanwhile the doctor sat in his surgery lolling back in his chair and paring his nails. He had had a busy day, for the influenza was abroad, and he had been able to give but little time to his personal appearance. Now his work was done ; for his colleague was coming to take evening duty ; and he heaved a sigh of relief as he trimmed his nails. He was in doubt as to how to spend his evening. He felt like Mary Ann on her evening out. Should he go and see his friend the

curate of St. George's, or should he make holiday and treat himself to a night at the theatre? He closed his knife with a snap, put it in his waistcoat pocket, and betook himself to entering his last case in the bulky register which lay on the table before him. He wrote in the date; the name and the age of the patient, the nature of his employment, and one or two other particulars, as thus:—"William Moon (28), clerk, married, 127 Dunster Road, Leytonstone. Office hours 9-7; riverside warehouse." He leaned back in his chair again, put down the pen, and lit a cigarette. "Shall it be Olympia or the Lyceum?" he said. He walked over to the window, and stood there reflecting for a few minutes. Then he returned to his case-book, and proceeded with his entry, holding the cigarette meanwhile in his left hand, and taking occasional whiffs as he wrote. "Complains of cough. Pain in chest. Night-sweats. Hæmorrhage this morning. Examination reveals cavity large as a cricket-ball in left apex. Patient very emaciated and pale, almost bloodless. Has been getting weaker for many months. Father died consumption, mother asthma, sister consumption. Prognosis bad. Probably rapid case." He closed the book, flung down the pen, and went into his bedroom. "Yes, I think it shall be the Lyceum," he said. "Perhaps Mellish will come along."

So small a thing was it to the doctor! Only an item in the round of everyday life. Only one case in the abstract out of the scores on his books.

But not a small thing to the man who walked along the Mile End Road on that dull, blank evening in September! A melancholy mist was falling, enveloping the perspective of the wide road in a dull haze. The long row of lamps which glimmered on either side the thoroughfare went down red and sullen into the distance, and finally disappeared in the scowling blackness of the railway bridge at Bow. He turned his burning face to the sky as he walked. It seemed like a mute cry to the heavens; a dumb supplication from a hurting heart. But the heavens were sombre and hard-bound, and there was not the shine of a single star in all their broad expanse. Instead, the grey clouds, heavy with rain, crept up steadily, silently, sadly from the south west.

Only on the morning of this very day the sun had shone gaily upon him as he had started forth from the door of his little house at Leytonstone. A robin had carolled lustily in the humble little ash-tree that grew in the small plot which he proudly called his "lawn." He always walked to Stratford, not only to husband his money, but for the sake of exercise, and the whole way had been bright with the

shine of the sun and the singing of birds, and the whispering of the balmy wind. Only this morning! How happy he had felt as he walked! Everything had been going so well with him. Yesterday he had paid the last instalment but one on the furniture which three years ago he had obtained on the hire system. Next month would positively be the last. Then he would be free—free—free! Free from the money difficulties which had been pressing so heavily upon him since he had married! Free to pay his way as became an honest man, without having to pinch and scheme and go down at heels in order to meet his liabilities. Free to help his widowed mother in a modest way, and oh, what happiness that would be! Free to dress his wife as she deserved to be dressed, and oh, what delight that would give him! (In some of the better houses of Leytonstone he remarked ladies attired in graceful silk blouses—red and blue and all colours. How charming, he thought, would his wife look in a blouse of pale blue! How well the tint would accord with her bright chestnut hair! Already he had imagined the day when he should come home with a mysterious parcel in his hands.) Free to put a few shillings by each month towards their summer holiday. For three years they had not been away for a holiday, but for economy's sake they had "taken it out" instead in daily walks in the Forest or Wanstead Park. Free, some day, not very far distant, to get a piano on the hire system, and place it proudly in his little "drawing-room." It was the ambition of his life to get a piano and to see his wife play on it in the summer evenings, dressed in that silk blouse of pale blue, while he sat gingerly in the highly polished sack-back arm-chair, to purchase which he had "done without his pipe" for twelve months. Oh, his wife could play beautifully. You should hear her dash off the Sunlight Polka, just for all the world as Paderewski might have done. How he had striven and schemed to attain these objects of his ambition! How near they had come to his grasp! Only this morning he had whistled for very joy as he walked along. His one remaining little anxiety was so paltry that it seemed rank blasphemy to think of it. If only he could get rid of this hacking cough, this feeling of utter lassitude, his cup of gladness would now be full. Then he had looked towards the blue sky—God's own sky—and had accused himself of ingratitude:

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for even thinking of it when God has been so good to me. It will all come right. I know it will. I shall have a little money now to get some doctor's medicine, and that will soon pull me up."

Then he had commenced to whistle again. Oh, the world was bright, and God was good, and he was happy beyond his deserts !

It was during this very day that the black cloud had fallen across his life, just as these black clouds were creeping over the sky which this very morning had been so bright and fair. A fit of coughing had seized him after he had partaken of his humble lunch of sandwiches, a strange gurgling had sprung into his throat ; and an attack of hæmorrhage had ensued. He was vaguely troubled. It was hardly right that he should cough up blood. There must be something slightly wrong somewhere. Perhaps he had better go this very evening to the doctor and get it put right. He sighed, for to go to the doctor meant half a crown. He went straight from the office—and this had been the result.

Good God, how could he tell his wife ? How could he tell her ? It would break her heart ! The thought, coming upon him in all its suddenness, paralysed his very footsteps. He stood and clung to the railings for support. The perspiration gathered in big drops on his forehead. His legs shook violently beneath him, and it was with difficulty that he could keep from sinking to the ground. Hardly knowing what he did he turned and walked back along the Bow Road. Oh God, how could he tell her ? He said the words again and again under his breath, and people looked at him wonderingly, and smiled as they passed, to see his lips moving and his eyes so fixedly set before him. There swept through his heart a wave of intense pity for his wife ; pity mingled with humiliation over his own weakness. He had only married her to be a blight, a curse, a burden to her, when she might have chosen so many men, strong and sturdy, who would have brought her happiness and prosperity in life. What had he brought her ? Had not their whole married existence been one of pinching and straining ? And he in his selfishness had been content to drag her through it all, blinded by the supreme happiness of possessing her ; urged onward by the fatuous hope of days when his head would be above water. And now he was going to bring this fresh trouble upon her. He felt a bitter scorn for himself. What a poor contemptible thing he was, weakly, sickly, feeble in will and purpose, a grotesque parody of a man, a pitiful imitation in crumbling plaster. And he had dragged his wife down with him—his wife, who might have done so well. A great, a tender, an unutterable compassion made his heart ache for her. Oh God, how could he bring this fresh trouble upon her ? His thoughts swiftly changed into a fresh groove. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, he caught at one ray of hope which shot through his brain. Why should he tell her

until—until he had had a fight for life? Why should he burden her with a trouble that might after all be but a chimera? Did not all doctors make mistakes? Had not men lived for many years with one lung entirely gone? Were there not hundreds of cases in which the progress of chest disease had been arrested? Were there not a score of remedies which might be tried before all hope fled—cod liver-oil, lung exercise, sea-air, and what not? He turned again towards Bow Station, and his steps quickened with renewed hope. He would not give up life without a struggle. He would fight to the bitter end; fight until his last gasp. Did they not say that to strengthen the lungs a man should draw deep breaths slowly, gently exhaling again until every corner of the lungs was empty? He began to practise the exercise so as he walked back towards the station, and again people looked at him wonderingly, and smiled to see his nostrils dilating, his face flushed, and his head deep set beneath his shoulders in the effort of expanding his lungs. The attempts pained him greatly. Keen knives seemed to shoot through his heart and his shoulder blades. He felt faint and dizzy, and there was a sore aching about his chest. But all that would doubtless pass away with perseverance. He was going to fight for his life—fight, fight, fight, until he fell.

His wife met him at the door of the little sitting-room kitchen with a look of annoyance on her face. She held up her mouth unsmilingly to his proffered kiss. He put his arms about her and strained her yearningly to his breast. He drew her head upon his shoulder and put his face against hers, and passed his hand lovingly over her hair. There was a great agony in his eyes. He raised her face to his, and kissed her passionately again and again. He could not speak.

She did not answer by even a single little pressure.

"There, there!" she said, half petulantly, as she drew away from his embrace. "Your supper is all dried up through your being so late. If you had told me that you wouldn't be home to time, I wouldn't have got it ready, but you'll have to put up with it as it is now."

He could not even yet trust himself to speak. He walked back into the hall, and fumbled in his pocket under the pretence of looking for his newspaper.

"Never mind about the supper, dear," he said, when he returned. He walked to the fireplace and began playing with one of the small china ornaments.

She was going to and fro, laying the supper table. The rustle of

her dress passed close behind him. The very sound smote his heart with a fresh agony. He turned round swiftly and took her hands in his. He was craving for a word of sympathy. Just a look, a touch, would have comforted him.

"Milly, dear," he said tenderly; "you are not cross or offended with me, are you?"

She looked at him in utter astonishment. His lower lip was trembling.

"La, Will, what is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, swinging his arms to and fro with careless gaiety. "Cross! Offended! Of course not."

"I'm not very—I'm just a little—out of sorts," he said, still looking at her with that piteous hunger in his eyes.

"Poor old boy," she replied lightly. "Come and have your supper. You're only a little tired, that's all. A rest and a smoke will put you all right."

And so the evening, already late, rapidly fled; she chattering unceasingly about various things, about the dance to which she had been the previous evening, about what she had done during the day, about her visit to So-and-so, about what So-and-so had said to her, and what she had said to So-and-so. He sat and watched her meanwhile, as though he had eyes for nothing else in the world. She was at her best when talking vivaciously. She was pretty in her way, but it was that cheap and shoddy kind of prettiness which is mostly allied with utter shallowness. To him she was the sweetest woman in the whole world. Several times he forgot his trouble as he looked at her, and more than once he even laughed heartily at her little sallies of trivial fun. But ever and anon the cruel shadow would steal uppermost and grip his heart in its clutch, and his face would grow weary and old. She never once noticed his sadness, but chattered on, and afterwards slept heartily through the night, while he tossed and fretted and vexed until the grey dawn broke.

The summer was coming. He would be better in the summer. What a merciful thing it is that Hope may ever gleam and play about the horizon for poor troubled human kind, so that when it is darkest in the valley Hope seems all the brighter on the hill by reason of the very gloom. The summer was coming. He would be better in the summer. Already spring, the sweet harbinger, was whispering to the forest, yea, even to grey London itself, the message of the golden days that were coming, so that the blackbirds whistled for joy and

the trees budded into green. What melodies of coming happiness the April wind sang to him as it swept over from the copses. The birds were busy in the brakes. The primroses were blossoming under the hedges. Nature was all a-crooning in the sweet sunlight a song of welcome to the coming summer. His heart echoed the harmony with a strange, an inexplicable yearning. What cause for thankfulness he had ! Summer was coming ; his difficulties were nearly surmounted. With what quiet content and gratitude to God would he stroll with his dear wife among the trees in the golden evening, better in health, confident as to the future, while the after-shine of the setting sun sent long shadows of golden light athwart the landscape. He broke down and sobbed as he thought of it.

The summer was coming. Oh, he would fight and struggle and hope to be better this summer-tide ! He loved the summer so passionately. Surely the summer could not bring him aught but joy and peace and hope. How dearly he loved to wander amongst the quiet little corners of the wood where other folk scarcely ever penetrated. He would get out in the early mornings before breakfast, and would breathe deeply of the sweet air as he strolled through the copses. It would all tend to expand and strengthen his lungs. A thrill of happiness ran through his blood as he pictured it all.

God knows how pluckily he fought for his life, how much he yearned to live. In the mornings you might have seen him drawing his deep breaths with his face raised to the sky as he walked in the forest, and again on his way to Stratford Station. In his lunch-hour you might have seen him standing on Limehouse Pier for half an hour at the time, in the fond hope that the tide brought up a whiff of salt breeze from the sea. No remedy or medicine that could be heard or read of was left untried, provided it was within his humble means. He had paid his last instalment now on the furniture, so that he had five shillings a week or so to spare. As soon as he could give up taking cod-liver oil and other remedies he would be able to realise his long-cherished dream of getting a piano, and of hearing his wife play upon it. Oh, he had arranged it all ! It was to be a charming little surprise for her. He was going to choose a day when she would be away visiting her relatives in the south of London. He would come home early ; and when she arrived, there the piano would be standing in all its glory of green silk and shining walnut-wood. Should he have it open or closed ? Why, open, of course ! The effect would be so much better with the keys in sight, and the music rest up, and the gilt lettering of the maker's name adding lustre to the whole ! Then he was going to inveigle her

into the front room in a casual manner on some small pretext, and turn round to watch her face. How delighted she would be ! How she would run to the piano and sit down on the music-stool, and dash off the Sunlight Polka, or some other beautiful piece out of the many she knew ! Only to get a little better, and be able to leave off taking the medicine, and then——

The mysteries of life are strange beyond expression. So many men and women who have no desire to live are allowed to drag out their days to the bitter end ; while this man, who was capable of enjoying the blessings of existence with such a rich and round fulness—this man, in whose nature were such rare gifts of appreciation, of gratitude for mercies vouchsafed to him, of affection to all around him—this man who would have anticipated with such a thrill of pleasure the thought of living through many summers to come, who loved so to walk forth and hear the birds sing, for whom there was poetry even in the moaning of the wind over the forest at night—this man had to go with the music of the summer floating in through his bedroom window and whispering in his ear even as he died.

His wife wept a little, grieved a little, talked a great deal, and soon became resigned.

"Well, there, I suppose it was to be. Poor Will always was sickly."

She is married again to a sturdy, prosperous master dyer in the Leyton Road, and what with the furniture she possessed and that which her husband had bought, they have a very comfortable home, round which she looks with great satisfaction and complacency when she is talking to her visitors.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."¹

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I PROPOSE to consider Shakespeare's play of the "Tempest" in its connection with the age that produced it. There are many other aspects of this exquisite work—probably the last complete work that came from the hand of Shakespeare—that are well deserving attention; for, indeed, its interests are inexhaustible, so various and vivid are its pictures of manners and of men, and so penetrating and sage its suggestions concerning life and conduct. Both for beauty and for wisdom it holds a conspicuous place in English and in universal literature. And it is not from any depreciation or misappreciation of these æsthetic and these ethical excellences that it is now proposed to dwell upon another aspect of this masterpiece; there could indeed be no greater delight than to devote ourselves to them. But this other aspect is one that is not so often taken and that is not so generally recognised, though by no means unknown; and, therefore, it may be useful once in a way to turn from the more obvious to less commonly studied attractions and significances, not certainly because they are of superior importance, but because they are too slightly regarded. To fully realise the beauty and the wisdom of the "Tempest" is in itself a liberal education. The comparatively subordinate position now for a time to be occupied by them may, it is hoped, help towards that realisation; but a subordinate position it is frankly allowed to be. It is a side light rather than a front light that is now to be thrown upon this immortal drama.

Yet surely it is a side-light of great service and value; for to understand or try to understand Shakespeare, we must after all study him in connection with his age. His writings, whatever their faults and deficiencies, are so marvellous and have won for themselves so exceptional a place, that we are too apt to study them by themselves, and not enough in their relation to the circumstances and the atmo-

¹ A lecture delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge, with additions.

sphere, so to speak, in which they were produced. They seem to stand aloof from surrounding things, and be the offspring of a genius isolated and solitary—of one that was in the world but not of it; of a mind abundantly original and self-sufficient, not stimulated and fed as ordinary minds are by "human nature's daily food"; of a soul that was "like a star and dwelt apart." But when Ben Jonson, in his lines to "that admirable dramatick poet, Mr. William Shakespeare," said so finely, "Thou wast not of an age but for all time!" he did not mean that his friend was not of the Elizabethan age, but that he was not of that age only. The distinction of Shakespeare is that in the highest and fullest sense he was of an age—that he was the great representative of his age, the supreme spokesman of it, its very "soul," to use another fine expression of Ben Jonson's. To be sure he was "*consul haud unius anni*"; but a consul he was, a great ruler and master, an uncrowned king, in his own time. He was "the lyre" of it, even as the forest is the lyre of the wild west wind. He felt its impulses and aspirations. He knew its secrets and its mysteries. His ear caught its murmurs and whisperings. He was its sympathetic confidant. And while he "was musing, the fire burned, and then spake" he "with his tongue." He was "the perfect spy o' the time"; he was the voice of his age.

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.

"King John" (l. l. 207-8).

And assuredly it is because he was in a profound sense the voice of his age that he is the voice of all ages; it is because he knew so thoroughly and intimately the men amongst whom he moved that he knows all men. Like all great scholars, he proceeded from the particular to the general. By being so deep and keen a student of Elizabethan humanity, he attained his rare intelligence of the human race. Knowledge, like charity, should begin at home. *Because* he was "of an age," *therefore* he was "of all time."

But this Elizabethan and Jacobean familiarity is not essentially exhibited in precise and confessed allusions. Such allusions may be found in his works, and possibly enough there are more than have yet been perceived and explained; there is a most remarkable one to the Earl of Essex in the chorus to the fifth act of "*King Henry V.*"; but no doubt several of his contemporaries, e.g. Ben Jonson, Dekker, Marston, abound much more than he in such allusions. It is rather the spirit of the time—the very air of it—that Shakespeare enables us to breathe. It is its inner life rather than its outer that he perpetuates for us; not so much its clothes and its gestures, though

these are not forgotten, as its ideas and its passions. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, in a memorable passage, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." It is "the breath and finer spirit" of his age rather than mere external details that we must look for in the pages of Shakespeare.

Now, I propose to illustrate Shakespeare's connection with his age by a short study of the "*Tempest*." I propose to point out as fully as our time permits one great Elizabethan movement with which this play specially associates itself, viz. the colonisation movement. In a sense it associates itself also with the great scientific movement of which Bacon was the ardent and eloquent prophet; for the picture of Prospero, with his command over the elements, cannot but remind us of that dominion over Nature which Shakespeare's great contemporary so vigorously conceived and suggested. And no doubt other thoughts and ideas that were in the air at the beginning of the seventeenth century might be discovered in the "*Tempest*." But we will now confine our attention to the Virginian or colonisation movement. It may sound a dreadfully prosy notion that a play so aerial and of such fine-woven fancy concerns itself in any degree with a mere dull business matter, with an everyday practical question, with a subject that must have been often discussed at Jacobean ordinaries; but, indeed, in his highest flights Shakespeare never forgets his mother earth. Like all other great poets, he is essentially practical in the best sense of the word. Human conduct is always interesting to him, and there is no work of his, however brilliant its imagination and fairylike its creations, in which human conduct passes altogether out of his mental view and consideration.

In many of his plays we find definite references to the great geographical discoveries of his time. Undoubtedly those discoveries profoundly moved and excited the Elizabethan mind; they formed one of the chief influences that produced in that age such a wondrous intellectual awakening and energy. To see, as it were, the walls that had so rigidly enclosed the known world thrown down and vast expanses of space spreading out beyond what had seemed to be inexorable limits, deeply affected everybody's consciousness and inspired a strange sense of undreamt possibilities. This material emancipation, so to speak, brought to pass many other emancipations. It gave a delightful feeling of freedom in all directions. It seemed to uncase not only the body but the mind also. And Elizabethan literature abounds in allusions to this immense deliverance, and to the new world that had been added to the old one. Certainly, the

fact was well brought home to Shakespeare and his contemporaries; for it was in Queen Elizabeth's reign that Englishmen began to take a leading part in the exploring and in the annexation of these newly revealed regions. Any day news might come, and many a day the news did come, of some fresh discovery; and sailors who had traversed the remotest seas must have been numerous in the London streets and the London taverns. To take part in such voyages was one of the great delights of the time. In "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" we find mentioned the favourite occupations or destinations of the youth of the day, and one is "to discover islands far away." What a glorious pastime for the young Englishman, and how thoroughly congenial! Many passages show us how Shakespeare's own imagination was touched by those daring enterprises, and how he pictured to himself the scenes of them and the amazing additions made to the knowledge of the earth. "By whose direction," says Juliet from her balcony to her newly declared lover in the garden below,

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

And Romeo answers:—

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

The very vagueness of the new extensions was not without its charm. And towards the south-west at the time the vagueness was infinite. Fancy might roam as far as it pleased and shape continents to its liking; for in that quarter there were no defined horizons. When Rosalind is so eager to elicit from Celia who it is she has seen in the forest, and Celia seems to delay a reply, "one inch of delay more," she cries impatiently, "is a south sea of discovery," that is, probably—for the phrase is obscure—is or involves a discovery of incalculable extent. "You will have an enormous statement to make if you delay one moment longer to answer what I have already asked." To quote again from "*Romeo and Juliet*," when Juliet in her unsophisticated frankness assures Romeo—

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite,

her words had a special freshness and force they have now lost, for then the dimensions of the ocean were yet un conjectured, still less ascertained. Evidently these discoveries greatly attracted Shake-

speare, for all knowledge delighted him; so far from stinting and starving his imagination, it fed and strengthened it; it did not sate and satisfy, but rouse and raise.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Not that he swallowed travellers' tales with open-mouthed credulity; there are signs that he accepted them *cum grano salis* or *cum salino*; but certainly he read them, and it may be noticed that both maps and globes were familiar to him. He compares—that is, makes Maria compare—Malvolio's laugh wrinkled face to "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies," referring in all probability to the map found in some copies of "Hakluyt's Voyages" (1599-1600), in which the East Indies, it is said, are given with more minuteness than in any preceding map.¹ There is a remarkable use of a globe in the "Comedy of Errors" (III. ii.), where Dromio of Syracuse compares the "spherical" cook of Antipholus of Ephesus to a globe wherein countries may be looked out. Possibly the very sphere in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote that passage is the one by Molyneux, still extant and preserved in the library of the Middle Temple.

Now, from maritime discovery sprung in course of time the idea of colonisation. Though closely attached to one that was no friend of his and to whom he was no friend, Shakespeare must often have met and often conversed with the great man who is generally recognised as having first fully conceived that idea—with Sir Walter Raleigh. There are many signs of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Raleigh's designs and undertakings, and the various accounts of them given by Raleigh himself and by others. Some points in the "Tempest," as we shall see presently, are, to say no more, excellently illustrated from the Virginia voyages of 1584-85, from Barlow's account of that in 1584, and Lane's letters and other documents relating to that of the following year. And with Raleigh's South American schemes and ambitions Shakespeare several times shows his familiarity. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (I. iii.), when Falstaff declares that Mrs. Page is "a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both" (to Mrs. Ford as well as Mrs. Page); "they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both," and bids his messenger bear

these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores,

there is an undeniable allusion to Raleigh's voyage to Guiana in 1595.

¹ See Mr. Coote's paper in the *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1877-79.

and his wild search for El Dorado in that part of the world. In "Othello" (I. iii.), when the Moor speaks of

the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,

and in the "Tempest" (III. iii.), when Gonzalo, in his amazement at the "living drollery" just witnessed, exclaims—

When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we find
Each putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of,

we have unmistakable references to Raleigh's own words in his "Voyage to Guiana."

Next unto Arua there are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders, which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of Aromaja and Canusi affirm the same. They are called Ewaipanoma. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders. The son of Topiawari, which I brought with me into England, told me that they were the most mighty men of all the land, and use bows, arrows, and clubs, thrice as big as any of Guiana or of the Orenoqueponi; and one of the Iwarawaquen took a prisoner of them the year before our arrival there, and brought him into the borders of Aromaja, his father's country. And farther, when I seemed to doubt of it, he told me it was no wonder among them, but that they were as great a nation and as common as any other in all the provinces, and had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people and of other nations, their neighbours: but it was not my chance to hear of them till I was come away, and if I had but spoken one word of it while I was there, I might have brought one of them with me, to put the matter out of doubt. Such a nation was written of by Mandeville, whose reports were holden for fables many years, and yet since the East Indies were discovered, we find his relations true of such things as heretofore were held incredible. Whether it be true or no, the matter is not great, neither can there be any profit in the imagination. For mine own part I saw them not, but I am resolved that so many people did not all combine or forethink to make the report.

Certainly amongst the Elizabethans Raleigh, whatever his faults and errors, is a conspicuous and an attractive figure, and he must often have been present in Shakespeare's thoughts when he reflected on his era, as often before his bodily eyes when he paced the London streets; and the idea of colonisation which lie so vividly conceived

and for a time with characteristic ardour strove to embody was destined in the end to triumph. It might have been well for him if he had faithfully and constantly adhered to it ; but his was an impulsive restless temperament, and in a few years after the expedition under Anadas and Barlow, after sending out two colonies and organising some other expeditions to look after them, he was off with his old love and was soon on with a new. His plantations proved complete failures, chiefly through the incompetence or the wilfulness or the greed of those who took part in them. These adventurers did not understand what self-restraint and energy and forethought their situation demanded, or how many acute difficulties and perplexities and dangers the settlement they were attempting inevitably involved.¹

Tante molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

In 1589 Raleigh transferred his Virginian patent to a company of merchants and others, himself tendering a subscription of £100 "in especial regard and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those barbarous countries, and for the advancement and preferment of the same and the common utility and profit of the inhabitants."² It is to be feared that the propagation of the Gospel and the improvement of the natives had not been paramount or important features in Raleigh's own programmes, nor were to be so in those of any settlers for many a long day. Raleigh's association with Virginia finally closed in 1602, when he sent out a vessel to inquire after his lost colonists.

And so the Virginian schemes which for a time were so actively and powerfully urged fell through for some fifteen or more years. They reappear just at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and are taken up with renewed vigour in the early years of King James, and taken up never to be let go again, though for several years many disasters and little success attended them, and the would-be colonists were often in a truly desperate condition. There is no doubt a reference to this Jacobean enterprise and its ultimate prosperity in the interpolated passage in Cranmer's speech near the close of

¹ Bacon's words in his essay on "Plantations"—he himself in 1609 was a member of the Virginia Company—were no doubt suggested by a knowledge of facts. "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant ; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation ; for they will ever live like rogues and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation."

² See Fox Bourne's *English Seamen under the Tudors*, i. 239.

'King Henry VIII.," a play written in all probability by Shakespeare and Fletcher in collaboration.—

Where'er the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His [King James's] honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations.

It seems fairly certain that the success of the East India Company, chartered in 1599, was one of several causes which led to the formation of the Virginia Company, which, after some years of inquiry and deliberation, was at last chartered in 1606. It was in fact two companies, one consisting of London merchants and others, to which were assigned the seaboard and the hinterland from 38 to 45 degrees north latitude, and the other consisting of Bristol and west-country gentlemen and traders, to which was assigned the country from 34 to 41 degrees, so that the assignments overlapped, but it was ordered that the settlements were to be at least 100 miles apart. The colony founded by the Bristol Company proved a total failure; the other one, after frightful troubles and reverses, proved at last a total success.

And it is with this other one we have now especially to do, because the study of the sources of the "Tempest" brings us into close connection with it, and because Shakespeare's interest in it must certainly have been quickened and intensified by the fact that one to whom he was very deeply and warmly attached was one of its chief promoters. Hakluyt, Sir George Somers, and Sir Thomas Gates, were amongst the original members of the London Company; but the name of the greatest interest to Shakespearean students is a name that appears in the second and improved charter, that of 1609,² the name of the Earl of Southampton. As early as 1602, even when he was a prisoner in the Tower for the part he had chivalrously, however indiscreetly, taken in the Earl of Essex's foolish attempt at an insurrection, Southampton had been attracted by the new movement for the colonisation of Virginia, and for the rest of his life he befriended and supported it. In 1620 he was appointed treasurer of the Virginia Company, whose charter was revised and amended in 1609. And at this day the map of the United States testifies to the close connection between Shakespeare's great friend and patron and "Old Virginia." At this day we find in this State Hampton Road and Southampton Hundred; and I venture to conjecture that the name Isle of Wight for another section of Virginia is of the same

¹ See Doyle's *English in America*, p. 145.

² May 23, 1609, see Cal. of State Papers, Colonial Series, I. 8.

origin, for one of the appointments held by the Earl of Southampton was the Captainship of the Isle of Wight and Carisbrooke Castle.

It can scarcely be doubted that, as said above, Shakespeare's eyes and thoughts must have turned with a freshened and redoubled interest to that coast beyond the Bermudas with which his great friend was so closely associated. And surely it may increase the pleasure with which we read the "Tempest" to regard it as in some sense a monument of a friendship so memorable, and as a proof that the devotion Shakespeare expressed in his earlier years he felt to the end—that for him in this so fervent attachment—

Love's not Time's fool, though wax lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

For in 1594, in dedicating his "Lucrece" to this nobleman, he had used language of no ordinary warmth and intensity—language in striking contrast in this respect with the dedication to the same person of "Venus and Adonis" the year before, the contrast suggesting or showing that in the interim mere acquaintance had ripened into fervent friendship—that they no longer stood at a distance from each other, but had become thoroughly and cordially intimate.

The love I dedicate to your lordship [writes Shakespeare in 1594] is without end; whereof this pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater. Meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in al. duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

This aspect of the "Tempest," as showing that the Shakespeare of near fifty years of age had not forgotten the vows of the Shakespeare of thirty, has not hitherto been at all fully considered, though possibly it has not escaped notice altogether; but in the scantiness of our knowledge of Shakespeare's personality—a scantiness which is largely the result of his wonderful reticence and profound reserve—it is surely an aspect that deserves some attention. It may yet be possible to cast some light on Shakespeare's life and character by a more careful study of the special society in which he moved, and of the individuals with whom he lived in the closest intimacy. And from this point of view it is surprising that no adequate biography of the third Earl of Southampton has yet been

written. He was also the grandfather of that most faithful and heroic woman, Lady William Russell. So he is a person of considerable interest; yet the notices of him by Nash and by Mr. Gerald Massey are, I believe, the only memoirs of him, in English at least, of any importance.¹ His claim to be the "Mr. W. H."—"the only begetter"—of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" has been ably maintained by many able critics, and certainly seems still the most plausible of all the theories advanced to solve that most perplexing question. It is difficult not to suppose that the object of such intense attachment was identical with him to whom, as we have seen, Shakespeare dedicated love "without end." There is no such ascertained link of any comparable importance between Shakespeare and anybody else, for the statement of Heminge and Condell in their dedication of the first Folio to William Earl of Pembroke and Philip Earl of Montgomery, that these noblemen had "prosecuted" both "these trifles," the plays to wit, and "their Authour living," with so much favour, is slight and colourless indeed by the side of the words Shakespeare addresses to the Earl of Southampton. It ought, however, to be noticed that the Earl of Pembroke too, a little later than the Earl of Southampton, took some interest and some part in the colonisation movement. "He devoted large sums to the exploration and colonisation of America. Places were named after him in the Bermudas and Virginia. In 1614, moreover, he became a member of the East India Company."² So that those who hold that Pembroke is "the begetter" of the "Sonnets" might urge that the "Tempest" fits in with their theory no less than with that of the supporters of Southampton. This is a *questio vexatissima*, and as it is now under renewed discussion, and fresh light may possibly be thrown upon it, my own judgment is suspended, though, as has been shown, it inclines to the Southamptonians. But the important thing is the truth; and so this connection of Pembroke with Virginia, not I think hitherto noticed from this point of view, is frankly stated. Whatever solution is found for this knot—if a quite satisfactory one is ever found—it is certainly true that a more minute study of the Elizabethan men and women, and especially of those whom Shakespeare knew personally, may cast light on Shakespeare's plays, if it should fail to illustrate Shakespeare's own life and character; for it was not from books he derived his knowledge of human nature, nor did he wholly evolve it from his own

¹ Dr. Grosart informs me he has collected considerable material for a life of this Earl. His researches when published are sure to be of value.

² See Brandes' *Shakespeare*, l. 325; also Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbours*, i. 68.

consciousness. He derived it mainly from his keen and shrewd observation of the people around him—from what he saw and heard in the central aisle of Paul's, at the "Boar's Head" and the "Mermaid," and everywhere where he went. His gentlemen and ladies are unquestionably drawn and painted from the living specimens he met in his goings to and fro in the society of his time; and it redounds to the glory of the Elizabethan age that the portraits that represent it should express so much that is high-minded and noble. These portraits are by no means mere photographs, but yet they are undoubtedly true to the life of the time. They do not to any great extent reproduce particular Elizabethan individuals, but yet they very faithfully reflect the Elizabethan Englishmen. With an astonishing skill the mirror is held "up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Thus to form a definite conception of such a man as the Earl of Southampton might be of much service to the real student of Shakespeare's plays and of the Elizabethan drama generally. His career was by no means brilliantly successful in a worldly sense. After he left Cambridge University—he was of St. John's College, and his portrait now hangs in the Master's Lodge—his prospects seemed promising and bright. He was well connected, and he was a ward of Lord Burghley's, and he became a great favourite with the Queen, and the highest distinction appeared attainable. But he was of an eager, impulsive, excitable nature, and if he made many friends, as he certainly did—men of letters particularly he seems to have attracted to him, and amongst his fervent eulogists are Chapman, Florio, Daniel, Nash, Barnaby Barnes, Braithwaite, Wither, Jervais Markham, Davies of Hereford, Sir John Beaumont, as well as Shakespeare—he made also enemies. There seems to have been much in common, both of good and of evil, between him and the Earl of Essex, whose cousin he married and to whom he became devotedly attached. There was in him a large spice of impatience and headstrongness. The Queen was greatly opposed to his courtship, and very angry when he married. Gerald Massey quotes an Arabian proverb, "When a young man marries the demon utters a fearful cry," and remarks that Queen "Elizabeth seems to have been almost as profoundly affected on such occasions." She seems never to have forgiven Southampton for his offence of matrimony, and to have "snubbed" him perpetually thereafter. But we cannot now go into the details of Southampton's biography, though they are of considerable interest to the student of Shakespeare. Let me only add briefly that

he was sentenced to death along with Essex, but that the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; that on King James's accession he was released, and for a time made much of; that later on he joined the growing party of opposition to the King's arbitrariness, and was one of those who strongly urged that the Continental Protestants should be supported by English reinforcements; and when in 1624 the States General were permitted to raise four regiments in this country, he was appointed to the command of one of them, his eldest son accompanying him. "The winter quarter at Rosendale," says Wilson, "was fatal to the Earl of Southampton and the Lord Wriothesley, his son. Being both sick there together of burning fevers, the violence of which distemper wrought most vigorously on the heat of youth, overcoming the son first; and the drooping father, having overcome the fever, departed from Rosendale with an intention to bring his son's body into England, but at Berghen-op-Zoom he died of a lethargy in the view and presence of the relator." So the father's body was brought home with his son's, and they were buried together at Titchfield, Hants, on Innocents Day, 1624. His friend Shakespeare was not then alive to lament him; he had himself been laid to rest at Stratford-on-Avon some eight years before, and we will venture to believe had been mourned for longer than whilst was heard "the sullen, surly bell," giving "warning to the world that" he was "fled from this vile world."

There can be little doubt, we repeat, that Shakespeare's interest in the Virginian movement was deepened by his great friend's connection with it. "Among the chief promoters" of Gosnold's voyage in 1602, writes Mr. Doyle,¹ "was one on whom some portions of Raleigh's spirit had descended. The Earl of Southampton shared the versatility, the love of enterprise, the literary tastes, and the personal graces of his great predecessor, though he could lay no claim to that power of 'toiling terribly,' and to that statesmanlike wisdom which marked out Raleigh as a born ruler of men." To quote a contemporary authority in the "Histoire of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, expressing the cosmography and commodities of the country, together with the manners and customs of the people gathered and observed as well by those who went first thither as collected by William Strachey, Gent., First Secretary of the Colony," printed for the Hakluyt Society from an original manuscript (there are two extant in the author's handwriting), we read that, after the miscarriage of Raleigh's endeavours, the Virginian scheme for seventeen or eighteen years together "lay neglected

¹ *English in America*, pp. 139, 140.

until it pleased God at length to move again the heart of a great and right noble earl amongst us,

Candidus et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

Henry, Earl of Southampton, to take it in consideration and seriously advise how to recreate and dip it anew into spirit and life, who therefore (it being so the will of the Eternal wisdom, and so let all Christian and charitable-hearted believe in compassion to this people) began to make new inquiries and much scrutiny after the country, to examine the former proceedings, together with the lawfulness and pious end thereof."

JOHN W. HALES.

(To be concluded.)

LOCH. SHIEL.

IF her most gracious Majesty the Queen discovered Loch Maree by introducing it to a generation whose geography seemed to have been shamefully neglected, we must felicitate ourselves on revealing to many benighted Southrons the existence of that most lovely lake, Loch Shiel. That there is such a loch was inborne to the writer himself by much study of guide books, maps, and Mr. Watson Lyall's useful book on the outdoor sports of Scotland. They show that Loch Shiel forms part of the mainland on the extreme westernmost district of Scotland, which terminates in the lighthouse on Ardnamurchan Point, a headland dreaded by so many yachtsmen when the night is "dirty" and an ugly swell is coming in from the Atlantic; the hilly Moidart skirts it on the north, and Sunart, with its numerous brotherhood of mountains, closes it in to the south. Far over them rise the mountains of Morven, while the monarch of all Scotch mountains, Ben Nevis, reigns in the north-east. He who is sympathetic to the many influences of crags and rocks will therefore find them in this district in profusion, glooming or kindling glories in shade and sunshine, and touched into poetry as late evening falls upon the prospect. Beyond the human interests involved in sport which abound in this locality, as well, happily, as in so many other districts of bonnie Scotland, the problems connected economically with life and labour, as seen in the crofters and their holdings, appeal to the deepest feelings of every thoughtful man. Neither work nor play, therefore, are unprovided for the sojourner among the happy gardens of the Hesperides, which flourish near the gulf stream on the wild shores of Argyllshire.

Just as every river possesses a character of its own, every loch in broad Scotland has its own individuality. To the fisherman, indeed, they are all classed as "dour," or as free-biting, while the ordinary tourist views them merely as romantic or the reverse, whatever that may be in his estimation. The man who loves to study the changeful moods of his favourite loch, as a man might note the different aurs

and tempers of some beautiful girl who for the moment has crossed his path, can find a wealth of graces and frequent recurring changes in it. According to the majority of these he classifies the loch. Thus Assynt is featureless and commonplace, Encht sullen, Garry black-browed. Tay, on the other hand, is sunny, Shin bright-eyed, Laggan winsome and smiling. How should Loch Shiel be characterised? Running twenty-three miles inland, and winding in glittering coils among the mountains, with here a grassy corrie catching the eye, there a range of steep rock-wall where nothing can set foot save the raven and the eagle, while at one point a dark warm clothing of firs runs down to the water's edge, and at another a shepherd's hut or keeper's shieling does but accentuate the waste moor around it, the mind is strongly impressed with a sense of its unity in diversity, its successive beauties of soft nature and wild desolation. Like the elements of a musical harmony, these features are separately beautiful, but fuse into a still more beautiful whole. The mountain forms which hem in the loch are every here and there of a strongly contrasted shape, while the ever-recurring play of lights and shadows flits over their craggy faces. Where loch becomes river towards the west long yellow sandbanks and spits of shingle gleam against the blue streams that cut them, in which, during July, thousands of the water violet (*Hottonia palustris*), with pale blue and white petals, wave in the breeze. From the head of the loch arises Glenfinnan, a barren district lying between the three deer forests of Meoble, Conaglen, and Culvain. Shiel, therefore, furnishes a changeful succession of land and water painted, as it were, in numerous schemes of colour. In the best sense of the much-abused adjective, the proper epithet for it would seem to be picturesque. Look at it where you will it is always different both in character and tone.

The physical characteristics of Loch Shiel it enjoys in common with other sea-water lochs of Western Scotland, and with the Fiords of Norway. It is an ancient glen, partly depressed, but still more carved out by glaciers, and resembles specially in this point Lochs Awe and Encht. It bears signs of ice-action in the worn surfaces round its lip, and is a true rock-basin of quite recent geological date. Raised beaches, too, may be found, all showing that Shiel is as different as possible from the mountain tarns seen in the Eastern Highlands. Indeed, the student of ice-action will see much to instruct him in its vicinity. The whole distance from Inverness to the basalt slopes of Mull and Morven will well repay careful investigation, and he will find that "there is no marked line of demarcation between the land valley, watered by its river, and the sea valley

filled with its ebbing and flowing tides."¹ The vast scale on which Nature worked in her ice-sculpture of Scotland is clearly apparent in this district, and to the geologist rambling over it with the key to its composition in his mind, it seems inconceivable that the secret of ice-action was so long undiscovered, and he gains juster ideas of the genius of Agassiz.

The pilgrim to Loch Shiel can remain at a little inn known as the Stage House at its upper end, or at Shiel Bridge Hotel near the sea, while Auchnashelloch, in its vicinity, also offers hospitality; and Daleles, not unconnected with Prince Charles, about the middle of the loch, will also receive him. At certain times a steamer from Oban puts in at Salen, Loch Sunart, whence three miles further on Shiel Bridge is reached. If, however, the visitor wishes to see some of the finest moorland scenery of Scotland, and time is not of much importance, let him rather seek Corran, Ardgour, by a Fort William steamer, and go on in the postal "machine," some fifteen miles to Strontian, along Glen Tarbert. Another mail-cart will take him ten miles farther along a dangerous but exquisite road skirting Loch Sunart, all the way till Salen is reached. The household at Shiel Bridge (if not very sleepy) can then be knocked up some time after midnight. It is well to make certain of beds beforehand in Highland hotels, more especially in the thick of the tourist season, or when "the gentlemen are expected for the shooting." Sport reigns supreme in the Highland mind, and rooms are often engaged months beforehand for the "Twelfth."

All who gain Shiel Bridge will be delighted at the fine view of crags and fir-trees, while underneath is a large deep pool in which salmon may be seen rolling over and over at times like porpoises, and on a projecting rock stands a spruce-fir reported to be hung with artificial flies. The river Shiel runs here for three miles to the sea at Loch Moidart, forming several capital salmon-pools on either side. The northern side belongs to Lord Howard of Glossop, while the laird of the Ardnamurchan country, Mr. Dalgleish, holds the other. Both sides are let, and the river is generally very prolific in salmon and sea-trout. The character of the Shiel is erratic and changeful as a girl of sixteen, with long sandbanks, heaps of shingle, strips of fir-trees coming down to its banks; it pursues a circling course till it reaches the living rock, and flows through rounded channels which it has cut out for itself. Throughout its journey it resembles the Virgilian river,

cadens riuicun per leuia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrique arentia temperat arva,

¹ Geikie's *Scenery of Scotland*, Ed. 2, 1887, pp. 231 seq. 182.

while, if it be the reader's lot to ramble through the oat-fields by it during such a time of drought as prevailed in the summer of 1893, he will be astonished at its varied beauties, called forth by the different surroundings of wood, rock, and heather alluded to above. This varied scenery strongly differences Shiel from the multitude of rivers which run out of other Highland lochs. They cut moor, or heath, or rushy waste, and no more is seen of them. It lovingly winds round the rocks, and makes long circuits, unwilling to lose itself and its changeful beauties in the sea. But the plunge is at length taken into the blue Atlantic near Castle Thorin, and far in the misty distance like a cloud-strip lies the island of Muck, and even the wonderful Scur of Eigg rears itself grey against the sky. A herd of cattle generally stands in the embouchure of the river during summer, lending judicious spots of colour to the artist.

Just before the river reaches the sea toll is taken every now and then of its salmon from the fishing station adjacent. Boats put out, and the hardy fishermen row and nets are let down, and there is much excitement. These fish are partly consumed in the district and partly sent away, but communication with the world beyond the mountains is not easy, so that it is generally possible for anyone in the district to obtain "saumon." A painter might immortalise the worthy captain who presides over this business; many are the friends who will recall his genial face, but humble prose can only commemorate his good heart. Castle Thionius must in old days have been exceedingly strong. Its grey, windowless walls and massive roof-trees, long since stripped of their covering, still meet every blast from the Atlantic with indifference, and stand like the ghosts of departed warfare. A peep through the postern shows perhaps a ladder or a peaceful garden rake. No sound of man breaks the monotonous wash of the waves at its feet or the mournful wail of the seagulls overhead. Mingary Castle, in Ardnamurchan, presents similar features of desolation. Like the old firs on Rannoch Moor, these two castles are survivals of a long-dead time when Scotland was held by different clans, governed Cyclops-fashion each by its own chieftain, little recking what form of worship or laws prevailed at Edinburgh. Revenge, rapine, and cruelty dwelt too often in these castles, which were more impregnable, thanks to their sea-guarded portals, than even the English castles in the evil days of Stephen. Now the wandering artist or salmon-fisher gazes idly on Castle Thorin and the rest of the old Scotch maritime holds, and even the osprey has deserted their turrets. But the tides ebb and flow beside them as of old, and the immanence of Nature mocks even their thick walls and

projecting turrets. The guide-books furnish prosaic particulars of each; probably most men are satisfied without history with the almost pathetic desolation of these Highland castles.

A cheerful modern house hard by Castle Thiorin, the abode of Lord Howard of Glossop, Dorlin, commands a fine sea view, and is backed by well-timbered crags. Few gardens are so carefully sheltered. Behind them rise mighty rock walls which need no mortar and broken glass to keep out intruders. White rabbits with pink eyes dart in and out of the brushwood, suggesting ferrets at the first blush to the passer-by. A few black rabbits pleasantly diversify their ordinary inconspicuous brethren, just as three or four "dookers" please the eye when seen diving among sea-gulls. Higher up the river than Dorlin, where the shallows begin, sea-trout may be observed in summer evenings trying to ascend just as darkness falls. Up they flash and boldly rush through the shallows, leaving wakes like great V's behind them, but it may be (as this year) there is too little water, and then they soon turn round vanquished and seek the deeper floods of the estuary. The salmon-fishers have named the different pools up to the Loch; the "Garrison" and the "Sea" Pool are famous, and hold fish if there be any in the river. Most picturesque is the "Bridge" Pool just in front of Loch Shiel Hotel; large, deep, and surrounded by crags planted with birch and pine, it delights the tourist as much as the angler, especially when large fish come to the surface and disport themselves. Stages are fitted up here and there on the river whence, just as at the head of Loch Awe, the gaudy salmon flies can the better be sent to their victims. The vicinity of the loch, and especially the riversides, are fraught with interests of all kinds to the visitor; rocks, trees, flowers, birds, and fish, all at the same time appealing to his sense of wonder and bestowing novel impressions upon him. A moment's reflection will show that it is this ability of presenting new notions and fresh objects of interest to the mind which largely constitutes the delight of a holiday in Scotland. Sight, sounds, customs, food, plants, fish, birds—all are novel, and make frequent demands upon every sense. Together with the crisp and bracing air, the floods of sunlight, the momentary changes of colour upon the hills, this sense of the novel and the unexpected acts as the best possible curative agent. Cares are flung to the winds; troubles which seemed all-important at home are suddenly discovered to be of very trifling import in the North. Such are some of the blessed effects of a stay in Scotland. The scenery of the upper river is more bare, yet its wide sandbanks, shallow waters, and pebble reaches possess a wild beauty of their own; one

which sinks into many hearts more than much pronounced loveliness of trees and crags and peeps of blue breadths of distant lochs. It reminds the idle dreamer of Lowell's keen perception of beauty in a similar landscape :—

Dear marshes, vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare.

Everyone can admire a Turner or a Ruysdael, but few and only poetic souls love a sandhill with a few bents and pink blossoms of thrift upon it, even though painted by a Wynants. The low tones and melancholy wastes of such scenery as appears on the Upper Shiel river are only relieved by a few whitewashed huts of crofters with sundry square yards of garden round them painfully recovered from the moor. The thoughts thus evoked, as the crofters stand round with lack-lustre eyes and aimless lives, harmonise with the dull outlines and grey tints in front of the sea of heather which sweeps up to the great mountains :—

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge;
Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling lights, and with the current seem to glide.¹

The great object in life of these crofters seems to be to drive cows out of their patches of oats. Sometimes it is their own cow, more frequently that of a neighbour, but the colley is at once incited to turn it out, and barks and shouting resound by the Shiel river from the earliest peep of summer dawn to the last faint pulse of expiring light. This is the absorbing summer occupation of all the women and children. Driven out of the oats, the cows merely march into the loch and there sybaritically enjoy the grateful coolness where their tormentors cannot reach them. There is a general sense of indolence in the air. No one does anything during the summer months. Odysseus must have sailed here during his wanderings and found his lotus-eaters by the Shiel. The women never take the trouble to put on bonnets, the old ones wear white caps. While regretting that they thus miss a topic which takes up

¹ *An Indian Summer Reverse.*

much of the thoughts and conversation of their more civilised sisters (for what woman can resist the attractions of a chat on the bonnets of the season?), the visitor is thankful to see the simplicity of a past age still lingering by Loch Shiel.

A favourable opportunity occurred while we were at Shiel Bridge to see the youth of the district. In honour of the wedding of Princess May the salmon fishers at the hotel gave a dinner and ball to the servants and gillies of the establishment, who were permitted to ask their friends from the neighbourhood. Even those used to the decorous manners of the Highlands could hardly have expected such quiet self respect and modest bearing both of men and women as was apparent in the festive party. After dinner, at dusk and dusk is long in coming during July in Ardnamurchan—a bonfire was lit on an adjoining crag, and all the visitors were escorted to it by the lads and lassies. These took extreme care of their charges, helping them down slippery banks, and occasionally picking them in a still more friendly way out of furze bushes and clumps of heather. There was no excess of any kind, and the Southrons might note at their leisure the best aspects of the reserved but warm Scotch nature. Only one young fellow, who had probably been reading of exploits in the Peninsular War, all at once assumed the part of a hero, and, charging through the flames, carried off the standard which crowned them amid deafening cheers, and a pibroch from Peter the Piper. The national dances which succeeded—reels, strathspeys, and Tullochgorums—waxed more spirited as the night passed on. The loud “hochs!” of the men, and the large selection of steps which they danced to the inspiring strains of Peter, and a piano used with good effect by a fair visitor, worked up the saltatory powers of the ladies to a whirl of exceeding nimbleness, reminding a spectator of Lockhart’s clever description of a similar scene in “Fair to See.” It was hard to say which sex carried off the palm for dancing, each performing prodigies of alertness and science. In the middle of the fun an elderly angler slunk off to bed, only to lie awake, poor man! the rest of the night with the “skrl” of the pipes a yard or two under his head. Gradually dancing gave way to speeches and sentiments (the Highlands seem to form the last refuge of this old fashioned Scotch custom), during which a passing reference to “Bonnie Prince Charlie” and the white rose aroused the whole population to an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm in the estimation of the cold English temperament, which unluckily remembered how the Young Pretender had borne himself at Culloden. It is satisfactory,

however, to be assured that in no place probably in her Majesty's dominions was greater loyalty exhibited on this festal evening. Ballad and romance may surround the memory of Prince Charlie with a fanciful halo of national independence ; but the bright vision fades at once from the Highlander before the strength of the womanly sympathy and many kind deeds of the Queen in her Scotch home.

The activity of the salmon-fishers during the long drought of 1893 almost equalled by day that of the dancers by night. The wooden stages running into the different pools were each tenanted by its eager fishermen, and swish, swish, swish ! resounded the casts they made as they panted in their shirt sleeves in the great heat. Day by day each pool was carefully combed over, beginning with small and modest single flies, advancing as the day waxed to larger and more gaudy double flies, while the efforts of the anglers culminated in monstrous tropical insects a couple of inches long dressed in all the colours of Iris. Sad to say, all this enthusiasm was useless ; and evening after evening the weary men had to catch old salmon over again to amuse each other, as they smoked in the golden twilight, and speculated on endless atmospheric changes which might take place on the morrow, according to the movements of the aneroid. Alas ! for weeks and weeks no change of weather befell, and the hapless fishermen grew daily more hopeless and discontented. Perhaps the situation weighed most upon their wives. They had to endure the natural *ennui* of a fisherman's life to a woman, at the same time that it became their duty to keep up the spirits of the husbands. A woman who has no taste for angling little knows what dull existence she prepares for herself if she marries a man devoted to fishing. During what ought to be a holiday to both he can think, talk, and read of nothing but rods and reels, and flies and "fish." His room is littered with every appliance for killing monsters of the deep, which too seldom come to be killed. A gilly takes him out at 9 A.M. in a boat, and she may come if she likes and be rowed up and down till 7 P.M. Needless to say, she does not like this one-sided view of happiness, and then her fate is to consort with other wives at the hotel in similar evil case, falling back upon small talk and yellow-backed novels. None but the most devoted of wives ever go twice with an angling husband to Scotland. It may do for the honeymoon, but then with a wise unpiscatorial wife the joint holiday in the North ends for ever. Iona and Staffa generally prove the northern gates of Hercules to lady tourists if they are not

yachting; but the ladies at Loch Shiel had penetrated much farther north than Mull, or

Alva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.

Being fond of fishing, too, they evidently enjoyed their holiday as much as their husbands seemed to do. Besides Thorm, for archaeologists fond of castles, Mingary is at no great distance, and Sir Walter Scott's description of it, as seen from the sea, is still sufficiently faithful. "It appears to be surrounded with a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, in order to adapt itself to the angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle is founded."¹ To the north-west rises the stern promontory of Ardnamurchan, on which of recent years has been built a lighthouse, bearing sway over far and stormy waves.

Few more pleasant and varied sails can be taken on Scotch lochs prodigal though they all be of beauty, than from the lower end of Loch Shiel to its head at Glenfinnan. On the right Lord Morton's deer forest glooms, a district of bare hills and deep precipices, with crags mounting gradually to Resipol. One or two cottages for keepers and shepherds may be seen during the twenty-three miles which the loch extends nestling on the shore, each with its green patch of oats, under the higher solitudes. Signals are perhaps made to these, and a woman as usual, with no bonnet on her luxuriant tresses, pushes out in a boat for her letter or basket of groceries, exchanges a few kind words in Gaelic, and contentedly returns to her children, who run into the loch to meet her. On the opposite side dark pines creep down clefts in the rocks into the loch, and the aspect generally is much more luxuriant. In one of these bosky retreats, where the mountains withdraw somewhat from the water, lies Dalelea, and another secluded recess, both sacred to the memory of Prince Charlie, who is said to have rested and dined in them. At the head of the loch stands the monument to the Prince, which was erected in 1813 by Alexander Macdonald, proprietor of Glenfinnan. Its melancholy inscription tells the story of the Prince's ill-fated adventure :—

Avitum Imperium
Tristi imprudentia amissum
Per summa discrimina vindicare audax
Infelix juvenis
CAROLUS EDVARDUS
Hic primo vexillum proposuit
XIX die Augusti A.D. MDCCXLV.

¹ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 251. Ed. 1837.

It is now in a ruinous condition, though the Prince yet stands in stone leaning on his claymore, overlooking braes and valleys still inhabited by many Roman Catholics, doubtless firm adherents of his cause. A survey of the well-being and material prosperity of Scotland at present inclines the student of history, while sympathetically tracing the sad fortunes of the Stuart dynasty to justify the ways of Providence in the triumph of the Hanoverian succession.

Grand as a thunderstorm is in every mountainous country, the visitor may well pray for one on Loch Shiel. Wide expanses of sky beyond the frowning mountain tops on the south grow gradually grey and then pallid, and finally flush into red and fiery bronze. Wisps of mists and fleecy clouds are whirled over these by the violent gusts which then prevail, though a sultry languor hangs over the loch. In a minute or two flashes of lightning slant over the giant shoulders on the south, and low murmurs resound from one to another of the huge brotherhood, like Cyclops debating with his brother the freaks of Outis. Soon the lightning streams over the end of the loch, peal upon peal of thunder breaks forth overhead in the grandest tones of Nature's diapason, and heralded by a few drops, the full force of rain driven by a hurricane lashes the water to foam. High over the rush of the cold rain sweeping down from the hills comes again and again the roar of the thunder, until almost in a moment the storm flits, grumbling and muttering into other lands; the rain ceases, the sunshine floods the lower end of the loch, and a new world, in its small way like Noah's, opens upon the view, glistening and refreshed, and glowing with richest colour where was previously but the dulness of grey and brown rock, the uniformity of dark foliage. Such caprices of weather as this delight the wayfarer in Scotland, and frequently recur to his mind during the tamer if more prolonged rainfall of level districts. The succession of these storms does much to enliven a stay in the Highlands.

In July not many birds are to be noticed on the loch. A wild duck with her train of young ones paddles confidently across; the little mouse-coloured sand-martin flits along in hundreds, finding plenty of food in the gnats and flies born in the shallows. House martins dart through the ranks of their smaller brethren. On the strips of verdure in the more retired parts of the loch a pair of redshanks and a family party of six, in all probability, rise and sweep round in a semicircle higher up the bank.¹ A few lapwings may be

¹ Seen by the writer, but Mr. Harvie Brown, on Mr. Dalgleish's authority, says the redshank does not breed in Ardnamurchan.—*Vertebrates of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides*, 1892, p. 181.

seen, but these birds are not common in Ardnamurchan. Swifts also are scarce. Curlew, on the other hand, are abundant about the river Shiel; indeed, Mr. Dalgleish affirms that the only breeding-place for them in Ardnamurchan is near the mouth of the Shiel, but Mr. Harvie Brown heard of their breeding on the moors around, as in the rest of Scotland. In 1890 a seal was seen so far up the river as the Garrison and Bridge Pools. Mr. Harvie Brown suggests with much probability that the legends common on many of the Scotch lochs about "the Great Horse" or "the Snail of the Loch" may be referable to the appearance of this animal.¹

The fish of Loch Shiel do not differ from those ordinarily found in the Western Highlands. Char, it is supposed, do not exist in any water of Ardnamurchan. The common trout (*S. fario*) is found everywhere. A curious tailless species lives in Loch Namaorachan. Many theories have been formed to account for its existence, but perhaps the one most likely to be true consists in ascribing the phenomenon to the want of lime in the water of the loch. It is a question whether the salmon of Loch Shiel is not paler when cooked than other salmon of the vicinity, but much is due in these cases to the cook. Mr. Harvie Brown will not allow *S. ferax* (the great lake-trout) to be a specific variety. "It exists," he says, "in all large lakes where, in all probability, it is only a *fario* that has become a cannibal, lives in deep waters where daylight does not penetrate, and thereby loses its red spots." It may be reasonably asked, however, why are there no *feroces*, supposing this theory to be correct, in many lakes and large rivers which contain many specimens of *fario*? What Burt calls the "malhoulakins," or little gnats, are serious foes to any tender-skinned angler when fishing. To say nothing of their bites, a perfect cloud of these insects surrounded us one summer's evening on Loch Shiel, and casting their skins on our rough fishing coat, soon gave it the appearance of having been out in a snowstorm. The boundary line between Inverness and Argyllshire runs midway down the loch. Hence an angler, by a pleasant conceit, related that he had once run a salmon up and down through one county into another, Inverness-shire, and there killed it. In the great drought of 1893, it may be added, the loch was very "dour," and fishing of every kind miserable.

Half-way up the loch lies a hilly island covered here and there with a few bushes, but generally bleak and bare, large stones lying everywhere on the scanty herbage. At the summit is a ruined chapel with an extensive graveyard round it, surrounded by a grey

¹ *Vertebrates of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides*, 1892, p. 20.

fence of stones, here and there broken down. The whole place is invested with a mysterious sanctity in the eyes of the neighbourhood, and in truth a more lonely and desolate situation for a graveyard could scarcely be found. Perhaps the fact of its being environed by the waters of the loch was a further recommendation in the eyes of the superstitious of past generations. There they supposed soul and body were safe from witchcraft; not the most malicious of warlocks could deal in "cantrips" within a graveyard so stoutly defended by Nature. On the altar-stone of the chapel is laid a bell, probably once upon a time the priest's sacring bell, but now like the rest of the sacred spots held somewhat in awe-struck veneration by the whole vicinity. Originally the Green Isle (as it is called) may have been a Keltic cemetery, and Culdees perhaps worshipped where Roman Catholics afterwards celebrated the Christian mysteries. It has for many years ceased to belong to any section of religious belief. Roman Catholic and Presbyterian alike are laid there in peace. A few rude stone crosses have been erected over some graves. Other mourners are contented with placing a rough stone or two from the multitude scattered about over the dead. A few carved stones appear here and there, the inscriptions almost eaten away by the winds and storms of centuries. In truth, the little fane possesses so many memories, and so many associations surround the Green Island, that the ruder the monument, the more it is in harmony with the loneliness of the isle, and the ruins of the wall, and the tombs, and the temple. A heron stands at the edge of the loch, an appropriate emblem of the grave earnestness of the lives of those laid here, and the fisherman, as he is rowed by, indulges in one of those many serious reveries which create for the reflective man so much of the charm of angling. Overhead on both sides of the loch the riven faces of the mountains look down upon the burial ground. A few sand martins flit by; a raven wings his heavy way overhead to Glen Cona. They do but intensify the silent sadness of the isle.

One afternoon from my boat on the lower end of the loch I descried some eight or ten men sitting in a row on the edge of the water opposite. "It will jist be a burial," said the gilly; "puir Mr. McDonald died last Monday. He was eighty-four, had a son a placed minister, and ane of his daughters is still-room woman for the Duchess." The coffin was on the bank before the mourners, and a boat was anchored hard by. Presently, as I looked, a couple of women crossed the moor and came up to the little party, and then, without further ado, the coffin was lifted into the boat; the

two women took their places beside it, and a couple of stout rowers commenced the long journey up the loch. The mourners waited till these had pushed off and were fading from the sight. Then they solemnly turned and retraced their way back over the dried heather, leaving the boat to continue its journey.

And what a journey was not that to the old shepherd ! Doubtless he had long realised what would be his last home on earth, and now his mother and wife were acting upon his known wish. He had been a ferryman, it seemed, as well as a shepherd. Now he was taking his last row on the waters which had brought him the means of life, together with untold stores of health and innocent happiness. Nothing was heard in the breathless summer afternoon, but the "thud, thud," of the oars in the rowlocks. The women spake no word. Grief was too keen at present. Another night of sound sleep with the necessary work of next morning, and the soothing consolatory power of seeing one's fellow-creatures, but above all the satisfaction which comes of plying the daily task vigorously, would soon refresh and calm them. Life would once more run in its accustomed channels. And yet their condition is really a far worse one than that of the dead man. They remain amid the afflictions and trials of earth. The dead is taken away from the evil to come. He is at peace.

Leaving a long wake meanwhile, the boat is slowly passing round a corner, and now it is out of sight. The sadness and scantiness of the funeral woke many remembrances in the heart. Face to face underneath the everlasting mountains we are brought into the presence of the most important questions that can be asked about the state of man after death. From such grave questionings the mind soon turned to the picturesque aspects of the ferryman's last row. Oh, for Landseer's facile pencil to portray and dignify for the world for ever the funeral of the old ferryman, while none but Israel could give it the suitable pathos ! Such a picture, as recalling old fashioned honesty, honour, and religion, could not fail to be generally useful ; and few traits are more marked in the Scottish character, and have more evidently led to the prosperity of the nation, than its possession of these virtues. They may not be showy or pretentious ; they are, what is much better, the deep convictions of a true and conscientious religion.

M. G. WATKINS.

CONFUCIUS.

ON August 28, 1896, the Emperor of China issued for publication a memorial addressed to his Majesty by the hereditary Duke Confucius. It appears that at the beginning of last year one of the Academicians had called attention to the necessity of improving some of the glebes attached to the ducal estate, and the high authorities of Shan Tung (the province in which the ducal palace is situated) and Kiang Su (the province in which Nanking, Shanghai, and Soochow are situated) were commanded to find the necessary funds. His grace the Duke now explains that in the year A.D. 1294 Kublai Khan, the Mongol Emperor of China, granted to the family, for sacrificial purposes, two estates, consisting respectively of 360 and 540 hectares of land, in or about lat. 35° N. and long. 117° E. These two estates are situated on the Grand Canal, or rather on a lake which the Canal skirts, and which is just on the borders of the two provinces above mentioned. Both the estates are on the south-west side of the Canal, in the township of P'ei, the cradle of the Han dynasty 2,100 years ago. Up to A.D. 1289 the Canal was only navigable as far as the Yellow River, but by A.D. 1294 Kublai Khan had already continued it as far as his capital of Cambalu—the modern Peking—and very likely it was on account of this that Confucius received a share of the new topographical benefits; for it must be remembered that between the years A.D. 1034 and 1856 the Yellow River took a more southerly course than it does now, and ran east into the sea along the parallels of latitude 34 and 35, and therefore the prolongation of the Canal would have the effect of bringing fresh tracts into notice, besides connecting them with the metropolis. The Duke cites as evidence of the grant the inscribed stone upon which Kublai Khan recorded the event. The original stone has been long since carried away by the floods consequent upon the change in the Yellow River's course, but authentic copies of the inscription of course exist in the public archives. He expresses his thanks to the Emperor for directing that the 900 hectares originally granted by Kublai should be once more legally attached to the family

estate ; 48 hectares were, he says, as a matter of fact recovered in 1869; and with regard to the balance of 852 hectares now once more secured, the rule is now established that the Duke shall send his steward once a year to the office of the circuit intendant residing at the prefectural city of Su-chow, in the extreme north of Kiang Su province, in order to collect the rents.

In thus noticing a practical, contemporaneous, and business-like letter based on documents six hundred years old, and coming from a Chinaman with 2,500 years of unbroken history at his back, I propose to give a short account of the Confucian family for the information of English readers. The patronymic—or, as we should say in English, the surname—of the clan is K'ung, or "Hole," and the philosopher (like other Chinese sages of the first rank) is usually spoken of as a *fu-tsz*, literally a diminutive of *vir*, as *homunculus* is of *homo*, but in practice an expression having much the same deferential effect as the *excelsus vir*, or other cognate terms, applied in courtesy by Latin authors to a few legal or philosophical luminaries of the highest rank, such as Papinian. In modern usage one addresses a teacher as *fu-tsz* in epistolary correspondence. Thus we get the combination K'ungfu-tsz, which, in the Latinised form given to it three hundred years ago by the early Jesuits, became Confucius; and, in fact, sounds in Pekingese almost exactly as the last-named Latinised word would be pronounced by a German. The great-grandfather of Confucius had migrated from a more southerly part of China to a place now marked in modern maps as Sz-shui, or "River Sz," on the other or north eastern side of the Canal, in the province of Shan Tung, some miles to the north east of the estates above described as having been granted to the family by Kublai. Confucius's father was a military man, and died when our hero was only three years of age. The widowed mother migrated once more to a place lower down the River Sz, called K'u-feu or "Crooked Hill," and that city has remained (with some schismatical intermissions to be mentioned further on) the family residence until this day.

As a child, Confucius attracted attention by his precocious taste for ceremonial ; for his playthings he always preferred the objects—dishes, candles, tripods, hats, &c.—which are used in formal sacrifices. He was an only son, nine daughters having been born in succession before his turn came. He married at the age of nineteen, and the following year his wife presented him with a son, of whom almost nothing is known except that he was a comparative disappointment to his father. Nor was his wife a complete success ; in fact, it is even said that Confucius had to divorce her, but this

statement is not well authenticated. Probably his rigid character bored her into preevishness. At that time the imperial power of China was very weak, and the six larger of the so-called vassal states were practically independent. The condition of the country was much like that of France just before Louis XI. broke the power of the semi-independent nobles ; or, still more, like that of Germany under the weak Emperors of Louis XIV.'s time. Confucius held an official position as inspector of granaries in the state of Lu, which corresponds pretty nearly to the south-western half of the modern province of Shan Tung ; in fact, that province is still called Lu in the more elegant epistolary style. He seems to have employed his leisure hours in inculcating upon the local youth his views upon things in general ; and with that object in view he soon collected a "school" of young men around him, much after the manner of the Grecian and Roman philosophers, peripatetic or sedentary. He himself did not compose any sustained didactic work ; it is through his disciples, and especially his grandson, that his moral views have been transmitted to posterity. He was, however, a great student of history, and seems to have ransacked all available records in order to draw therefrom sound principles of good government. He was the apostle of autocracy and propriety, and disliked excess of any kind.

When at the height of his pedagogical and political fame he visited the Emperor's capital—the modern Ho-nan Fu—with the object of studying the archives collected there ; and on his return to his own country he felt it his duty to follow into exile his ducal master, who was driven from home by civil wars and died abroad. Returning once more, he was gradually advanced by the succeeding Grand Duke to the office of Lord Chancellor. The Grand Duke seems to have at last grown rather tired of his strait-laced counsellor, who, therefore, at the age of fifty-seven, left him in disgust, and went wandering about from court to court as a sort of peripatetic philosopher, declaiming against vice, avarice, idleness, sensual indulgence, dancing-girls, and other abominations. To use the popular phraseology, he received from the restive dukes and princes he took in hand as many kicks as he did halfpence for his gratuitous advice ; but he consoled himself for his disappointments by rearranging the records he had so carefully gathered, and prepared the basis of the works now known as the "Classics" of China. He also composed his only original work, being a history of his native state between the years A.C. 722 and 481, the closing date of his literary labour. The main object of this history was to plead for the advantages of an imperial

system in preference to petty rivalries. He had returned at the age of sixty-eight to his native country once more, and died five years later in B.C. 479. As Mr T. Watters says in his "Guide to the Temple of Confucius":—"One of his last-recorded utterances is a lament over the failure of his teachings. The rulers of the time did not appreciate him, and would not adopt his theories or follow his counsels. Among the people also the sage had not much influence, and his death was not followed by any popular manifestation of sorrow." The Grand Duke, however, professed a certain amount of hypocritical grief, gave him a temple, and instituted quarterly sacrifices to Confucius's memory; these sacrifices were continued until the great upheaval of B.C. 221, when all China was forcibly united under one sceptre by the ambitious "First Emperor," usually known to Western history as the builder of the Great Wall. Mr Watters goes on to say:—"Many years had to pass before the fulness of time came for the spread of his teachings, and their perfect influence on all the ways of individual, public, and social life in China." As Mr W. B. Mayers also points out:—"It was not until nearly 300 years after his decease, when the feudal system was on the point of disappearing, and a general reform in the principles of government was introduced, that recognition was accorded to his memory by Imperial command."

Dr. Joseph Edkins, whose opinion upon this matter is also entitled to respect, says:—"Confucius became the acknowledged chief sage of China almost immediately after his death. . . . His biography is found amongst those of royal families, and not along with the lives of scholars and sages. . . . He was contemporary with Thales and Pythagoras, but he differed greatly from them in the practical character of his philosophy and in his abstinence from speculation. He was great as a moralist, and therefore he is rather to be compared with Socrates . . . yet they differed. . . . Confucius was the stern censor; Socrates the acute reasoner and master of irony. Confucius refused to discourse on the future state; Socrates loved to meditate upon death and the after-condition of the soul. Confucius laid down rules for the government of self, of the family, and of the State; Socrates was rather the inquirer after knowledge, and the lover of virtue for its own sake. . . . Confucius followed antiquity . . .; Socrates rather listened to the internal voice."

Though a man of peace, Confucius had all his wits about him. In his opinion diplomacy, to be efficacious, should be supported by military power. On the occasion of this utterance he saved his ducal master from assassination, and behaved with great firmness. He

was no teetotaler. He used to say, "Drink as much as you like, so that you don't get drunk."

In personal appearance Confucius was very tall ; but, owing to a doubt in sinological minds as to what a "foot " actually meant in those days, it is impossible to fix his exact height ; his portraits always represent him as having a very prominent forehead, and, indeed, it was on this account that he was given the private name (now strictly tabooed) of K'iu, or "Tumulus." His portraits and statues all represent him as being a big, bony man, with large limbs and heavy features, square, massive head, club nose, prominent teeth, a forehead also prominent to deformity ; long, fleshy ears ; and an expression indicating caution, contemplation, moderation, absence of imagination, and perhaps a little sluggishness ; altogether the sort of man a wife would soon fall out with unless she happened to be of submissive temper.

A Scotch missionary named Williamson visited the rival Duke Mencius in 1865 (seventieth in descent from the philosopher of that name). His city is not far from that of Duke Confucius. The latter Duke, then a boy of sixteen, under the guardianship of his uncle, was not so accommodating as the descendant of the "secondary prophet" as the Chinese call Mencius—and only sent out polite messages. He lived in a very fine mansion, occupying the site of the old house within the hollow walls of which were concealed copies of the historical classics when the "First Emperor" destroyed the literature of China in *a.c.* 212. The temple is adjoining, and the courtyard contains the blasted remains of a cypress said to have been planted by Confucius himself. The enormous statue of the sage facing the door represents him as "a strong, well-built man, with a full, red face and large head, a little heavy, his front teeth exposed, his nose thick and round." Amongst the incense pots and other vessels were a dish alleged to date back as far as *a.c.* 2300 ; two censers, bearing dates in the sixteenth century before Christ ; and two elephants on a table, all of a date not very much later. There is, I believe, also a wooden urn given to the Duke 150 years ago by the fourth Manchu Emperor ; the urn belonged to the descendant of Confucius in the seventh degree, and is 2,200 years old ; it seems to have been preserved as a curiosity by successive emperors. Eighty (another visitor says fifty) per cent. of the people in the city of Crooked Hill bear the family name of K'ung ; one of the city gates is set apart for the exclusive use of emperors. The land in possession of the philosopher's family is inalienable, and by ancient custom the innumerable bats which live in the roofs of the

temple buildings are left undisturbed. About 500 years ago a Chinese emperor, noticing these Stygian animals, made a pun on the subject, and left the calligraphic record of his imperial hilarity upon a board which is still hanging there. The words for "bat" and "luck" sound the same in Chinese, so the Emperor wrote, "May the myriads of bats never grow fewer," though what he really meant was "May your shadow never grow less," as the cant saying goes. Dr. Edkins has expressed the opinion that the use of statues in Confucian temples is a Buddhistic innovation, and this probably is so; but, as I have already pointed out,¹ M. Chavannes has abundantly proved that stone images existed in China long before the introduction of Buddhism, which only gave extension or impetus to an already existing germ.

It has always been one of the first cares of a new dynasty in China to pay respect to the memory of Confucius, who occupies, in fact, in the far eastern sphere a moral position analogous and hardly second to that of Jesus Christ in Europe, except that the influence is rather of a platonic than a religious kind. In B.C. 193 the founder of the Han dynasty, and again about A.D. 80 the Emperor Chang Ti, of the later Han dynasty, sacrificed in person at the ancestral village, the latter gave a banquet to sixty-two of the male descendants of Confucius. In A.D. 450 the Tartar Emperor ruling the northern half of China, following the usual precedent, seized the occasion of his being with a conquering army in Shan Tang province to sacrifice an ox to Confucius, whose temple had a few years before been repaired by the native Chinese dynasty of Sung. In the year 576 the then Tartar Emperor first of all gave Confucianism precedence over Taoism and Buddhism, and then ended by "abolishing" the two last altogether within his dominions.

Oxen have been regularly slaughtered ever since until, to come to our own day, on September 11 last the principal mandarins and *literati* of Shanghai (and, in fact, of every city in China) assembled in the usual ceremonious way, according to the English newspapers, to offer sacrifice at the local temple of the sage. A number of Europeans went this time to witness the Shanghai ceremony, which, of course, included the sacrifice of a whole orthodox ox before the tablet of Confucius.

Although the reigning Manchu dynasty has shown every reasonable honour both to the hereditary Duke Confucius and to the Grand Lama of Tibet, yet it takes good care to keep both of them

¹ *Academy*, July 11, 1896.

strictly in their quasi-religious place. Towards the close of the year 1644 the first Manchu monarch "proceeded in person to the south of the city (Peking) to inform heaven of his succession." He also directly afterwards officially approved "the continuance in his ducal rank of K'ung Yun-chih, descendant in the sixty-fifth degree from Confucius." In 1645 a slight change was sanctioned in Confucius's title as then inscribed upon his temple tablet, and the special right to pass one of the Confucian family at each of the provincial examinations was continued. Towards the end of that year, however, it became necessary to administer a severe snub to his grace. One of the seniors of the family, who had held high office in the provinces, and who seems according to custom to have acted as spokesman in business matters, reported that "K'ung Yun-chih, with four generations of descendants, had duly paid visits to the ancestral temple, in order to report to the ancestral spirits the innovation of the Manchu pigtail; but that ever since the Han dynasty (B.C. 200), and so on up to the close of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1644), the costumes of the Confucius family alone had remained unchanged during all dynastic vicissitudes. The question, therefore, arises, Does a change of attire accord in principle with the Emperor's exalted desire to honour Confucius? Is the Manchu queue ('pigtail') to be insisted upon or not?" The Emperor replied:—"There is no question. The decree about shaving the head was strict; there was to be no pardon for recalcitrants. The present applicant has *ipso facto* incurred the penalty of death, which, however, is hereby remitted on account of his connection with the Sage. If the Sage had been living now, this disobedience to contemporary law would have been held even by himself to be an outrage upon the 'happy medium' principles inculcated by him. Let the applicant cease for ever to be officially employed." Thus the modernised Confucius has, like any other Chinaman, to wear tight sleeves and a Manchu plaited pigtail, as is explained by Dr. Edkins, who, in company with Dr. Legge (now of Oxford), visited the temple in 1873, and composed from local hearsay an elaborate study of the religious dance used at the worship. The posturers, however, are still permitted to wear the ancient costumes, just as theatrical performers must, in the natural way of things, receive the privilege. In 1646 a Confucian temple was set up at the old Manchu capital of Mukden. In 1651 an officer was sent by his Majesty to sacrifice at Confucius's native town and temple. In 1652 the Emperor gave a banquet to the Duke at the Board of Civil Office. In 1658 a censor

favoured the Emperor with the following short sketch of Confucius's record :—

"His own Grand Duke simply called him Father Ni, and never so much as bestowed an official word of praise on him when he gave him a temple. In the year A.D. 1 the reigning Emperor called him the 'Illustrious Father Ni.' (Confucius's second name is Chung-ni, or "Ni the Second.") "In 491 the Tartar monarch then in possession styled him 'Father Ni of Sacred Lore.' In 637 the Chinese Emperor changed it to 'Father Ni of Illustrious Holiness,' and in 733 he was first dubbed 'Prince of Illustrious Lore.' In 1308 the Mongol Emperor Hayshan styled him 'Most Perfect, Most Holy, Most Learned Prince'; and this title was continued by the first rulers of the succeeding Chinese dynasty, until in 1530 it was changed to 'Most Holy Late Master.' As Confucius's memorial tablet gives him no princely rank whilst he was alive, it seems absurd to call him a prince after death. 'Illustrious Lore' by itself is hardly enough, but it would seem that 'Most Holy' includes almost everything; whilst 'Late Master' is a good, straight, unchangeable expression. In 1645 our dynasty changed the title from 'Most Holy Late Master' back to 'Most Perfect, Most Holy, Most Learned,' in imitation of the Mongol and Emperor Hayshan; but without adding the word 'Prince.' In my opinion, to call him a Prince is to put a libel on his holiness; nor do the words 'Most Perfect' and 'Most Learned' suffice to express all his merits. In A.D. 800 one of the most learned statesmen of that time expressed the opinion that presuming to approve or qualify Confucius was like presuming to praise the size of the world or the brightness of the sun—*i.e.* it would be either foolishness or ignorance. I think your Majesty, who is wisdom personified, ought to change his title back to that of 'Most Holy Late Master.'" The Emperor approved, and a few weeks later made a donation equal to £10,000 sterling towards repairing Confucius's temple. On several occasions the same Emperor sacrificed to Confucius's memory at the Peking palace.

The second Manchu Emperor, who was at the moment engaged in a dispute with Verbiest and his rivals about the proper way to calculate eclipses, accepted Jesuit learning while rejecting Jesuit dogmas, and sacrificed to Confucius in A.D. 1670. In 1684 he personally visited the town, and was shown over the temple by the Duke. All succeeding Manchu Emperors have treated the ducal family with equal respect. When the present Emperor ascended the throne in 1875, the then Duke, whose name was K'ung Siang-k'o, sent up an obsequious memorial direct to the Emperor, submitting

his condolences, and offering to come to the funeral. He said that on receiving the news of the Emperor T'ung-chi's death, "prostrate on the ground, he tore and cried aloud, not knowing what to do with himself. . . . His late Majesty . . . having been borne aloft by the dragon to become a guest on high, all creatures possessing the pulsation of life, without exception, claw the earth whilst they wail, and strike their bosoms whilst they endeavour to mount up with him. . . . The memorialist is most deeply and most egregiously beholden to his late Majesty for the present honours and emoluments enjoyed by him, and had the honour of a personal audience in the year 1865. . . . It becomes his duty to prostrate himself before the Imperial coffin, to behold his present Majesty's sacred countenance," &c. The Emperor's reply was, "He is permitted to come to Peking for an audience."

The rank of the hereditary Duke Confucius, or rather his place at Court, is after that of a Grand Secretary (*e.g.* Li Hung-Chang), but before that of the President of the Board of Civil Office. As this President ranks first of the six, it follows that Confucius ranks before all Ministers, Viceroys, &c., but after Imperial princes; and also after half a dozen or so of what may be styled Imperial Chancellors, or dignitaries of cancellarean quality. His peculiar position may be compared with that of Privy Seal in England, a personage of high nominal quality, who has a sort of ducal rank following that of royal dukes. However, Confucius only wears a blue button, *i.e.* a button of the third grade, though many viceroys, all of whom carry the red button, are often granted that of the very first grade—ruby red. Moreover, viceroys speak of the Duke to the Emperor as "the said duke," which drily official term keeps him administratively in his subordinate place. The Taoist Pope, who also possesses a blue button, has somewhat similar rights at court. I once paid a visit to this latter functionary, who is, however, despite his immortality, of very small importance as compared with Confucius. It is not the custom to die in the Taoist papal family; the soul transmigrates, like the soul of the Dalai Lama, from one functionary to the other. Confucius dies like any other mortal.

The present Duke is named K'ung Ling-i, and a few years ago he had the unpleasant duty of reporting to the Emperor a very serious disaster. The ancestral residence caught fire, and the museum portions, containing all the historical articles presented by successive dynasties during the past 2,000 years, were partly destroyed. The temporal title Yen-shêng Kung, or "Widely Holy

Duke,* dates from A.D. 1055 ; it was slightly changed in 1086, but put back to the old wording in 1103, and has ever since remained unaltered.

The only son of the philosopher Confucius was called K'ung Li, or "the Carp," in memory of a present of fish received from the Grand Duke at the time, but the Carp's son K'ung Kih, better known as the philosopher Tsz-sz, was a very distinguished author indeed. The descendant in the ninth degree, K'ung Fu, was the man who succeeded in hiding away copies of the chief canonical works when the destroyer of the feudal system massacred the learned men and burnt nearly all the Chinese books (then written on tablets of bamboo). These were rediscovered by the vassal prince of Lu about B.C. 150, and K'ung An-k'wuh, the descendant in the twelfth degree, was chiefly instrumental in deciphering and transcribing the obsolete "tadpole" texts. K'ung Kwang, a descendant in the thirteenth degree, was a Minister of State and an expositor at Court ; he made himself quite a respectable little reputation because he would never gossip with his family about official matters. It was K'ung Ch'êng, descendant in the twenty-eighth degree, upon whom the Tartar Emperor conferred the personal title of "Elevated Holy Minister" in A.D. 450. Confucius XXXII. was a public functionary and scholar of distinction ; he died in A.D. 648. In A.D. 785 a descendant in the thirty-seventh degree was employed as an envoy from the Emperor to an aspiring rebel ; but his ancestor's sanctity did not prevent the rebel from killing him. One of the thirty-eighth degree held office at Canton ; his son fell into official disgrace. The forty-fourth direct descendant bore the hereditary ancestral title of "Duke of Illustrious Lore," besides holding a territorial appointment as prefect. The forty-fifth was employed by the Chinese dynasty then ruling in China proper to proceed as special envoy to the Tartar empire of Cathay, or Mongol-Manchuria, and congratulate the monarch Mupuku upon his accession. A theatrical entertainment was given at the Tartar capital in honour of the Chinese envoy ; but the uncouth Tunguses had the bad taste to introduce the Sage among the *dramatis personæ* as a comic character. On seeing his ancestor ridiculed in this way, the envoy very properly rose and left the theatre, and this action of his shamed the Cathayans into an apology.

This Confucius, whose full name was K'ung Tao-fu, achieved a reputation as a bold expostulator at Court, and in 1033 he was "sent down to the provinces" for taking the Empress's part in a dispute about the succession. It was K'ung Yuan, i.e. Con-

fucius XLVII., who first received the existing temporal title of *Yen Shing Kung*, or "Duke of Wide Holiness."

Mr. Consul Markham, of Chefoo, was politely received by the seventy-fifth descendant in 1869. Dr. Legge and Dr. Edkins were as unsuccessful in 1873 as Mr. Williamson had been in 1865 in their attempts to gain admittance into the private apartments of the same Duke. His Grace placed one of his relatives at their disposal to conduct them through the temple, and also to the tomb, but he himself pleaded business as an excuse for not seeing them. The Rev. J. H. Laughlin had no better success (in October 1893) with the present Duke, the subject of our paper. "Preparation for the day was made by a call the evening previous, upon the representative of the present head of the Confucian family. The head himself is far too high in the air to receive the calls of ordinary mortals . . . seventy-six generations have come into the world since Confucius went out. . . . The present recipient is only twenty-one years of age; his relative, who represents him in the world, and who wears a button of the third rank, sixty." According to Dr. Edkins, the Duke owns 3,600 *king* (more than 20,000 hectares) of land, distributed over various prefectures in the Shan Tung province, and draws therefrom a revenue estimated at £120,000, besides engaging in trade. Some boats were seen on the Grand Canal with flags inscribed, "This belongs to the hereditary Duke." There were seven of them, employed in carrying bamboos, wood, rice, &c., to the larger city markets for sale. Indeed there seems to be ground for suspicion that the Duke trades in opium too. "The extension of the cultivation of the poppy even to the birthplace of Confucius seemed a sign that the teaching of that great man cannot sufficiently brace the moral energy of his countrymen to enable them hopefully to cope with this great evil. From this point to the old Yellow River, three hundred miles to the south, the cultivation of the plant continues at intervals the whole way." Dr. Edkins was disappointed to find that the Duke seemed to do little or nothing for his clan, most of whom are very poor; in fact two of the Sage's posterity had the honour of transporting the baggage of the two learned sinologists upon a wheelbarrow. "The older man was fifty-five . . . and thankfully received a special donation made to him at the end of the journey on the ground that his ancestor was the Sage." It is a curious irony of fate for us to find the *impedimenta* of Dr. Legge, by far the most distinguished European interpreter of Confucius's sentiments, being wheeled in a barrow, after a lapse of 2,400 years, by a humbler member of the philosopher's family, whilst the noble

Duke himself, no doubt ignorant of the services rendered by the applicant to his ancestor's fame, inexorably closed his door to the renowned Western scholar. As Dr. Edkins says, "Our cards had also been sent in, when some caprice caused the Duke to change his mind, or it may be that some important business required his immediate attention." Dr. Edkins does not tell us what view he took of Confucius's personal appearance as represented by his statue, but Mr. Laughlin is more outspoken :—"It cannot be for his good looks that he is honoured ; for, say the Chinese, whilst most people are faulty in one or more of the principal features, Confucius is so in the entire seven. That is to say, his mouth is disfigured by two projecting lower teeth ; his nostrils are too conspicuous ; his two eyes show too much white ; and his two ears are of bad shape." Possibly these irregularities may have had something to do with the matrimonial difficulty. In the cemetery hard by are the seventy-six graves of direct lineal descendants, and, in a specially reserved corner, the tombs of the Sage, his son the "Carp," and his grandson Tsz-sz. The 7,000 families of the clan have all the right of burial in the larger enclosure ; there are about 25,000 individuals altogether, but they are scattered about in other cities of Shan Tung, and do not all reside at Crooked Hill. They engage in most occupations, but Dr. Edkins says that he could not hear of any of them having ever become Buddhist priests. Sometimes foreigners adopt the Sage's name. For instance, when I was a junior consular officer at Tientsin in 1871, the Russian Consul-General called himself Confucius, his own name, Skatchkoff, being altogether too much for the unsophisticated Chinese tongue. However, it is not for me to criticise his action, for during my quarter of a century of residence in China, I was always officially known by the patronymic of a rival philosopher named Chwang (which may be Latinised into Suancius) ; whilst the British Consul at Tientsin in 1871 (Mongan) rejoiced in the name of Mêng or Mencius, thus completing the triumvirate of pseudo-sages.

Just as there was once a papal schism and an emigration from Rome to Avignon, so, when the Golden Tartars (ancestors of the Manchus) drove the Chinese Sung dynasty over the River Yang-tze in 1127, the Confucius of the time, perhaps dreading further dramatic improprieties, followed the fallen dynasty to Hang Chow, and was quartered by them in the city of K'u-chou Fu, until their successors the Mongols put an end to the Confucian schism. But the Golden Tartars had meanwhile appointed a rival duke of their own choosing, who continued to reside at Crooked Hill, where all the memorial

tablets given by successive dynasties have steadily remained. The house, which was partly burnt down a few years ago, was rebuilt by the Ming dynasty about A.D. 1550, and repaired by the sixth Manchu Emperor about 1830; the magistrate of Crooked Hill was ordered to restore it after the fire, and the Governor of the province had to find the money.

The above account was written before that published in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of April 1897. But I have since discovered a few further interesting facts, which I may as well add here in order to complete the subject as far as possible.

In 1719 the Emperor extended to the southern branch the privilege already enjoyed by the original stock, of having two degrees allotted at the examinations to the surname of Confucius: the southern branch is in Si-an district, K'u-chou prefecture, Chêh-kiang province.

Exactly 1,000 years ago the Emperor of the then reigning Sung dynasty created Confucius's father a duke (K'i-shêng Duke), independently of the Sage's transmitted titles, as changed from time to time. Accordingly, in 1723, the Manchu Emperor, who had been brooding over this fact, resolved to ennoble four generations of his grandfathers too. A very serious question arose, Shall these five ancestors be "princes"? After a long and learned discussion it was decided they should receive the following titles: Prince of Chao-shêng, of Yu-shêng, of I shêng, of Ch'ang-shêng, and of K'i shêng; which mean "Beginner, Developer, Leaver, Brightener, and Opener" of the Sage. In 1724 there was a fire at Confucius's temple, but the Emperor had it promptly restored. The Duke at this time received several strong censures, amongst which was one for "blasphemous flattery of the Emperor." It was now that imperial or yellow tiles were first used for the Sage's temple. The various members of the Confucius family employed in the provinces seem to have "squeezed" and been punished just like any other mandarins. In 1741 the Duke was ordered to consult the Governor in making his sacrificial appointments, and was not allowed to meddle with or select men from the southern branch any longer. In 1744 all Buddhist priests and images were cleared away from local Confucian temples throughout the empire. In 1756 the Duke was punished for jobbery, and it was only owing to his extreme youth that the title was not given to another member of the family; the Emperor paid several visits to the Sage's tomb, and in 1762 had yellow tiles placed upon the Great Hall.

This last Emperor (K'ien-lung) was not a man to be trifled with ; it is doubtful if in the whole history of Europe—with the exceptions, perhaps, of Napoleon, Bismarck, and one or two others—there can be found instances of such extraordinary and unscrupulous mental activity. The Taoist Pope was hopelessly extinguished as a fraud, but he was allowed a certain nominal rank at Court in consideration of antiquity. The Confucian dukes were remorselessly held down, and had to take from the Emperor himself the definition of what their ancestor really intended they should think. His attitude towards missionaries was not unkind, but he firmly resolved to be master in his own empire, and this, of course, led to persecutions. He had sweeping ideas on the subject of religion. In the second year of his reign he issued the following decree :—" Buddhism and Taoism are at best but heresies ; but those who read the Confucian classics without trying to improve their ways outrage our ancient teachers even more than heretics do. And then astrologers, fortune-tellers, and people of that class, Mussulmans, Christians, and so on ; —the laws of the state have never absolutely prohibited the tenets of any of these. After all, Buddhism and Taoism are only devices for earning a living ; and the old, poor, orphans, and childless ones can very often eke out an existence in this way, not to mention that there is some small advantage, too, in the manner in which good is inculcated and evil deprecated." At the same time the Emperor, at least officially, believed in the efficacy of prayer, for in times of scarcity he " begged grain from the Ruler Above " (Shang-ti), and was so dutiful to his mother that he took her about wherever he went, even to his hunting expeditions. He denied to his deceased Empress the honours of an imperial burial, because she had been rude to his mother.

At one time he endeavoured to register all the Buddhist and Taoist priests in the empire, so as to prevent their increasing ; but at last he gave it up. Though, as the Irishman said, " they make a foine livin' by frightenin' folk," he thought it best to let them alone ; for, said he, " if deprived of their squeezes, they will only recruit the ranks of highway robbers, and become a still greater nuisance."

E. H. PARKER.

WORCESTERSHIRE SEED FARMS.

The sun about the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow,
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first sweet evening yellow.

THESE lines of the poet Wordsworth recurred to mind as we drove from Stourbridge, Worcestershire, to Kinver, a distance of some five or six miles, to visit some seed farms in the neighbourhood.

There is some reason for believing that the appellation of Stourbridge is derived from a bridge across the Stour, which communicates with the county of Stafford. The site of the town is that of the ancient village of Bedcote, of which no vestige at present remains, though a meadow on the eastern side of Stourbridge retains the name. Local historians have it that previous to the reign of Henry VI. the district, in after times known by the name of Stourbridge, was called Bedcote.

The town stands on the left bank of the Stour, and near to the head of the canal on which its name is conferred. The channel of the Severn receives the mingled waters of the canal and the river Stour. At the extremity of a populous manufacturing district, and bordering on an agricultural one, the aspect of the vicinity of Stourbridge is extremely various. From a curious old volume descriptive of the locality, we culled the following, which is as applicable still as when first penned. "From Ashwood on the north a populous valley presents itself to view, full of manufacturing industry. The foreground of Wordsley, with a continuous line of buildings, including the town and the villages of Swinford and Pedmore, &c., form an animated *coup d'œil*, terminated by the hills of Wichbury, Clent, &c., with which the classic grounds of Hagley blend their varied woodlands." It appears that the woollen trade of Stourbridge—and in this the neighbouring town of Kinver also participated—flourished here till the close of the eighteenth century.

The village of Wordsley is situated in a deep valley, traversed by a brook of the same name, and ascending both to the north and

south. Turning over the pages of W. Scott's "Stourbridge and its Vicinity," published in 1832, we find, under the head-line of "Memorable Occurrences," a record to the following effect :—"At a house about a mile beyond Stourbridge, His Majesty (Charles II.) partook of a crust of bread, and such beverage as the place afforded. (This was after the memorable battle of Worcester, so disastrous to the King's cause.) The sufferings he experienced during the subsequent stages of his journey were extreme, but much alleviated by the kindness of friends and the hospitable attention of the family of Penderel."

It seems that the distribution of soup to the poor in times of distress is not quite so modern an installation as we may be inclined to fancy. We find that in the year 1813, on February 20, a "Public meeting was held for the purpose of establishing a soup shop for the relief of the poor, when the sum of £992 10s. 6d. was raised, including several very munificent donations"; and again, in the winter of 1816, the year after the memorable battle of Waterloo, that "A degree of distress prevailing in Stourbridge, as well as in the county at large, recourse was again had to subscriptions and collections for the support of a soup establishment. Upwards of £100 were collected at the three churches, to which the dissenting chapels added their contributions, and sums were remitted by a committee in London for the same purpose. A subscription was raised also for providing clothing for the poor under the patronage of the ladies."

The town of Stourbridge is in the diocese of Worcester, the parish of Old Swinford, in the mid, or Droitwich, division of Worcester. Wordsley is in the parish of Kingswinford, and is a mile and a half from Stourbridge town. It should not be passed with a word, as it is of importance from a manufacturing and commercial standpoint. Here the greater portion of the glass-trade is carried on, which has made Stourbridge glass of world-wide reputation. Iron and clay works and a large brewery find employment for many workpeople.

Upon the flooring accommodation offered by the grass and clover seed warehouses belonging to one firm alone, a quarter of a million of one-legged men could with ease find standing-room. Or, to give another instance of the magnitude of the seed industry, if the swede seed (a variety of turnip) which leaves these warehouses in one season were drilled in one continuous line it would go nearly twenty times round the world. The seeds grown upon the seed farms are not grown for sale, but are produced for stock seed: that is to say, new varieties are being constantly produced, and in the first instance from the single plant. Growing for seed, be it understood, is quite

another thing than growing for vegetables. The system in vogue is this. The seed farmer starts with a single plant. The second year, having very carefully preserved the seed produce of this particular variety, he sows it again, with various results. From this small harvest he selects the finest specimens, saving their seed for his next year's sowing, and so on for five, six, or seven years, as the case may be. The multiplied seed is now measured off, this special stock distributed to be grown in suitable districts, under the original planter's supervision, for seed stock, and subsequently it is sold all over the country to all sorts and conditions of people.

Apart from the 2,000 acres constituting the "Home Farm" at Kinver, where the seed growing is started, some 18,000 acres in different parts of the United Kingdom, France, and Italy, are used as seed farms by the Wordsley folk. Thus the seed corn is distributed over the Vale of Worcestershire, throughout the Valley of the Severn. The seed peas are scattered throughout Kent and Bedfordshire; barley and oats throughout the length and breadth of England. Hops are cultivated in Kent, Sussex, and Herefordshire; onions do well in Bedfordshire, and, some varieties, in Italy, while leeks for stock-seed are grown in France. In each case the seed is grown under the most favourable conditions, and in the soil best suited to its development.

As an instance of the minutiae entailed by the scientific rearing of seed stock, it is a recognised fact that varieties of the same species, when grown for trial on the "Trial Seed Farms," must not be sown near each other, as, owing to the numbers of flying insects constantly moving from flower to flower, cross fertilisation would take place and the purity of the variety suffer. So that it is quite usual at Kinver to find a patch of mangolds growing beside a plot of wheat, and, several acres farther on, another "trial of mangolds." Of course this is applicable to other species. Different species may be grown, and are grown, side by side, but not varieties of the same species.

Those who are interested in the soil and its products—and who are they who are not?—will no doubt sympathise with such farmers as study scientifically the history and cultivation of grasses. These valuable men are the pioneers of better farming; it is they who must revive again a drooping, but incalculably important industry. The history, habits of growth, peculiar qualities, and consequent treatment of the plants they cultivate offer material for the study of a lifetime. Especially is this true of the various grasses, which, in one form or other, supply our farm stock with by far the greatest bulk of their food; and as a consequence produce, indirectly, the supplies of

beef and mutton that are required in ever-increasing quantities to feed our growing population. The formation and management of permanent pastures is a subject which has certainly not received from farmers generally the attention which inevitably results in rich success. Disappointment can only be avoided by a close study being given to the subject. Indeed, as much care and judgment should be bestowed upon the selection and management of seeds as would be bestowed on the selection and rearing of a bull calf which is destined to improve the herd of cattle. It is impossible to overrate the importance of good pastures, and their value is, year by year, becoming more apparent. A glance at the Agricultural Returns, which are annually collected and published by the Board of Trade, shows that for some years the quantity of land laid down to permanent grass has been steadily increasing; so that at the present time there are probably in Great Britain fully a million more acres in permanent pasture than there were ten or twelve years ago. Turning to a practical work upon this subject we make the following extract, which is of supreme interest:—"Various causes are and have been at work to lead to this result. The great rise in the price of labour is, perhaps, the foremost cause. Thirty or forty years ago it was possible to work a farm with an expenditure in labour of about thirty shillings per acre per annum. Now the labour bill amounts in many cases to forty-five shillings, and even to fifty shillings or more, and this rise alone causes a diminution of the farmer's profits to the extent of from fifteen to twenty-five shillings an acre. Rents, rates, and taxes have risen in like proportion; so that as prices of produce, with the exception of butchers' meat, are, generally speaking, no higher than they used to be, a more economical method of farming has become an absolute necessity. The laying down of permanent pasture is somewhat costly, no doubt, in the first instance, if done properly, but when pastures are once formed the amount of labour required and all the other annual expenses connected with them are much less than is necessary for the maintenance of arable land. The competition in cereals to which we now have to submit, and which is likely to increase, renders their cultivation so much less profitable than it formerly was, that it is becoming more necessary to substitute for corn something with which growers in foreign parts are unable to compete; and the natural alternative is grass, for the growth of which our climate is so eminently adapted.

"The failure of the potato crop, and often the partial failure of mangolds and turnips, in times when we cannot afford to have any failures at all, render arable farming so precarious that farmers have

felt the necessity of growing crops which are not subject to this uncertainty; and here again they are naturally turning to grass, which is always reliable.

"But the greatly increased price of butchers' meat has, perhaps, affected the laying down of pasture land as much as any other circumstance. Beasts fed upon *good* grass alone yield a very fair profit, with a minimum of trouble and cost; and the addition of cake given in the fields not only enhances the profit, but at the same time greatly helps to maintain the pastures in a profitable state. Hitherto the supply of home-fed meat has not kept pace with the demand; but an increased acreage of pasture will not be unlikely to render us quite independent of foreign supplies. The demand for pure country milk, too, is constantly and rapidly increasing, and this is a further inducement to an increased breadth of pasture land."

The subject is a very tempting one, and such as will commend itself to the readers of this magazine. A volume of great interest might easily be written upon each of the following subdivisions:—(a) The preparation of land for permanent pasture; (b) the drainage of the land; (c) the cultivation of the soil; (d) the seeds; (e) the sowing of the seeds; (f) after-culture and management; (g) the maintenance of permanent pasture; (h) the renovation of worn-out pastures; (i) the growth of grass in alternative husbandry; (j) descriptions of the principal pasture and other grasses; (k) descriptions of the principal clovers and other agricultural forage plants.

Written by thoroughly competent men, scientific farmers, and men of culture to boot, a library of this sort would be worth its weight in gold. There should be no high and fine writing merely for its own sake, but every paragraph should record the experiences of practical agriculturists in clear and concise language.

The sampling room is an important place in stock-seed warehouses. We noticed here many specimens of soil under test by an expert. This testing of soil is very necessary in scientific agriculture and horticulture. The old slipshod methods have passed, crumbled to pieces, and are buried in their own dust. Now and then one meets with a stubborn man of the old school, who persists in toiling on impracticable soil—cold clay soil for instance—and sowing corn, year after year, for no better reason than an erroneous belief that corn is the staple produce of this country, which decidedly it is not, now that growers in other countries can supply it cheaper than we are able to do. Such lands in the hands of scientific men might become extremely valuable if laid down to permanent pasture with judgment and skill, and would then be rent-paying parts of the farms

instead of the burden that they are. The "Pea Picking Room" in early spring and onwards for three months affords a sight worth seeing. At the long tables of special design sit hundreds of women, sorting out peas for seed. No pea the least doubtful in character is permitted to remain amongst its superior fellows. Machinery will not do for this work, which is entrusted only to experienced hands. The dexterity of the workers is remarkable, and seldom or ever do they make the mistake of accepting that which should be rejected. From the pea-picking room to No. 3 floor, by lift, and the machine department is reached. Down shoots which extend to the second floor, travel the various seeds until they reach the machines; in these they are cleaned and separated from foreign matter, and pass on to another floor, perfectly graded and in perfect condition. One of the most interesting machines is that known as a "carrot bearder," and its work is, as the name implies, to free this seed from its beard.

Again we enter a woman's workroom. It contains empty bags. To some of the women is entrusted the task of cleaning these sacks, to others the task of repacking them. The sacks seem endless. They reach from floor to ceiling, and form substantial walls.

The "Preparing-for-Stock-Seed Department" is interesting, as showing how the varieties of oats are selected from the finest heads. These varieties are afterwards sown as "trials," the seed collected, sown again in the season, and when sufficient quantity results, the best is sent to contractors. The contractors do not purchase the seed; they contract with the seed-owners to grow it for them on their land, subsequently returning the harvest to them, and merely charging a rent for the ground occupied, and a sum to recoup for the care bestowed. The whole growing is done under the supervision of the representative of the seed-owners.

The life of such a representative is not by any means a hard or uninteresting one. There is much in his work that is delightful. He travels about from place to place, inspecting the various "trials," driving about either in his own neat little trap, or in one hired for the occasion, should his round lie too far from the home-farm to admit of his own horse making the journey. Seated beside one of these inspectors of crops we made the round of the home farm, and very pleasantly it was done.

"I call this the 'Fine Weather' horse," said the driver, as he nodded towards the high-stepping piebald drawer of the spruce-looking trap. "If a spot of rain touches him down goes his head, and no inducement will cause him to raise it again; he simply can't get it up."

"If he lags in wet weather, he certainly is very smart in fine weather," we replied, as we enjoyed his extraordinary speed.

"Yes. He won't stand on a fine day; he likes to be always on the go."

The "go" brought us, in no mean time, to a curious little inn, rejoicing in the name of "Stew-Pony." There is an old tradition as to the origin of this name. It is attested, and there seems no reason for questioning the veracity of the attestation, that years ago a pony was stewed at a grand feast. Who sat down to the feast and who partook of the pony is not so widely known, though doubtless this could be ascertained from old records. The "Stew-Pony" Inn belongs to the Foley family, of which the present representative, and owner of the fine estates, is a devotee of the cricket field. He is exceedingly generous to cricketers, and a liberal supporter of this old English sport.

"Fine Weather" evinced no inclination to pull up at the "Stew-Pony," but trotted his level best, doubtless desirous of showing us the beauty and variety of the floral farms of Kinver. The driver chatted on. "Now," he observed, "we are again in Worcestershire"—we had been driving through a corner of South Staffordshire—"and the home-farm, freehold land, extends right round as far as you can see, over the top of Kinver Edge to the right, over there, opposite Kinver Edge to the left, up hill and down dale, covering some 2,000 acres. It is all 'trial' ground. Nothing is sold immediately from here to the general public. The public only get the seeds after we are sure of the yield, that is to say, when the seed stock has been tested again and again in various soils, the best selected, and the results known.

"That field there is farmed on the 'four course' system," continued the driver. We looked blank. Noticing our expressionlessness he continued. "First a crop of corn is sown; then it lies one year to grass, and sheep feed upon it; then it is ploughed up, and planted with roots—turnips; these are fed upon by sheep, and then the soil is ploughed up again, and once more the corn starts the round."

The subsoil of the district is new red sandstone. A light and hungry soil, but for corn-growing infinitely preferable to cold clay.

Connected with the seed-farms are farmhouses. During harvest time the men from the warehouses enjoy a holiday in the hay and corn fields. Quite a change they find life *al fresco* to life in the office. They do not return home each night, but accommodation is found for them either in a farmhouse, or in some of the cottages

near by. Meals are brought to them in the fields, and they take them resting under the shade of an old tree. Wages are doubled during harvesting, so that it is just possible that the workers would not object to an endless harvest.

At one of the farmhouses we visited lives the bailiff, whose work it is to look after the cattle and the fowl. Cattle farming is practised on a small scale by the seed farmers. That is to say, they buy cattle, feed them during the winter in a special way, and then sell them again at the annual stock sale. And very popular indeed such sales have become, farmers from a long way round making a point of attending them. Their popularity is due to the condition of the cattle, and the condition of the cattle is due to the style of feeding which has prevailed.

At the home-farm, to the relief and evident satisfaction of "Fine Weather," we partook of luncheon, waited upon by a sad faced woman, for ever—as we afterwards ascertained—brooding over her family troubles. Shaking her head mournfully as she removed the remains of the luncheon, she said in answer to the question whether there were any children in the house :—"Yes, there's one little boy; my grandchild; all that is left of my poor daughter; poor gal, her heart wur broke." In response to expressions of sympathy she continued :—"It don't take over-long to die of a broken heart. My daughter were six weeks a-bed. I brought her home here to die, so at least she were peaceable. But, oh dear, oh dear! how she did cling to that cruel brute. She did suffer, poor thing; but I was able to promise her, dying, to take her little boy, and he's been with me ever since." A picture of this lonely child, without playmates or friends, without father or mother, alone with his troubled old grandmother, living as it were in the past, appeared before us, and we relinquished all idea of boyhood's days for him. An old-fashioned child he must certainly be, but will probably grow into none the worse man on that account. He is in the midst of the beautiful bounteous country, and surrounded by the dumb creation. It would be interesting to trace the subsequent career of a boy so brought up, and to watch the development of mind and character in a lad living his life and under such conditions.

But to resume. A pleasant walk through the farmhouse gardens brought us into the "Tnal" grounds. Here we had almost longed for the spirit and form of a bee or a butterfly, that we might sip the nectar of the flowers. A living flower show we found laid down here. Flowers of many species, and endless varieties of the

same species, gave us a scented welcome, alluring us by their forms and attracting us by their magnificent colours.

"This has been a remarkable year for sweet and everlasting peas," said our guide; "the blossom on some of these plants has been quite astonishing."

We scarcely heard sensibly the last words of the observation; we were examining with some feeling of wonder a bed of white sweet peas, growing close to the ground. "Yes, you may well observe those flowers. The plant is an American novelty, and we are testing it. It has no tendency to run, but lies, as you see it now, flat on the ground; it is already a great favourite. There is also a pink variety, but that will not be sent out till '98." Having touched upon the subject of novelties, we were glad to examine some from the Continent. Germany has not yet produced for our amusement a *new* flower, but she has given us delightful variation in colour, and will probably do better yet. The aster tribe find German soil and climate thoroughly congenial to them. "We send quantities of our 'trial' seed to be grown in Germany, and always obtain the best results," we were informed.

And now some realisation of the impressiveness of Nature's silence was ours, as standing in the midst of Flower-land, in the heart of England, we felt as though admitted into the secrets of the earth-soul, and that by a side-door, unknown to the busy superficial crowd, but hallowed for the presence of such men as Wordsworth, Emerson, Ruskin, or our own Tennyson. A stanza by Tennyson recurs to mind, and for the moment has deeper meaning than when we read it at home beside the winter fire:—

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The flowers have a message for us, and deliver it best in the silence. Who is there that has not heard the roar from the other side of silence, the roar of mighty life and growth evolving toward perfection?

The silence is broken for us by our companion's remark.

"There's plenty of hard work gone to produce all this; there's no royal road to such results." To his amusement and evident satisfaction we again quote our poet:—

And I must work through smooths of toil,
 And years of cultivation,
 Upon my proper patch of soil
 To grow my own plantation.
 I'll take the showers as they fall,
 I will not vex my bosom ;
 Enough if at the end of all
 A little garden blossom.

"Ah! it seems that gentleman knew what he was writing about," is the comment of our practical seed-farmer, "does he talk any more about the plants in his books?"

"Oh, yes. He has flowers for all seasons of the year."

"Do you call to mind any verse about the rose?"

"Yes, here is an allusion to it in 'Maud':—

The red rose cries,
 "She is near, she is near";
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

But you should read the poet for yourself."

"Mebbe, mebbe, but I'm not a reader, I'm only a worker. I'll grow the flowers, but others must write about them. What do you think of these zinnias?"

We were standing before a bed of "superlative double zinnias." The flowers were large and beautifully formed, and we imagined what some of our artistic lady friends would have given to possess these flowers, with their rich and striking colours, for making up into table bouquets. Equally beautiful were the beds of *salpiglossis*, but perhaps surpassing all other flowers were the "New Imperial" carnations, and the beautiful *picotees*.

It was impossible to get beyond the sweet peas. "Trials" abounded. There were as many as thirty varieties flowering at the same time. "We have also 300 acres growing out on trial of the ordinary culinary peas, 130 odd sorts are testing here. Our system is this. We drill them in long rows, and every row represents a distinct variety. Broad-beans, French-beans, and all other legumes are with us sown in double rows, that is to say, each variety has two tests. Do you see over there that little patch of peas, the tenth part of a rood?"

Yes, we saw it.

"Well, it has taken seven years to get it as you see it now, 'Senator' is another variety. That took six years to get to the point of perfection now reached, and we calculate that the yield in ten years' time from a pint packet of Senator peas would be 150

bushels. 'Senator' was a deal of trouble to bring to what it is at present. Out of 107 bushels we destroyed all but twelve, as only that quantity was considered good enough for stock-seed. The height of 'Senator' was, at first, six feet, but it was soon found advisable to reduce it to three feet, and this year the run on 'Senator' peas has been beyond credence."

From the flower farm we passed through the seed wheat-fields, on our way to Kinver Edge to get a view of the surrounding country. We noticed American machinery at work, reaping and binding the wheat. The "Self-Binder," as this ingenious machine is termed, can do the work of seven ordinary men. We noticed a splendid variety of wheat known amongst the farmers as "White Queen." It is the latest result of several important experiments made on the "Trial" grounds. It is very robust in growth and litters well: the straw, which is remarkably stiff, grows to a medium length and carries a fine bold ear exceedingly well set, with large plump grain. It is valuable for milling purposes, as it withstands mildew. Through the wheat fields we ultimately arrived at Camp Hill, so called from the trench around it. There can be no doubt that the hill was, at one time, fortified. Sorry work our guns would make to day of any such modest entrenchment. On the way to the Edge our guide pointed out "Old Nanny's Caves." Old Nanny made her home in these natural excavations. She seems to have been a pleasant enough old dame, thankful to live rent free. The traces of her little garden may still be seen in front of the caves. She often received visitors, and presented them with flowers, mementoes of their visit. Probably, had she been told, when a child, that she would end her days in a cave, she would have been as incredulous as the "unbelieving Jew."

Almost as singular are the rock homes cut in the solid sandstone. The poor families inhabiting them probably pay about 2s. a week rental. The rooms are warm and snug, but rather dark, as there is necessarily no back light. The pig styes and stables are built on the top, so that the animals certainly have the best look round. The inhabitants of these rock houses sell ginger beer and lemonade and teas to excursionists. The excursionists who frequent Kinver and its vicinity are mostly from the "Black Country," which on a very clear day and with the aid of good glasses may be seen from Kinver Edge. Standing on the height known as Camp Field, Kinver Edge, we have spread before us Malvern Heights, on the sky-line about thirty miles off, Abberley Hill, Clee Hills, and Wellington Wrekin, the last some forty miles away. To the back

lie Bridgenorth, Cannock Chase, Wolverhampton, Dudley, Brierley Hill, Stourbridge and the Clent Hills. Five miles from Kinner Edge, lying between the Clent Hills and Malvern, is an agricultural district.

Kinner was formerly a town of considerable importance, but owing to the want of railway accommodation its manufactures have declined. Its population is, to-day, a little over 2,000.

As we stood on the Edge and watched a magnificent sunset, and breathed in invigoration with the remarkably bracing air, we thought painfully of the crowded tenements of our great cities and wished men back again on the land.

JAMES CASSIDY.

TWO PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are certain Italian painters, comparatively neglected until the present day, who offer peculiar characteristics which separate them from their fellow artists and which have attracted much sympathetic study from recent critics, perhaps in excess of that given to some of their more famous contemporaries. Pre-eminent among these stand Dosso Dossi, the Ferrarese, and Lorenzo Lotto, the Venetian. Almost exactly contemporaneous with each other—Dosso was born in 1479 and died in 1542, while Lotto was born before 1480 and died about 1536—they are men whose art reflects with exceptional clearness two tendencies of the later Renaissance, and who represent in their work two typical and contrasted modes of thought.

Vasari has told us how Leonardo da Vinci in his youth modelled in clay the heads of some women, smiling. This motive ran through Leonardo's work, found expression in those exquisite drawings of lovely women that still remain to delight the world, and culminated at last in the unfathomable mystery that hovers over the face and fingers yet round the lips of Mona Lisa in the Louvre. For lovers of Dosso Dossi there is a picture at Modena which bears the same relation to his art as the Mona Lisa does to Leonardo's. It represents a "buffone," or jester. Against a tree trunk, with an idyllic landscape beyond, a young man with long dark hair, in feathered cap and red dress, is cuddling a lamb, and all his face breaks out into a laugh of perfect delight. It is like the laugh of Shakespeare in that period of perfect comedy which gave us "*As You Like It*" and "*Twelfth Night*." This is no idealised *Gonnella*, the famous historical buffoon of an earlier tyrant of Ferrara, but a jester of a poet's dream to stand by *Feste* and *Touchstone*. A rare fellow, indeed, doubtless as swift and sententious as the motley-minded gentleman whom Jacques met in the Forest of Arden. *Gonnella*

was but "a barren rascal," one of "these set kind of fools," but Dosso's jester was never met with out of an enchanted forest. Surely, if we gaze long enough into that background, we shall discover Rosalind with her Orlando, Phoebe timidly woo'd by Sylvius. There Amiens will be singing and Jacques moralising over the wounded deer, while the banished Duke's merry men "sleeve the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." This ideal pastoral Arcadia was a blessed refuge for Dosso and the Italians whose thoughts he expressed, while Italy lay trampled down by foreign armies. With the poet Della Casa they turned from the misfortunes of their country and the terrors of war to dream of peace in those golden tranquil ages:—

In quel tranquillo secol d' oro.

So we find Ariosto a few years earlier singing to a shepherd's pipe in one of his Latin odes, making love with sweet Phyllis among the flowers, watching the reapers at their work, and jesting at the approaching clash of Gallic arms and the neighing of their steeds in the distance: *Ne nulla tangat cura.*

About the same time as Dosso painted his Jester, Lorenzo Lotto was painting a scarcely less characteristic work, his portrait of Andrea Odoni, now at Hampton Court. A bearded fur-robed scholar is in his study, surrounded by the antiques, the statuettes, the medals and curios that men of the Renaissance held so dear and precious. He is a type of those men who would bury themselves from the sight of the ruin of Italy in art and scholarship rather than in a life of pleasure. And though Andrea Odoni almost plaintively appeals to us to admire the special treasure of his collection which he holds out, yet the painter's art makes us distinctly realise how utterly unsatisfied the man himself is. Half hid in his hand there is, it may be, a cross at the end of the gold chain round his neck which he so nervously fingers, and a breviary or missal just closed lies among the medals and coins with which the table is strewn. Here Lotto for the first time gave utterance to another tendency of his age, which soon became the dominant note of all his work. It received an even fuller expression in poetry some years later when Michael Angelo wrote:—

*Onde l' affettuosa fantasia
Che l' arte mi fece idol e monarca,
Conosco or ben quant' era d' error carca.
Now well I know how that fond fantasy,
Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
Of earthly art, is vain.¹*

¹ J. A. Symonds's trans.

Thus from the mysterious smile of Leonardo we pass to the broader but courtly laugh of Dosso Dossi, and the almost painful expression of unsatisfied spiritual yearning that stamps the work of Lorenzo Lotto.

It is not always that Dosso transports us into that golden world of Arcadian romance. More often he had to conform to painting the customary subjects required from the artists of that day, but when he treats a congenial subject in his own way the result is a masterpiece. His poetical imagination, together with splendid colouring and a somewhat fantastic selection of types and motives, distinguishes his works. His "Circe" in the Borghese Palace, a gorgeously robed enchantress in a mysterious landscape, surrounded by the uncanny paraphernalia of her magic arts, and with her victims transformed into beasts and birds, is almost as perfect a creation of this ideal world of dreams as the Jester of Modena. A dog, once human, gazes mournfully at the useless coat of mail that had been his and upon which a bird now perches, while a group of shepherds connect the whole with the pastoral world as the jester's lamb does in the former picture. A somewhat similar, but less admirable, sorceress was exhibited at one of the recent winter exhibitions of the Old Masters at Burlington House. Dosso has been called the Ariosto of painting. Ariosto was his intimate friend, and in his "Orlando Furioso" mentions the two Dossi—Dosso himself and his brother Battista who worked with him—in terms of the highest praise; to which Vasari retorts that the pen of Ariosto has given greater renown to Dosso's name than all the brushes which the painter used in all his life. Yet even Vasari cannot refuse a rather reluctant tribute of admiration to some of Dosso's pictures, especially for his romantic treatment of landscape, and his skill in representing the play of sunlight amidst the quivering foliage of woods and forests. At times the very trees seemed burdened with a strange mysterious poetry, as though themselves impregnated with the fantastic or sublime nature of the scene over which they watch, taking life almost as in Rossetti's "Song of the Bower":—

The trees wave their heads with an omen to tell,

There is a good instance of this in the background of Dosso's large "Holy Family" at Hampton Court.

Dosso Dossi's genuine works are comparatively rare. There are no drawings of his in the British Museum; indeed, like many of the Venetian masters, it is highly doubtful if any authentic sketches of his have been preserved. Neither of the two paintings ascribed to

him in the National Gallery can be regarded as really from his hand, although one, the pleasant satire of the Muse engaged in the hopeless task of inspiring a Court poet, may have been executed by some pupil or assistant after the master's design. The Louvre is even worse off. There are, however, four genuine pictures by him at Hampton Court, shedding a brilliant splendour of colour over those rather dreary rooms; two under Dosso's own name, and two under that of Giorgione, one of the latter, the St. William laying aside his armour, being quite a masterpiece in its way:

No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.

There is also at Hampton Court a picture, oddly ascribed to the school of Pordenone, which looks like an old copy of Dosso's so-called "Vanozza" of the Doria Palace; a spirited red-robed young Amazon, probably representing Ariosto's heroine Brandamante. Dosso's portraits almost rival those of Titian and Giorgione, to whom they are often ascribed, and connect the school of Ferrara with the grander art of Venice. Sometimes they are splendid bits of courtly flattery for Duke Alfonso and the members of his family, but more often they represent unknown persons of less exalted station, and then they are all tinged with a certain whimsicality, with a touch of eccentricity. Dosso certainly painted "Every Man in His Humour." Of the two Hampton Court portraits, one, a middle-aged richly dressed Ferrarese gentleman, with heavily ringed fingers, was too commonplace an individual to quite suit Dosso's art. The other (wrongly ascribed to Giorgione) represents an odd young man, in simple dress and black cap, gazing sideways out of the picture, rather unpleasantly. He is holding a glove, apparently revolving some whimsical fancy in his mind suggested by it; some sharp cynical witticism is certain to follow: "a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home." Surely this is Shakespeare's own Moth grown to manhood.

Occasionally Dosso produced very powerful altar-pieces, highly impressive from their extraordinary splendour of colour. There are noble specimens at Dresden and at Ferrara; but a less famous picture, now in the public gallery of Modena, must rank as the painter's greatest work in this kind. The Madonna and Her Child are enthroned upon the clouds, with St. George and St. Michael standing on the earth below; in a fine landscape beyond St. George is again seen fighting the dragon. Monsters had always a great fascination for our fantastic Dosso, and this no doubt made St. George

and St. Michael favourite subjects for his art. Here he has given each of them a special and most marvellous monster of his own imagination to subdue and drag to Our Lady's feet. Earlier in Dosso's career Raphael unconsciously started him on this path, when the young Urbinate, being then too busy to send finished pictures, sent to Ferrara's Duke cartoons of his own St. George and St. Michael vanquishing the dragon and the fiend, and Dosso, as the Duke's court painter, had to copy them for his patron. At Bergamo there is a little painting of Dosso's in which St. George has overcome an even "more fearful wild-fowl," who is of more importance and interest than the saints themselves. But, in this work at Modena, all the splendour of the picture rests upon St. George, and the whole is conceived in a more solemn mood than is usual with Dosso. In calm, splendid strength, now that the conflict shown in the distance is over, fully armed and with a great green standard, his noble face kindling in the steadfast glow of victory, the warrior saint gazes up to the Divine Child and His Mother, while the monster lies prone at his feet. There are few figures in the whole range of Italian art so impregnated with the spirit of Dante's glorious red Heaven of Mars, and with all the ideals and possibilities of Christian knight-hood :—

All that chivalry of His
The soldier saints, who, row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss.

Mantegna's "Madonna of the Victory" in the Louvre alone surpasses it in this kind. It has been observed that the Ferrarese court kept up the external features of chivalry to an extent unknown in the rest of Italy. The painters of its school loved the gleam of armour, and the tossing red or green mantles of the knights. This lends charm even to such an uninteresting work as Garofalo's large altar-piece in the National Gallery, where St. William, in shining arms and green mantle, stands among the friars and nuns before Madonna's throne ; and in his earlier and much finer picture (ascribed to Ortolano, in the same collection) the warrior-saint Demetrius pauses in meditation before some new and more daring feat of chivalry.

The picture at Modena, however, is not quite in Dosso's more usual vein. Generally his religious pictures represent little more than the heroes and heroines of a fantastic golden world parading in religious garb. The "St. Sebastian" of the Brera, the "St. William" of Hampton Court are conceived in the spirit of Ariosto's paladins. In the Brera we see with surprise, almost with incredulous wonder, that the arrows are doing their cruel work indeed, and that the Saint

is really suffering martyrdom ; one would have expected him to be invulnerable like Orlando in Ariosto's epic. At Hampton Court, St. William's conversion scarcely carries back our thoughts to the sainted Duke of Aquitaine in Dante's "Paradiso," but rather to the gloomy Frederick of "As You Like It," "converted both from his enterprise and from the world." It is the kind of conversion to be effected in Arcadian regions ; and while Dosso does not exactly make us question the genuineness of the religious life that his hero is going to put on, he makes us feel that, with Jacques, we should like to know something more about it :—

Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

Still less of a religious picture is the "Holy Family" in the same collection, with its original and charming motive of the Child playing with the cock, and its magnificent landscape. Thoroughly Ferrarese in character, belonging perhaps to the same period as the Circe, the Madonna is one of the most irreligious and unspiritual looking ladies that ever sat for the part. She wears a magic robe, rather similar to Circe's, and her expression of face is so peculiar that one is tempted to believe that the sorceress herself has taken upon her this sacred disguise for the greater confusion of the faithful.

Michael Angelo occasionally almost identified the Madonna with the Sibyls, as in a most beautiful drawing in black chalk in the British Museum where Mary is receiving the angel's message at the Annunciation in the attitude of the Sistine prophets and prophetesses ; and the result is both reverent and impressive. Sandro Botticelli at times grew puzzled between Mary Immaculate and Venus rising from the sea—since the fair Simonetta was ready to sit for either—and the confusion merely strikes us as pleasantly quaint and ingenuously mediæval. But Dosso's Circe-Madonna is as incongruous as the Bacchus-Baptist which so perplexes the beholder in the work of one of Leonardo's followers in the Louvre. Similarly that rare Elizabethan, Barnabe Barnes, whose position amongst Elizabethan lyrical poets is somewhat analogous to that of Dosso Dossi amongst Italian painters, in his "Parthenophil and Parthenophe" suddenly meets the Blessed Virgin in his Arcadian world, and confides to her his pastoral passion for the nymph Parthenophe :—

Upon a holy Saint's eve
As I took my pilgrin age,
Wand'ring through the forest wavy,
Blest be that holy Saint !

I met the lovely Virgin Mary,
And kneeled, with long travel faint,
Performing my due homage.
My tears foretold my heart did grieve,
Yet Mary would not me relieve !

And when not even his promise of the firstling female of his flock will induce the Madonna to use her influence with Parthenophe in the poet's behalf, he promptly has recourse to Hecate instead :—

Then, first, with locks dishevelled and bare,
Strait girded, in a cheerful calm night,
Having a fire made of green cypress wood,
And with male frankincense on altar kindled ;
I call on threefold Hecate with tears,
And here with loud voice invoke the Furies.

Turning from Dosso Dossi to Lorenzo Lotto is like visiting Robert Southwell in his cell after feasting with Barnabe Barnes. While Dosso painted for the Este and Gonzaga and lived a gay life in their courts and palaces, Lorenzo was working no less assiduously under the patronage of the Dominicans, and at last retired to Loretto, "tired of wandering and wishing to end his days in that holy place." Dosso represents the courtly life of Renaissance Italy, the half humorous chivalry of Boiardo and Ariosto, the golden world of romance in which men strove to plunge and forget the bitter reality. Lorenzo Lotto, in his art as in his life, seems the type of a class of persons who, sickened with the immorality of their century and conscious of Italy's downfall, were turning to religion and anticipating the Catholic reaction. Michael Angelo, at the close of his sonnet already quoted, offers a noble instance of the extreme form of this reaction from the license of the Renaissance to a new religious austerity :—

Gli amorosi pensier, già vani e lieti,
Che sieno or, s' a due morti m' avvicino ?
D' una so 'l certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che quieti
L' anima volta a quell' Amor divino
Ch' asperse, a prender noi, in Croce le braccia.

Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh ?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms, to clasp us, on the Cross were spread.

It would be easy to read an allegory into Lotto's famous mythological picture in the Rospigliosi Palace. Venus, a nude figure

of great loveliness, with her doves fluttering away before her, is flying, together with Cupid, from a somewhat grim unsympathetic woman in green, who has broken Cupid's bow and seems about to chastise the Goddess of Love with it. This may well represent the freedom and license of the Renaissance giving way to the advance of a more austere and less attractive age, the advent of that new spirit which was already beginning to influence men's minds towards the latter part of Lotto's career. With the exception of this masterpiece and a little picture of Danaë (perhaps his earliest extant work), which was in the Venetian Exhibition at the New Gallery, all Lotto's works are religious or portraits, the former marked by an intense fervour, and the latter by an extraordinary psychological insight into character and a peculiar power of catching and perpetuating transient emotions and delicate shades of feeling. His peculiar melancholy sentiment, that anxious craving expression in so many of his portraits, together with certain qualities of colouring and an extreme gracefulness of form, distinguish Lotto's pictures from those of the other Venetian masters. A curious resemblance to Correggio in certain passages has puzzled critics. Without any of Correggio's sensuality, Lotto has much of his excitability, his sensitiveness, his restlessness, and resembles him, too, in certain more technical points; although his melancholy is utterly alien from the joyous spirit of the painter of Parma. It is the same religious melancholy which, a little later on, fell upon the no less sensitive soul of Tasso.

Mr. Berenson's book on Lotto¹ is one of the most interesting and valuable of recent additions to the history of Italian art. It is an attempt upon the lines and method of modern scientific art criticism, from Lotto's extant pictures and a few documents, to trace the painter in his works and career from his education under Alvise Vivarini and Cima to his death at Loreto, and to interpret the man from his works. Mr. Berenson especially has explained the unique position which Lotto occupies in the Venetian School of the sixteenth century, and has laid considerable stress upon his connection with the Catholic reaction, or at least upon the analogies which may be traced in his work to some of the tendencies of the earlier phases of that movement.

Towards the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century there were two rival schools of painting in Venice. The one, originating in part from Padua and headed by the Bellini, was the more powerful and popular, more in accordance with the spirit

¹ *Lorenzo Lotto: an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism* (G. P. Putnam's 1895).

of the Renaissance; the other, which had arisen in Murano under the Vivarini, and was now led by Alvise Vivarini, was always more archaic and more essentially religious. It was from the former school that Giorgione, Titian, and the great masters of Venetian art sprang. On the death of Alvise Vivarini his school was mostly merged into that of Giovanni Bellini; Lorenzo Lotto alone carried on its traditions into the epoch of the full Renaissance, and, with all the perfect power and the technical mastery of the sixteenth century, still shows traces of the characteristic forms and accessories and colouring of the earlier school. And, in this, Lotto stands alone amongst Venetian artists of his day. Mr. Berenson notes a certain analogy between Lotto and Carlo Crivelli, who had perhaps been the fellow-pupil of Lotto's master Alvise under Giovanni and Antonio da Murano: "the one in certain aspects seems but the reincarnation in an advanced age of the other." Like Crivelli, Lotto finally removed from Venice to the Marches of Ancona, thus carrying on the Muranese tradition; like Crivelli, too, Lotto at times shows certain Umbrian influences in his work.

Familiar examples of Lotto's student period are the little "St. Jerome" of the Louvre, the "Danae" already mentioned, and the "Head of a Bearded Man" at Hampton Court. This portrait is thoroughly in the style of the earlier Venetians, but far more individualised and showing a more profound insight into the character of the person represented; the Andrea Odoni is a considerably later work. There is a complete-dearth of four years, 1508-12, between these early works and the long series of the artist's matured productions. In the meantime a new element had been added to the making of Lotto; he had worked under Raphael in the Vatican, and had probably spent these years at Rome. When he appears again, it is no longer as a student but as a master; he has passed with a bound into the perfected art of the complete Renaissance. It would seem that the more robust school of Bellini could not so receive the alien Umbrian influence. A call to Rome was usually of very doubtful benefit to Venetian painters. About the same time a follower of Bellini and Giorgione, Sebastiano Luciani, who like Lotto had first followed Cima (the chief pupil and assistant of Alvise), but had then left him to join the more popular school, came to Rome, and soon lost almost all his Venetian traditions, becoming at last a mere imitator (though always a most powerful one) first of Raphael and then of Michael Angelo. Lotto, on the other hand, returned to the north from Rome with his own Venetian personality in art perfected, but with a refinement and a spiritual grace caught from Raphael.

There are no Madonnas in the whole range of Venetian art more lovely than those in the three great altar-pieces at Bergamo, in which Lotto now poured out the new poetry of his soul. There is a freshness and brightness about them which we scarcely find in his later altar-pieces, splendid though these often are; they are more lyrical, more free and almost joyous. Lotto's angels, even to the end of his career, breathe forth a purely Raphaelesque tenderness and grace quite unlike those of any other Venetian master of the sixteenth century; in his "*Santa Conversazione*" at Vienna, where the Angel crowns the Madonna with a garland of flowers, in the "*Nativity*" at Brescia, in his "*Annunciations*" at Recanati and Ponteranica, they are spiritual beings of surpassing beauty. His *Sante Conversazioni* are, like those of the other Venetians, meetings of lovely and dignified persons in beautiful landscapes, but the poetry that inspires them is that of the Umbrian *lauda* instead of Tuscan *ballata* or *cansone a ballo*.

There are no specimens of Lotto's sacred pictures in the National Gallery or at Hampton Court, though his spirit has just touched Catena's "*St. Jerome*" in the former collection and Palma's "*Holy Family*" in the latter; it is shown in the bright and gay colouring, the peculiar scarlet and blue which Lorenzo and the earliest Venetians loved, and in the strongly marked play of lights. Exquisite though his religious pictures are, it is especially his portraits which place Lotto amongst the world's greatest artists. It is his sensitiveness, sometimes almost morbid, and his great psychological skill that make these portraits so marvellous. Morelli has observed, "To understand Italian history it is absolutely necessary to study portraits, both male and female; for some portion of the history of the period is always written in those faces if we only knew how to read it."¹

The burden of these portraits of Lotto's is that all Italy was not then so corrupt as we sometimes incline to suppose; there were men and women untainted by its vices, as the members of the famous Roman Oratory of Divine Love; there were priests and prelates full of apostolic fervour and pure zeal, even while the Medici and the Farnese sat upon the Papal throne. Look at the "*Prothonotary Apostolic*" in the National Gallery, the "*Dominican Monk*" at Treviso, the "*Venetian Ecclesiastics Distributing Alms to the Poor*" in the S. Antonino altar-piece of SS. Giovanni e Paolo—these are the new clergy arising, as the Rome of the Borgias passed away, to perform within the church what Luther was professedly doing without. Equally admirable are Lotto's portraits of the laity, men and women;

¹ *Italian Painters*. Vol. i. p. 56.

each tells us a life history, a soul's comedy or tragedy as the case may be. Mr. Berenson well remarks :—"They have all the interest of personal confessions. Never before or since has anyone brought out on the face more of the inner life."¹ The comedy is perhaps rarer, but we may find it in the picture at Madrid of the "Bridegroom and Bride," upon whom Cupid is laying a flowery yoke with a sly joke at the expense of the former, and in the portrait at Bergamo of a stout middle-aged lady trying desperately to look romantic by moonlight. But, as a rule, there is an air of almost oppressive sadness about Lotto's sitters, as though the painter's own melancholy view of life made him read a little of his own morbid self-consciousness and his religious aspirations into them. These portraits all inevitably suggest some romantic or fanciful interpretation. Thus Morelli reads two stories of hopeless love and untimely loss into two pathetic pictures of sorrow stricken men in the prime of life, which are in the Borghese and Doria galleries; and Mr. Berenson discovers in that most beautiful family group in our National Gallery the history of a sensitive man and a less refined wife softened into sympathy with him.²

There is another Venetian master whose works sometimes afford similar soul revelations—the elder Bonifazio Veronese. The whole pathos and tragedy of a girl's ruined life is written upon the face of the younger woman listening to the music, in his "Dives and Lazarus" in the Venetian Academy.

The three pictures in the National Gallery fairly well represent this section of Lotto's work—the Paduan professor, Agostino della Torre, with his more commercial brother, two naturally uncongenial natures tuned by affection into sympathetic harmony; the Venetian husband and wife seated at the table while their little ones play with the cherries—the husband full of Lotto's characteristic spiritual sadness and yearning, the wife not quite able to enter into his thoughts; and the ascetic prothonotary apostolic Giuliano. The fluttering letters on Giuliano's table are characteristic of Lotto's restlessness. He loves to introduce such things into his pictures, and, above all, the falling petals of roses—in the same nervous way as a man fidgets with paper or pulls to pieces a flower. Lotto scatters roses about the steps of Mary's throne with a lavish hand in some of his Madonnas—there is a lovely instance in the picture at S. Bernardino in Bergamo—and this tendency grew in him until in the Madonna of the Rosary at Cingoli, one of his latest works, not

¹ *Lorenzo Lotto*, p. 319.

² *Italian Painters*. Vol. I. pp. 235, 298. *Lorenzo Lotto*, p. 322.

only are Madonna and her Saints worshipped in a rose-garden, upon the branches of which little pictures of the fifteen mysteries are hung, but the cherubs have fine fun with the roses, pelting the stern Dominican with the petals or politely offering a peculiarly choice flower to the Virgin Sperandia.

There is, finally, one more picture that bears Lotto's name at Hampton Court—the "Concert"—which was regarded by Morelli as an old copy of some lost work by Lotto. Although probably not to be connected in any way with this painter, it is interesting as the representative of a peculiar class of very fascinating pictures which are really painted poems in praise of music. By a curious coincidence the authorship of all the best-known specimens of this class is a matter of dispute—the "Monk at the Harpsichord" and the "Three Ages" in the Pitti Palace are striking instances. Each seems to interpret the influence of an identical strain of music upon three different types of character, or upon a similar character at three different epochs in life. The "Concert" at Hampton Court is very similar to the "Three Ages" of the Pitti; but a girl now holds the music, and glances shyly at the representative of the second age who is looking over her shoulder. It was surely a just instinct that prompted the artists to keep to three figures in these painted poems, like the three lines of the Italian *terza rima*, or, as here, only to add a fourth (like a line rhyming, so to speak, with the second), as though to close the canto or, perhaps, suggest another of a more passionate kind. When more figures are introduced, as in the "Music Lesson," by some rather second-rate follower of Titian in the National Gallery, the effect of the whole is weakened, like the caudated sonnet or the rhyming couplet that some Elizabethan writers added to the *terza rima* in their adaptations of that measure to English poetry.

There are other and greater pictures which are so connected with contemporary events as to fill the same place in the history of the Renaissance as the lyrics of the Elizabethan drama do to the plays in which they occur. Such works as Botticelli's "Nativity," with its allegorical bearing upon the pontificate of Alexander VI., and Mantegna's "Madonna of the Victory," hiding the disgrace of Fornovo beneath the splendour of art, are the painted lyrics with which that subtle dramatist, Dame Clio, has adorned her tragedy of Italy's downfall. Compared to them, these pictures upon music are like the lighter madrigals of the Elizabethan song-books in that same great period of our literature.

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

THE LYKE-WAKE.

A LONG stretch of bare Lancashire coast—only sandhills and sea. A safe coast to a landsman's eye, till he learns better. Lifeboats are numerous here, and so are men to man them. Never signal from that sea appeals for help in vain; the Norse blood springs instinctively to the struggle with wind and wave, despite the heavy toll taken by the sea of the men of the old breed.

To-night a goodly number of that same capable breed stood in groups on the shore, eyeing the fierce sea that thundered along the beach with flash of white surf in the darkness. Now and then a clot of flying foam struck the cheek with a stinging slap like a bunch of nettles, and the wind had the scream of a sword cutting the air.

But the fisher-folk stood impassive, indifferent so far as themselves were concerned to the wild storm. They were watching for the return of the lifeboat, which had gone out to a drifting disabled vessel. Occasionally one or other of the men spat thoughtfully on the rattling shingle, exchanged a word or two with his comrades, and then resumed his silent watch. The race is taciturn. That sea needs too strong a grip on oar and helm for breath to be wasted in idle chatter, and thus to speak little becomes a habit.

There were scattered dwellings along the shore: fishermen's cottages, a farm or two, and farther away on the right the dim lights of a village. The one-storied cottage nearest to the beach was more brilliantly illuminated than any, for most of the others showed only the red glow of firelight; whereas from this, through the parted curtains and under the door, bright beams streamed out into the night. Yet those homes showed faces of children at the windows and shadows of women's figures. This cottage alone had no sign of life. Nevertheless there was life within—and death. The man, a fisherman, had died that afternoon, and his widow sat by the fire keeping his death-watch, as was the custom. She was a comely woman, young and lissom, with grave eyes and smoothly banded hair of a lustrous brown. Sitting there gazing into the flames, her hands lying loosely on her lap, she was well-nigh as motionless as the dead man who lay on the bed in such

poor state as the scanty purse of a fisherman allowed. He had been carefully tended—was carefully tended even now. The sheet over him gleamed white as the foam flying over his roof; the plate of salt on his breast was of curious old china borrowed from a neighbour; and the two tall candles burning at his feet were of wax. The room had been cleared of all furniture save three or four chairs, the tall Dutch clock, and the table at the foot of the bed. On this table, besides the two candles, was placed food for the neighbours who would share the widow's watch.

The cottage was very, very silent, in strange contrast to the turmoil of the storm without. Only the babbling of the fire broke the stillness, for the clock had been stopped at the hour of death.

Presently there came a knock at the door. The woman rose and opened it, admitting a gust of wind and a whirling ball of foam that struck the floor and lay quivering, its iridescent bubbles shining in the light of the guttering candles. A little lad stood on the threshold.

"Mother says——" he began.

"Coom in," said the woman in pleasant friendly tones, "th' open door makes th' cannels sweet. Coom in wi' thee!"

The boy obeyed with a half-scared glance at the stark figure on the bed, so quiet under the white drapery that stirred and fluttered in the strong whistling gust from the door.

"Mother says hoo'll coom an' set wi' thee by-an'-by, but feyther's i' th' lifeboat an' they think as it's cooming back, an' so hoo's watching for it, an' a' th' neighbours wi' her. They'll a' coom in by-an'-by."

"Tell thy mother hoo needna hurry. This isna th' first wake as I've kept. Stay, here's summat fur theeseen, Joe."

She took from the table a piece of coarse cake. The lad received it with a word of thanks, and disappeared into the foam-flecked darkness, the clatter of his clogs soon lost in the roar of the storm that filled the air.

The woman closed the door, shutting out the sounds of the wild night. Throwing an armful of driftwood on the dying coals, she sat down again in the rocking-chair beside the fire.

The wood began to burn with the soft beautiful violet and sapphire flames of ship logs, and fragments of boats tossed on the waves till the salt sea has penetrated every fibre; and the thoughts in the woman's soul rose and flamed too, coloured by the salt of life as the driftwood flames by the salt of the sea, and swaying as the wind in the chimney swayed those flickering tongues of changing light.

She had been married three years, and the man had been a good husband ; that is, he had meant to be a good husband, but he was not the man she had wished to marry. He had won her by a lie. Here the driftwood flames turned violet, and the watcher's thoughts took that deep tinge.

She looked into the past. She saw herself and Stephen her sailor-lover planning their future together in the little seaport town, whose lights could be faintly descried beyond those of the village. Then the fisherman who here lay dead told her Stephen was married to a woman at Whitehaven, and she believed the tale. So it happened that when the sailor next came home, he found his quaint gifts of coral and rare shells, boxes of sandalwood and lacquer and mother-of-pearl, all waiting for him ; but his sweetheart was not waiting. She had married the fisherman.

The violet flames deepened in colour and the woman's thoughts deepened too. Well she remembered packing those gifts on the eve of her marriage. Each separate gift meant a dead hope as she laid it in the box, and the whole was the burial of her youth. The flames sank lower. She saw in them her home-coming to this cottage, and her husband's exultation as he confessed the lie by which he had gained her. Probably he himself did not realise either the effect of his confession or the enormity of his offence. If the returning of the gifts had been burial of youth, this was heaping the clods over life itself.

After that nothing seemed to matter much ; not even Stephen's bitter reproaches when, on his return, he sought her out and learnt why he had been forsaken. His words fell on her ears as from a distance. He was still in life, and she was surely dead. Of what use was it to reproach a dead woman ?

Since then she had not seen him. She had heard of him now and then casually. He was not married. He seemed to harbour a fierce resentment against her, the resentment of that slow northern blood that is so faithful and so unforgiving. Thus much she gathered from those who sometimes saw him.

For the rest, she had been a good wife to the man she married. Gazing into the violet flames, now lightening again, she recalled the three years of her life with him. She had kept his house in order and comfort. Was it her fault that she had changed from a smiling rose-flushed girl to a still cold woman ? He had resented the change, had expected the eyes that looked on Stephen would look on him with the same light in them. How could they ? He had sworn, raved got drunk, struck her. Then had sullenly acquiesced. Yet

she would gladly have felt differently had that been possible, for she clearly saw her husband's many fine qualities. He had been a brave man, self-forgetful when duty called him. Ever one of the first to respond to the lifeboat signal; often, too, she remembered, when he was but just ashore, wet, tired, hungry. Yes, she remembered him turning instantly, silently from his own door; from food, warmth, dry clothes, to take his place among the life-savers and battle afresh with wind and sea. Did he not lie dead yonder on the bed from injuries received three weeks ago, when the lifeboat turned over in the surf? He had died as nobly and well as any soldier.

Yes, he had possessed great qualities. Why could he not have married some one else? If only he had married some one else! The pity of it all!

The driftwood flames shot up higher, little flashes of star-like blue playing in the violet. The woman rose with a sudden impulse of regret and compassion. Not that she could ever have felt differently. "Love will not be constrained by mastery" any more now than in the days of Chaucer or in any day that ever dawned on earth. But the pity of it all! At least she need not weary the soul on its death-journey. Whatever burdens it might have to bear, her own wrong should not be one of them.

Standing at the foot of the bed and looking at the grim outline beneath the sheet, she addressed the dead man. "I bear thee no grudge," she said solemnly. "Mind that. I bear thee no grudge. 'Tis o'er an' done wi'."

As the sound of her voice ceased, the silence in the cottage seemed more intense. Without, the crash of the breakers mingled with the screaming whistle of the wind in one continuous uproar. There came a sudden rattle of sleet on window and roof like a discharge of musketry.

"'Tis o'er an' done wi'," repeated the woman. Then she turned away and once more sat down in the rocking-chair by the hearth.

The driftwood flames were burning brightly. From violet they had changed to vivid jewel-blue—the colour of the summer heaven—blue as the sapphire pavement of the Lord in Sinai; and the woman's thoughts took heaven's colour too as that blue glitter flamed and danced upward. Her marriage was over and done with. She was free, and Stephen was still unwedded. Why should not the blossoming-time come again? To the earth the miracle of the spring-tide returns yearly. Is there no miracle for human lives? Must they alone unceasingly endure the winter of their discontent? As the sapphire flames rose and fell, the eyes looking on them beheld

fair visions shining in their blue brilliancy. The quay in the seaport town where the ships came home, and Stephen leapt ashore bronzed and laughing, and she stood waiting for him. Why should she not wait there again for him? Why should not these three past years drop out of their lives like an evil dream of the night? A faint shadow soon to be forgotten—passing away in happiness as the bleached, scarred wood was passing away in radiant blue flame. She told herself that she would forget, would return to the little seaport which had been her home and was still Stephen's, and might—

Thus dreaming, her lips took the old happy curves; her eyes smiled into the lovely dancing flames, seeing in that shimmering sapphire the quay with its lapping waves, herself waiting, watching the approaching boat drawing nearer—nearer, Stephen springing ashore—

What was that? The click of the latch as the door opened, admitting a gust of wind that rushed in, blowing the driftwood flames to indigo. With the wind a man entered also, closing the door behind him; a big, fair man, with wide blue eyes and a death-like look of utter exhaustion upon his face. Evidently he was one of the shipwrecked crew, for as he stood there in shirt and trousers, bareheaded and barefooted, the sea-water ran off him in streams, gathering round his feet in a gleaming pool.

The woman started from her chair, and for an instant stared at him in mute terror. Had Stephen's wraith come to tell her he was drowned? That could be no living man standing there so wet and white and silent, with that strange fixed gaze.

She moved forward.

"Stephen!" she said. "Oh, Stephen!"

He passed the back of his hand over his forehead confusedly, as though dazed, and she saw a dark bruise on one temple.

"Liz!" he responded vaguely, yet with the light of recognition coming into his eyes. "Why, Liz, I didna' know I wur i' thy house!"

Then he looked at the outlined figure on the bed.

"He's dead," she said, following the glance. "He dee'd this afternoon. Art tha hurt, Stephen?"

For he slightly swayed as he stood.

"I'm fair spent, lass, wi' fighting wind an' wave."

She put an arm round him to help him to the rocking-chair, into which he dropped as a man drops when the strength overtaxed for many hours fails suddenly. His old sweetheart hastily set on the fire the pot of broth that was standing on the hearth.

"It'll be hot i' a minute," she said. "I'll get a warm shawl to wrap round thee."

Fear gripped her heart as she spoke, so white and ghastly did Stephen look as he leant back in the chair with closed eyes and that indefinable helplessness about him which betokens dangerous prostration. In the cupboard was her husband's whisky flask. She poured some of the spirit into a teacup and held it to the exhausted man's lips.

"Take a sup o' this, Steeve," she implored, and her voice reaching his dulled senses, Stephen opened his eyes and drank a little. For a moment the whisky revived him. He looked at her with the tender glance she remembered of old.

"I bear thee no grudge, lass!" he said; and cold terror seized her, for had she not said these very words in farewell to the dead man lying over there motionless beneath the sheet? Was Stephen likewise bidding her farewell?

Vainly she tried to make him swallow more. The door, imperfectly shut, swung open under the pressure of the sea-wind without, and a swirling cloud of sleet blew in, falling about them like snow.

"See th' May blossom?" he muttered feebly, as she pushed the door to and latched it with her disengaged hand. "It whittens a' th' place. I allus tow'd thee we'd be wed in May."

His head fell heavily on her shoulder and he sighed once or twice. Then he became very still. There was a soft rush as of falling leaves—the driftwood fire crumbling suddenly into grey ash, little glitters of blue and violet flame darting upward. These sank, leaving only glowing ash that threw a faint warm light over the drooping head of the man and the stricken face of the woman supporting him—a face hardly less deathlike than his.

"Stephen!" she said in a whisper that had the keenness of pain, "Stephen!" But there was no answer.

Presently the door opened once more and a neighbour entered, excited and voluble.

"Eh, th' lifeboat's back a'reet wi' th' crew an' a', but they've lossen one o' th' shipwrecked men—lossen him ashore! He's wandered off. Why, hast tha gotten him here?" approaching the two. "Eh, woman!" in an awed voice, "he's dead!"

"Ay," dully, "he wur spent. An'—so am I!"

C. L. ANTROBUS.

SOME VANISHED VICTORIAN INSTITUTIONS.

SOcial life in Britain has greatly changed in many respects during the decades falling within the Victorian span. And the younger generation have, perhaps, little or no idea as to the multiplicity of rough and ready ways and habits which have grown out of date in the course of the reign. Yet many manners, amusements, superstitions, and obsolete customs which excite expressions of horror or derision when accidentally brought to light in some benighted corner of the land we live in—such as the recent outcrop of cock-fighting in the Black Country, for example—were almost matters of everyday life and habits amongst large bodies of the people fifty or sixty years ago.

Hanging judges justified their existence for some time after the coming in of the nineteenth century, but public sentiment in 1816 had reached a point sufficiently sensitive to be shocked by the stringing up of half a dozen men and four women in London one morning before breakfast, though up to 1824 there remained 223 offences which were made capital by the laws. "In the seven years from 1819 to 1825, there were in England 579 executions, and of the wretched criminals hanged less than one-fifth were murderers, the remainder being strangled for such crimes as burglary, cattle stealing, arson, forgery, uttering false notes, horse stealing, robbery, sacrilege, and sheep stealing." One woman, who had lifted a piece of cloth valued at 8s., from a shop-door in Ludgate Hill, London, in 1818, while wandering about with a starving child in her arms, was found guilty and sentenced to death. The jury strongly recommended her to mercy on account of her previous good character, but the judge—a very Jeffreys in severity—refused to endorse the recommendation; mother and child were parted at the foot of the gallows, and the former launched into eternity in sight of the infant, whose lips were yet wet with its mother's milk.

Senseless severity continued the distinguishing mark of the crim-

inal code in 1837, when accessories before the fact as well as principals were liable to the death penalty for the following offences other than murder:—High treason, attempting to murder by any means, rape, robbery of the person when accompanied by stabbing or wounding, burglary with violence during night, setting fire to ships or inhabited dwelling-houses, and exhibiting false lights, or doing anything tending to the destruction of vessels in distress. John Knight Draper, found guilty of forging and uttering a cheque on the Godalming bank, and sentenced to transportation for life at the Home Circuit, Croydon, on August 3, 1833, was the first to escape capital punishment for forgery, and in sentencing prisoner Mr. Justice Parke observed that "this experiment of abolishing the punishment of death in nearly all instances of the crime of forgery had been made for the purpose of endeavouring to check it, by the certainty of severe secondary punishment. Unless the mitigation was found to have the desired effect, the Government would be under the painful necessity of reviving the now abolished punishment."

Though it might well have been inferred from the absence of any record of judicial interference with the liberty of the subject on the alleged ground of Satanic possession of a later date than 1727, that that gross form of superstition, which

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods,

had long been dead and buried, the fact that the belief in that phase of witchcraft lingers in dark corners of the realm was evidenced in an atrocious way in county Tipperary so recently as March, 1895; a woman named Bridget Cleary being then barbarously roasted to death, at Ballyvadlea, by her husband and his abettors in the presence of neighbours, under the delusion that she had become "possessed by the fairies," and could only be restored to her proper identity through the exorcism of cleansing fire.

Superstitious beliefs of a less cruel type still survive in outland districts—notably among the peasantry of Devon, where the fairy folk, "those spints of a middle sort"—

Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell—

still find a habitation and a name. The white witch, or skilly woman, finds here customers for her charms, and so recently as February 15, 1888, a case of alleged witchcraft was heard by the Assizes bench; a cab proprietor summoning his son for using threatening language and accusing him of bewitching his granddaughter. In his defence the son solemnly assured the magistrates

that the plaintiff had bewitched his daughter, the result being that she suffered for months from chronic disease in the arms. After several Plymouth doctors had failed to work a cure she went into a hospital, where amputation of the arm was advised. That he refused to allow, and took her to a "whitewitch" at Newton, who said the girl was "overlooked" by her grandfather. The whitewitch, however, soon managed to counteract the influence and effected a cure. The abolition of private executions, if not growing grace, gave the deathblow to another form of superstition, which endowed the hand of a newly-hanged criminal with power to cure certain forms of bodily disease, so long as the body retained warmth. But the practice was indulged in so late as April, 1845, when a murderer named Crowley was executed at Warwick and several women afflicted with wens and swellings had the seat of disease stroked by the warm hand of the dead man by dint of feeling Jack Ketch.

A tournament, whose like will probably never be seen again, was held at Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire, on August 28, 1839, and following days. The magnificent spectacle, which had been two years in preparation, at the expense of the young Earl of Eglinton, seriously crippled the resources of that nobleman during many years, and was sadly marred by the inclemency of the weather. The place chosen for the lists was on the outskirts of the town of Irvine, in the midst of beautiful scenery, and under the shadow of Eglinton Castle. The arena comprised about four square acres, and the barrier in the centre of the ground, along which the jousting took place, was 100 yards in length. Galleries to accommodate 3,000 spectators were erected, while two temporary saloons, each 250 feet long, were erected nearer the castle for the banquet and the ball. Each of the knights had a pavilion set apart for himself and attendants, and the decorations of the lists were of the most costly and magnificent description. Lady Seymour, in robe of violet, with the Seymour crest embroidered in silver on blue velvet, made a right regal Queen of Beauty, while the Marquis of Londonderry, in a magnificent tunic of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and continuations to match, acted as King of the Tournament. The procession of knights, men-at-arms, musicians, trumpeters, swordsmen, bowmen, &c., with all the eye-pleasing wealth of colour in costume common to ancient chivalry, was sadly shorn of its full effect by drenching rain, but the assembled multitude made as merry as they might. Of all the combatants in the courses of jousting the Lord of the Tournament (Earl of Eglinton) proved most successful. Attention on the second day centred in a series of tilting bouts on foot between Prince Lou

Napolcon and the Knight of the White Rose (Mr. C. Lamb); both being in armour. On the third the festivities concluded with a tourney between eight knights, armed with swords; in the course of which the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford became heated with the mimic clash of steel, and appeared to be plying their weapons in such good earnest that they were separated by the Knight Marshal.

Striking a light sixty years ago was no easy, instantaneous process; the lucifer match had not then come into common use, and the obtaining of fire by means of flint and steel in dark, frosty mornings, often resulted in skinned knuckles and exemplified the old saying about "the more haste, the less speed." As the precursor of the modern lucifer-match, the tinder-box, which varied in form and was generally ornamented in a rough fashion, is worth describing. The common kind was of wood, seven or eight inches long, about an inch in depth, and four inches wide. A partition divided it lengthways into two parts; flint, steel, and brimstone-tipped matches being kept in one compartment, and in the other "tinder" of scorched linen. Ragged knuckles fell to inexperience essaying to bring out "the fire hidden in the veins of flint," but handy people struck steel on flint until sparks flew out upon and ignited the tinder, and then applied the business end of a "match" to it until the brimstone ignited. These matches, which continued to be hawked about in country districts less than thirty years ago, were thin splinters of resinous wood, five or six inches long, and about an eighth of an inch diameter, covered with melted brimstone on one end, and filled the whole house with sulphurous fumes while burning. The first improvement came with the advent of the friction match, in the earliest form of which the essentials were the old sulphur splints, reduced in length to two and a half inches, tipped with a mixture of antimony sulphide, chlorate of potash, and gum. These were packed in tin boxes, along with a folded slip of sandpaper for drawing the match on, and retailed at half a crown per box of fifty matches.

Members of Parliament continued to "frank" letters, by tracing their autograph on the outer half-sheet, in order to enable friends or constituents to save the postage, for many months after Queen Victoria ascended the throne. And before they were limited in their privilege, some of them took such an undue advantage of their position as to lighten considerably the correspondence expenditure of firms in which they might be interested; while it was currently reported that one firm of wholesale merchants in Cheapside, London, used to buy franks for their business letters at the rate of forty-

eight shillings per gross from poor relations of certain members of Parliament, who supplied the franks with full knowledge of the purpose to which they were put.

Burial rites were, not so long ago, rigorously denied to suicides, and the body was interred in unconsecrated ground in some churchyard between the hours of 9 P.M. and midnight; even that being a great advance on the practice in vogue up to 1823, when the law ordained that those who had "put hand" to themselves should be interred where two or more roads crossed, at the hour of midnight, and that a hedge-stake should be driven through the corpse before the grave was filled in. In the "Old Curiosity Shop," written in 1840, Dickens buries Quilp "with a stake through his heart in the centre of four lonely roads." Another such ceremony suggested to Tom Hood the punning couplet:—

And they buried Ben in four cross-roads
With a *stake* in his inside

and James Payn gives a vivid description of a suicide's funeral in his novel, "Lost Sir Massingberd." There was also the hosier's domestic in Oxford, who cut her throat when forsaken by her lover, and was interred under shade of night in the King's highway:—

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to Paradise to send.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding sheet was round her tied;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who died for love!
A stake they through her body drove.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Distress among the lower orders in the three kingdoms half a century ago had entered upon a stage of slow starvation never likely to be experienced again—while peace endures at all events. In April, 1841, portents of a falling off in trade were revealed when the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced a deficiency approaching two million pounds in the Budget, and a bad harvest that year, on the back of unusual stagnation of trade and a financial crisis, disastrously affected the condition of the wage-earning classes, especially in the manufacturing districts. During the whole of 1842 the distress grew in intensity: wages were very low, work was scarce, and, thanks to the operation of the Corn Laws, bread was

dear. By the autumn of 1842 the distress in England, to quote Miss Martineau, had "so deepened in the manufacturing districts as to render it clearly inevitable that many must die, and a multitude be lowered to a state of sickness and irritability from want of food; while there seemed no chance of any member of the manufacturing classes coming out of the struggle at last with a vestige of property wherewith to begin the world again. The pressure had long extended beyond the interests at first affected, and when the new Ministry came into power there seemed to be no class that was not threatened with ruin. In Carlisle the Committee of Inquiry reported that a fourth of the population was in a state bordering on starvation—actually certain to die of famine unless relieved by extraordinary exertions. In the woollen districts of Wiltshire the allowance to the independent labourer was not two-thirds of the minimum in the workhouse, and the large existing population consumed only a fourth of the bread and meat required by the much smaller population of 1820. In Stockport more than half the master spinners had failed before the close of 1842; dwelling-houses to the number of three thousand were shut up, and the occupiers of many hundreds more were unable to pay rates at all. Five thousand persons were walking the streets in compulsory idleness, and the Burnley guardians wrote to the Secretary of State that the distress was far beyond their management, so that a Government Commissioner and Government funds were sent down. At a meeting in Manchester, where humble shopkeepers were the speakers, anecdotes were related which told more than declamation. Rent collectors were afraid to meet their principals, as no money could be collected. Provision dealers were subject to incursions from a wolfish man prowling for food for his children, or from a half-frantic woman, with her dying baby at her breast; or from parties of ten to a dozen desperate wretches who were levying contributions along the streets. . . . At Hinckley one-third of the inhabitants were paupers; more than a fifth of the houses stood empty, and there was not work enough in the place to employ properly one third of the weavers." In other districts similar misery prevailed, and if North Britain did not protest with equal loudness, it was not because the pressure was less felt. Very many families therein were reduced from comparative affluence to a position of living from hand to mouth, and many Border weavers and their families were only kept from starvation during the winter months by feeding exclusively on salmon and turnips—the latter abstracted from the fields as opportunity offered, and the former poached on the Tweed after nightfall.

Leave to introduce a Bill for the repeal of the obnoxious window tax, which at that date realised about £1,200,000 per annum, was refused by 206 votes to 48 in the House of Commons on May 4, 1837, but persistent agitation secured the repeal of the impost in July, 1851. The tax was four shillings on six windows or less, with a graduated scale up to £30 13s. for fifty windows in any one building early in the century, and the revenue in 1840 was about £1,250,000 and £1,833,000 in 1850. In the following year about one house in every two hundred was returned as containing fifty windows and upwards; about six out of every twenty five had ten windows and upwards; while over 75 per cent. contained seven windows and under.

Selling a better-half in order to get rid of her, though happily rare, has not been quite unknown at different periods. One of these disgusting exhibitions, as the *Doncaster Chronicle* designates the transaction, took place in the market-place of Goole on December 5, 1849, when a waterman named Ashton made a spectacle of his wife. During the treatment of her husband in Hull Infirmary, it appears that the wife, a buxom young woman, eloped with another man, taking with her a great part of the household furniture. On Ashton's arrival at home he discovered the frailty of his fair one. On his ascertaining the hiding place of the guilty pair soon afterwards matters were talked over and a sale arranged. Accordingly on the Wednesday forenoon Ashton led his wife into the market place with a halter round her waist, and there made her mount a chair for exhibition. On the "lot" being put up by an itinerant auctioneer, who dilated upon the splendid physical points of his subject, bidding opened at threepence, one shilling being next offered by a man old enough to be the victim's grandfather. Matters then hung fire for some moments; but competition thereafter became more spirited, and eventually the woman was "knocked down" to her paramour for 5s. 9d. Getting down from the chair in no way abashed, the woman snapped her fingers in her husband's face, exclaiming, "There, good-for-nothing, that's more than you would fetch!" and departed, apparently in high glee, with her new lord and master.

Runaway marriages, once the favourite last resort of loving couples when "hard-hearted" guardians intervened and showed a disposition to make the hand go where the heart did not incline, gave Gretna Green a reputation far and wide throughout the first half of the reign. And, although Border irregular marriages were abolished by law in 1856, even yet, provided one or other of the contracting parties has resided twenty-one days in Scotland, marri

may be speedily effected ; at least one celebration having taken place at Gretna since 1837. The service of matrimony as used by the "high priests of Gretna Green" was very simple. First of all, the parties were asked their names and places of abode ; then they were ordered to stand up in front of the "priest," who inquired if they were single persons. Satisfaction having been given on that point, each was then enjoined to answer whether he or she came there of their own free-will. The man was then asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, forsaking all other, to keep to her as long as you both shall live?" And his "I do," was followed by the female being addressed in similar terms ; only the word "husband" being substituted for "wife." The bride followed up her responsive affirmative by handing a ring to the bridegroom, who passed it on to the "priest." Handing it back to the man the apostle of Hymen instructed him to put it on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, repeating the words, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I thee endow." Thereafter they clasped right hands—the woman saying, "What God joins together let no man put asunder"—and the priest tied the marriage knot by saying, "Forasmuch as this man and this woman have consented to go together by giving and receiving a ring, I therefore declare them to be man and wife before these witnesses."

While the above was the ordinary procedure when time permitted, anxious loving couples could rely upon being buckled fast and bedded within less than ten minutes after alighting when enraged relatives were known to be in hot pursuit. Registers have been preserved of about 8,000 marriages irregularly celebrated at Gretna during the hundred years from 1753, and one wearer of the priestly mantle—Robert Elliot, who succeeded as "parson" in 1811—buckled no fewer than 3,872 runaway couples during the twenty years ending 1839. The average fee was from twelve to fifteen guineas, and though irregular marriages in that district had fallen off to forty-two in 1839, and forty-six in the preceding twelve months, the harvest was much richer in earlier years ; especially in 1824 and 1825, when the number of marriages celebrated reached 196 and 198 respectively.

Tales of many an amusing incident or stiff fight connected with meetings of pursuers and pursued on the way to Gretna, or just after the ceremony had been hurried through by the "high priest," might be told, but these must give place to one specially tragic incident during Paisley's ministry, which he used to relate somewhat after the following manner, over a glass of toddy in the evening of his

days: A young English lady, daughter of a wealthy old baronet in the Midlands, had fixed her affections on the son of a neighbouring landed proprietor, with the tacit approval of her father. But, as if to prove that "the course of true love never did run smooth," suddenly it became known that the young gentleman's father was in very embarrassed circumstances through betting and gambling. With the consent of the son the greater portion of the family estate was sold and the debts liquidated. Then the old baronet bade his daughter forget her first love and prepare to receive the addresses of another whose wealth was supposed to make up for his lack of youth. The young lady, however, having the will, managed to find a way to keep up a correspondence with her sweetheart, and, as the result of occasional stolen interviews, he managed to persuade her to elope with him to Gretna, on the very night of the arrival of the new suitor for her hand. So well had measures been taken that the pair were speeding towards the Border before the flight was discovered.

Almost frantic with rage the baronet, accompanied by his would-be son-in-law, started in pursuit. But they were too late. The handsome and well-matched fugitives had reached Gretna long before their pursuers came within sight of Carlisle, and were speedily made one in a room at the inn and furnished with a formal certificate of marriage. Taking Mr. Paisley aside after the ceremony, the bridegroom briefly explained why he apprehended being followed, and asked what course he would recommend. The old "parson" gave his advice in such fatherly tones that his counsel as to prudential considerations had more influence with the bashful, blushing bride than the pleadings of her young husband, and she suffered herself to be conducted to the nuptial chamber, as it was always called, it being the custom for parties dreading immediate pursuit to retire there soon after the performance of the ceremony. In the middle of the night a chaise and four, driven at top speed, lumbered up to the inn, and as soon as admission was given in response to repeated blows with pistol butts, the pursuers rushed upstairs and attacked the door of the room in which the newly-married couple were. Just as the young husband was hurriedly dressing, in order to try and appease his father-in-law, the door yielded to the pressure and the old gentleman rushed in, pistol in hand. On seeing this the girl jumped out of bed in her night-dress to interpose; but, alas! only in time to fall upon her lover's corpse, for before she could intervene her father had fired with fatal effect.

The startled household flocked into the guest chamber, where a shocking scene met their view. Bathed in blood, which welled from

a wound over the heart, lay the lifeless youth beneath the senseless form of his love—maiden, wife, and widow within one short day—while the grim father stood looking on in a state of stupefaction the fatal weapon still smoking in his hand. Recovering himself with an effort, the murderer threatened to shoot the first person who should oppose his departure, raised his daughter in his arms, and departed with her in his chaise before she had recovered consciousness. When brought to trial the father got off through some legal quirk, but lived thereafter shunned by his former friends and neighbours; the daughter never got over the shock of seeing her husband slaughtered before her eyes, and died soon after of a broken heart.

The inconvenient, ill-hung post-chaises in which valetudinarians travelled, and romantic young couples sped to Gretna or Lamberton Toll, did not long survive the Victorian air, but more than a score of years passed before the last stage-coach was laid up, although the *Times* thought fit to print the following singular obituary of one on September 5, 1840:—"Died, on Friday last, the London and Leeds mail coach, in the 56th year of its age. It first commenced running (through Nottingham) on the 26th of July, 1785, and ceased on the 28th of August, 1840. The immediate cause of its dissolution is the spread of railways."

Ploughing oxen may sometimes be noticed slowly turning over the soil in parts of Wiltshire, also in the counties of Sussex, Dorset, Oxford, and Gloucester; but these relics of agricultural economy in Biblical times are scarcely to be met with in any other county. Sixty years since, and for at least thirty seasons thereafter, every large farm in that part of the country had several teams of oxen. They were also in common use in many other districts, and it was the custom to fatten off the animals after working them in the yoke for eight or ten years. Now, old beef has become almost unsaleable, and their use for draught purposes, even in the most conservative agricultural communities in the south of England, is decreasing, although, especially when collars are substituted for the common yokes, oxen are said to prove less expensive than horses in all ordinary farm work.

Stocks were in use for the maintenance of public order within living memory. Every village-green boasted of the possession of such an instrument of indignity in the "good old times"; and some hard-headed sons of toil must yet be alive who recollect setting out "on the loose" one night and awaking to consciousness with a terrible thirst and their feet in the stocks; an object of derision to the whole little community. The latest instance chronicled, so far

as we have been able to trace, occurs in the *Observer* of October 27, 1839:—"At Ipswich, John Roberts was convicted of profane swearing, &c., and was sentenced to sixteen days' hard labour, at the end of which time to be placed in the stocks for six hours."

Although flogging at the cart's tail is generally supposed to have ceased after 1827, various instances are on record up to 1836, when a man convicted of robbery from the person was slowly paraded through the principal street of Saltash "with bare back and flogged at the cart's tail, to which one of his hands was lashed at either side. . . . Two men, armed with cats-of-nine-tails, laid on heavily, and were scolded by the beadle, or crier in uniform, for not hitting harder." The punishment was sometimes reduced to a farce when the administering hand had been well "oiled," or belonged to a soft-hearted officer of justice, as in a case mentioned by the poet Cowper, where the thief was the only one concerned who suffered nothing. A youth had stolen some iron-work at Olney. "Being convicted," says Cowper, "he was ordered to be whipt, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone house to the high arch, and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable Hinchcomb, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued till a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle, thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and, placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and, pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury."

The pillory continued to be used on special occasions until its abolition in 1837. In that engine of punishment the culprit was compelled to stand the public assize with head and hands immovably fixed, while roughs of both sexes pelted him (or her) with filth and whatever else came handiest. "It was a punishment which it was indeed dreadful to undergo," says L. L. Jewitt. "The dishonest baker and the cheating ale-wife, the seller of putrid flesh and the night bawler, the forger of letters, and the courtesan, alike, in

the early days of its institution felt its sad effects, and it became at once —

The terror of the cheat and the quarer,
Whose heads its often held, I ween.

And in later days free-speaking men, free-thinking politicians, free-writing authors, and free-acting publishers were doomed to bear its infliction. . . . To some poor starving authors and obscure publishers the pillory became a real blessing. They were condemned to it poor and unknown; they stood in it an hour or more, and then stepped out of it national martyrs whom many delighted to succour and honour. But not so with others. Some sensitive minds died through very shame and mortification, others died through ill-usage, and thus the pillory had its victims as well as the gallows."

Duelling flourished until the Prince Consort, shocked by the issue of an engagement in which a Lieutenant Monro killed his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett, in 1843, took up the subject so warmly that the War Office authorities were forced to deal a death-blow to the practice in April, 1844, by the issue of Amended Articles of War, declaring that it was "suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same." As military men had been the chief supporters of the creed which sanctioned the wiping out of differences of opinion in blood, this somewhat belated step discredited duelling and acted as an extinguisher upon the race of quasi-professional bullies who were always on the outlook for a "safe thing"—and these small sword or hair-trigger exponents, even where their prey was not absolutely inexperienced, generally managed to secure choice of weapons by extorting challenges—in order that they might strut about, like a cock on a dung-hill, in all the glory of adding another to the list of their duels with their favourite weapon.

Royalty gave its sanction to the duelling code of honour when the Duke of York accepted a challenge from Colonel Lennox, of the Coldstream Guards, consequent upon a dispute at a London club, and the other end of the social scale was represented by two race-course haunters named Young and Webber, who suffered twelve months' imprisonment in 1838 for participation as seconds in an "affair of honour" on Wimbledon Common, in which John Flower Mirfin was killed, on August 22 of that year. Francis Elliot, who fired the fatal shot, escaped abroad. The quarrel arose in a drinking saloon after returning to London from Epsom races, and the murderer, on hearing his antagonist heaving his last sigh, remarked to a

casual spectator, "I have done for the ——." Then, without so much as a second glance at the dying man, Elliot and his well-matched seconds hurried off. Duelling being supposed to be restricted to gentlemen, a contemporary has the following characteristic paragraph on the encounter :—"The parties concerned in this affair, though aping the barbarous code of refined honour, can apparently claim only a very doubtful gentility. Elliot is the nephew of an innkeeper at Taunton, and was recently an officer in the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain, where he was chiefly notorious for his numerous duels. Murfin was lately a linendraper in Tottenham Court Road, London, and Young was, or ought to have been, had he not disagreed with his father, a brickmaker at Haddenham."

Boys as well as men thirsted after the spurious badge of courage ; so when two Worcester schoolboys fell out about the meaning of a Latin phrase, the consequence was a challenge. Pistols were chosen, and the youngsters made better practice than some of their elders, the ball of the one passing through the hat of the other, and the returned ball through the flap of the first firer's coat. Some grown up people were attracted to the rendezvous by the firing and put an end to the affair, greatly to the disgust of the juvenile fire-eaters, as the seconds were reloading for a further exchange of shots.

The last duel of any note between English subjects on English ground is generally described as occurring in May, 1845, between Lieutenants Hawkey and Scaton, when the latter was killed, but very many duels were fought during the next fifteen years. Mention may be made of a meeting between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. B. Osborne, M.P., near London, on April 27, 1853, when the ball from the weapon used by the Member for Middlesex perforated Sir Robert's coat sleeve, and the meeting terminated without bloodshed. Another encounter took place sixteen years later at Malvern Wells, between a pugnacious Briton and a Frenchman, swords being the weapons employed. The Englishman was wounded in the sword-arm, but ultimately disarmed his opponent. Perhaps the ridicule excited in London society by a duel between Lord Malden and Captain Hawkins, near Reigate, in 1853, in which the fire-eaters only managed to scare a terrified cock pheasant out of an adjacent hedge-row, did much more than all the terrors of the law to extinguish the duelling cult in England.

Slavery did not nominally exist in the British dominions when the present reign began, but there were many white slaves nevertheless. Young lives were rendered bitter under a species of child-slavery in collieries and factories, and multitudes of both sexes were

so overworked that few of them lived out half their days, according to the span allotted by the Psalmist.

Children of eight years old and upwards were then kept at work in cotton factories for fourteen and fifteen hours a day, and cruelly abused by heartless overseers if they fell asleep through exhaustion or afforded the slightest pretext for ill treatment. "My first recollections of the factory people of Lancashire," says the late W. A. Abram, of Blackburn, "date from the year 1843. . . . I have often watched the factories 'loosing'—to use a local phrase—towards eight o'clock in the evening, and noticed how the poor pained creatures—men, women, and children, who had been kept incessantly at work, with the briefest intervals for meals devoured hastily in the rooms, from five in the morning—dragged their limbs wearily up the steep hill to their homes. Many of them were grievously deformed in frame, their skins and clothing smeared with oil and grime, the young among them sickly and wan, the middle-aged prematurely broken down and decrepit, and all so evidently dejected in spirit, seemed to my young eyes the very embodiment of hopelessness. The common bodily deformity was partially due to the practice of setting children to heavy work before their limbs had become set, and partly to the propulsion of machinery in certain departments of the manufacture by the knees of the operative. It was no wonder if these disagreeable impressions led one to consider the old factory system as a system of galling and grinding slavery. The Hours of Labour in Factories Act, passed in 1844, and materially amended in 1847 and 1856, worked a thorough reform."

In coal mines miserable little children, serfs in everything but name, were employed as beasts of burden in dragging coal in little boggies along tunnels not more than thirty inches in height; the drag-chain being fastened to a belt round the waist. The boy or girl was obliged to travel on all fours, and the chain passed between what, in that posture, might be called the hind legs. One witness before the Parliamentary Commission of 1842 testified that he went into the pit at seven years of age, and said he had seen many draw at six. The poor little things could not straighten their backs during the day, and when they drew the coal the grazing of the chain used often to rub off the skin from the inside of the thigh until the blood came; yet they were beaten if they complained.

Yet another system of enthrallment of the hapless offspring of poverty, akin in many respects to the organised bondage formerly prevalent under the slaveholders of the West Indies, was general so recently as 1867 throughout the counties of Norfolk, Cambridge,

Suffolk, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Bedford, &c. Gangmasters hired young workers at starvation wages, collected them into bands of twenty or more, and let out their labour to farmers at specified prices for each contract job; the profit of the driver depending upon his bustling his hands forward as hard as possible. The members of the gangs, who were employed in thinning turnips, weeding wheat, picking up stones, spreading manure, &c., were of all ages from six years and upwards, and of both sexes, all working together. In many cases where the workers were not all pigged together in some barn for the night, most of them had to tramp several miles—sometimes as much as seven or eight—to and from the scene of labour at early morning and late evening; the backs of both boys and girls being between-times oft made acquainted with the whip or supple ashplant carried by the taskmaster. All the work having to be done in a stooping posture, it proved very trying; especially so to weakly girls. And had it not been that children of tender years were often carried part of the way home by the bigger ones, some of them would never have reached home at night—as may be gathered from the fact that parents, going out to meet little toddlers, whom they had felt compelled to send out for the sake of the 3*d.* a day offered, sometimes found them quite overcome with exhaustion, lying sound asleep on the roadside; while from a moral point of view the gang atmosphere proved so deteriorating that all sense of modesty and decency was speedily lost.

Though illicit trading, so far as respects attempts to elude payments on dutiable articles at ports of entry, still survives—penalties recovered in one recent year over £8,000 for 4,700 offences, in which 240 gallons of whisky and 16,756 lbs. of tobacco were confiscated—the dare-devil race of smugglers who still contrived to do a tidy bit of business of a very remunerative kind in the way of running cargoes from the Channel Islands, France, and Holland during the autumn and winter months for the first eight years of the Victorian era, at least, appears to have died out. So profitable was the trade that so long as one cargo out of three escaped seizure the business paid well enough. In evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1845, it was stated that during the first month of that year at least nine smuggling cutters belonging to Rye took in large quantities of goods with the object of distributing these in England without paying toll to the Excise, and a list, prepared from authentic sources, shows that no fewer than fifty-two boats and eighty-one men belonging to the small fishing village of Cawsand were in the habit of making occasional runs to Roscoff for contraband during the ten years ending 1842.

Smuggling of the lighter kind, to which, like poaching, little or no discredit is commonly attached, was carried on in Celtic atmospheres long after it had died out in districts more veneered, and it is just possible that even now, on the threshold of the twentieth century, people who know their way about may depend on being supplied on reasonable terms, under cover of night, with a keg of real mountain dew which no gauger ever set eyes on. However that may be, through the lowering or abolition of duties on articles of common consumption and the activity of an efficient Revenue corps, the occupation of the "free trader" has departed to such an extent that almost half a century has elapsed since the last attempt to "run" a contraband cargo on the British coast in the teeth of the coastguard. Reasons of space forbid tapping the extensive field of "free trade" anecdote, but graphic details of smuggling in its palmiest days are embalmed in "Guy Mannering," also in "The Smuggler," by G. P. R. James.

Prize fights between two legged, four-legged, and feathered brutes were all in vogue in early Victorian days, and highly popular. The University boat race, indeed, does not now arouse greater excitement than a "mill" between notorious prize fighters did then; although it is safe to say that the exhibitions were frequently as fraudulent as they were savage. Broken jaws and battered features formed part of the anticipated attractions at these country outings, and if death resulted the jury were pretty sure to acquit the accused. Fights usually lasted through forty or fifty rounds; betting was heavy, and victory was not infrequently sold for a consideration in the same fashion which has brought professional pedestrianism into disrepute.

In Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England" there is a notable account of his experiences in the autumn of 1845 on arriving at Wolverton, where a policeman accounted for the unwonted state of excitement by explaining that a battle for the championship belt was to come off in the neighbourhood next day between Bendigo, of Nottingham, and Caunt, of London (the holder), and that all the blackguards in England had been let loose upon the district. Two days later the geologist had an opportunity of sizing up the Nottingham lamb. The 'bus in which he was being carried Londonwards "stopped for a few seconds as we entered Newport Pagnell to pick up a passenger," he says, "and a tall, robust, hard featured female, of some five-and-forty or so, stepped in. 'Had we heard,' she asked, when adjusting herself with no little bustle in a corner of the conveyance—'had we heard how the great fight had gone?' 'No!—

my two companions had not so much as heard that a great fight there had been. 'Oh, dear!' exclaimed the robust female, 'not heard that Bendigo challenged Caunt for the championship!—ay, and he has beaten him too. Three hundred guineas a side!' 'Bad work, I am afraid,' said the gentleman in black. 'Yes,' exclaimed the robust female, 'bad work, foul work; give 'em fair play, and Bendigo is no match for Caunt. Hard stiff fellow, though! But there he is!' We looked out in the direction indicated, and saw the champion of all England standing at a public-house door, with a large white patch over one eye and a deep purple streak under the other. He reminded me exceedingly of Bill Sikes, in the illustrations by Cruickshank of 'Oliver Twist.' For two mortal hours had he stood up under the broiling sun of the previous day to knock down and be knocked down in turn, all in a lather of blood and sweat, and surrounded by a ring of the greatest scoundrels in the kingdom. And the ninety-third round had determined him the best man of the two and the champion of all England. . . . There had been sad doings in the neighbourhood—not a little thieving in the houses, several robberies on the highway, and much pocket-picking among the crowds; in short, as a reporter of a sporting paper, the *Era*, who seems to have got bitten somehow, summed up his notice of the fight, 'had the crowds brought together been transported *en masse* to Botany Bay, they would have breathed forth such a moral pestilence as would have infected the atmosphere of the place.' Pugilism has been described as one of the manifestations of English character and manners. I suspect, however, that in the present day it manifests nothing higher than the unmitigated blackguardism of England's lowest and most disreputable men."

Perhaps the fight in which opponents were apparently most unequally matched was the desperate contest at Farnborough on April 17, 1860, between Tom Sayers, champion of England, a lightweight only about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and John Heenan, a huge American standing 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings. So well, however, were strength and reach matched by skill and activity that a draw was eventually proclaimed; each man receiving a silver belt.

Recollections of the horrible resurrection system, which flared out in all its iniquity through the Burke and Hare murders, were still so green in early Victorian days that special precautions were taken to prevent the desecration of cemeteries by digging unusually deep graves and keeping watch against those who preyed on bodies. And on the slightest breath of suspicion in other parts of the country many similar scenes were enacted to that observed in London about

fifty years ago, when, as the result of a quarrel over the division of the proceeds of illicit exhumations in Curtain Road churchyard, one of the snatchers caused information to be left overnight at several houses of mourning that those who were lamented no longer lay in the earth but had risen with the assistance of the "shovel and the hook." Indescribable consternation was caused by the dreadful intelligence. Hundreds hastened to the burial-ground next morning, and as the news spread relatives of recently deceased persons flocked to the cemetery, which in a few hours contained between 1,000 and 3,000 curious and agitated spectators. Various graves were opened and no fewer than nineteen coffins without corpses were dug up. The death-clothes remained in the coffins, and it was assumed that the depredators raised the bodies through holes dug a few feet from the mounds over the graves in a sloping direction. As the burial-ground appeared to be quite inaccessible to thieves, however ingenious, without the connivance of the person who had charge of it, a furious attack was made upon the house of the grave-digger by bereaved relatives. The grave-digger himself was seized and thrown into an open grave, and would have been actually buried alive had it not been for the arrival of the police.

The increasing demand for anatomical subjects in schools of medicine, which was not met to the extent of one-fiftieth part by the supply of bodies legally available for dissection, namely, those of murderers, led to the institution of the villainous trade of body-snatching, long carried on without the cognisance of the general public. Churchyards within fifty miles of large towns were ravaged by "resurrection men," who acquired an extraordinary degree of skill in carrying out their work. Having selected a grave or graves during the day a party would repair to the chosen churchyard at night with a horse and trap, in which were sacks and the various implements required. Only the soil at the head of the coffin was removed, then part of the lid was broken off by the aid of a lever, and the body drawn out by the head; the clothes being removed and replaced in the coffin before filling in the earth again and removing as far as practicable all traces of violation. Three-quarters of an hour or less sufficed to carry out the whole operation. Originally the price of a body was from one to two guineas, but increased demand and inadequate supply so raised the value that a Cockney body-snatcher, in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, admitted having supplied 305 bodies of adults at about £4 each to schools of medicine in England during 1809 and 1810, in addition to forty-four bodies of children under three feet in height, these latter

being sold at so much per inch. As cemeteries became closed to resurrectionists by increased vigilance, the price rose to twelve and sixteen guineas per corpse, eighteen and twenty guineas being paid under exceptional circumstances.

Tempted into the trade by the high prices in centres of medical study were scoundrels who speedily lost any slight original conceptions as to the sanctity of human life, and in the end sometimes made a "subject" to supply an order if no dead body seemed otherwise immediately available. Amongst that class was one destined to bequeath from the gallows a name for the practice of murder by suffocation for anatomical ends which has become classical.

On November 1, 1828, all Edinburgh was ringing with the news that a den of murder had been discovered in the West Port, and that two Irishmen, named Burke and Hare, with their wives, had been arrested. The discovery came about through the disappearance of an old Irishwoman whom Burke had inveigled into his dwelling, where she had been plied with drink by her false friends and then suffocated. Hare and his wife were admitted as evidence against their companions in guilt; Burke was convicted, but the charge against his wife was found "Not proven." While awaiting execution William Burke made a confession to the following effect. A man who owed Hare £4 having died, Hare proposed that, to reimburse himself, the body of his debtor should be sold. In accordance with this proposal the dead man was taken out of the coffin, which was filled up with stones and rubbish. Thereafter the body was bought for £7. 10s. by a surgeon, who, far from asking any inconvenient questions, made no enquiries of the vendors, but told them he would be pleased to see them when they had another body to dispose of. That fatal laxity seems early to have suggested murder. About the beginning of April, 1828, the first victim fell at the house of Hare, who kept a small low-class lodging-house, and between that time and October 31 of the same year sixteen persons were done to death in the abode of one or other of the precious pair; some being taken at a disadvantage when ill, but the greater number having previously been made drunk.

Three years later the existence of a syndicate of like nature—this time in the English metropolis—came to light through the offering of the body of a boy for sale at King's College. The demonstrator of anatomy, having reason to suspect foul play from the appearance of the body, lodged information with the authorities, and, as the result of investigation, the three men concerned in the sale—body-snatchers named Bishop, Williams, and May—were

found guilty, the two former being hanged. The custom of the trio as disclosed by Bishop was as follows. They used to make their victims drunk, mixing laudanum with the liquor. A cord being tied to the feet of a stupefied wretch, he was then let down a well in the garden of the chief conspirator; after which the cord was attached to a stake, while the operators took a turn and a glass of liquor "to occupy the time"—the subject being left in the water longer than was necessary to produce suffocation, under the impression that the rum and laudanum would "run out of the body at the mouth." Three persons, according to Bishop, had been thus murdered; the "things," as the bodies were styled, being disposed of at £8 and £10 apiece.

Among less unsavoury reminiscences may be given one of two London resurrectionists who, happening to light on a fellow dead drunk in the gutter one dark night, bagged him and bore him in haste to a certain anatomist. "The private bell gave a low tinkle, the side-door down a dark court opened noiselessly, the sack was cautiously emptied of its contents in the cellar, and the fee paid down. In an hour or two after, the same ceremony (the subject this time being really defunct) was repeated. The bell sounded a third time, and the anatomical charnel-house received another inmate. The tippler, having now slept off his potations, began to grope about, and finding all dark, and himself he knew not where, bellowed lustily. This was just as the outer door was closing on the resurrection men, who, being asked what should be done with the noisy fellow, answered coolly, 'Keep him till you want him.'"

Convict transportation, under the abuse of which to the better inclined "laga" Australia became a hell upon earth, was suspended for a period of two years as regarded men in 1847, as the outcome of disclosures of the abominations existing in Norfolk Island and further frightful revelations from Van Diemen's Land. Six years later, transportation to the Australian colonies, which had continued uninterruptedly from 1784, was given up by the British Government, except as regarded persons under sentence for fourteen years or for life; and even as to the latter class the final shipment of convicts was to West Australia in 1867.

Everybody that was anybody drank more or less—mostly more—a generation or two ago, in accordance with one or other of the poet's five reasons for drinking:—

"Good wine—a friend—or being dry;
Or lest we should be by-and-bye;
Or any other reason why."

Among the people intoxicants were consumed at all hours and on every possible occasion in England and Ireland. Scotland, notwithstanding the prevalent Calvinistic tinge of thought, in her inmost heart having a strong belief that "freedom and whisky gang thegither," was in that respect no way behind her neighbours, honouring alike births, deaths, and marriages by copious libations. Marriages were most "honoured," though funerals in many districts ran up so well in the "John Barleycorn" Stakes that twelve or twenty glasses of whisky have been consumed by most of the invited before setting out from the house of mourning to the churchyard, when the surviving relatives did not stint the customary liquid refreshments. "What kind of a funeral was it?" inquired a neighbour of Grace Whithorn on her return from being present "in the house" on a mournful occasion. "Oh!" was the reply, "it was a delightful funeral—just like a wee wedding!" Nowadays burials are attended by no drinking bouts before "the lifting," and even at weddings more tea than whisky is consumed; but the fun at the latter is of as hearty a nature as ever, and as many life friendships are perhaps there formed as in the palmiest of deep-drinking days.

Not so very long ago people used to be under the thumb of the taxgatherer from the cradle to the grave, and even a generation ago there was only too much truth in the intelligent foreigner's summing up of the scope of British taxation. "The people," said he, "are taxed in the morning for the soap that washes their hands; at nine for the coffee, the tea, and the sugar they use for breakfast; at dinner for the salt to flavour their meat, and for the beer they drink; in the evening for the spirits to exhilarate; all day long for the light that enters their windows; and at night for the candles to light them to bed." To-day the case is so far altered that the necessities of life enter the country duty free. Taxes on knowledge have vanished, and knowledge, like the lump of leaven in the measure of meal, is steadily and surely influencing the whole national life and character. In proof of the latter statement it may be pointed out that outside Scotland, where even then 78 per cent. of those entering into holy wedlock signed their names in the marriage register, education was in so neglected a condition that of all those married in 1836, in England no fewer than forty-three out of every hundred proved unable to write their own name, while in Ireland 52 per cent. were illiterate. For the year ending January 1, 1895, however, the proportions unable to sign otherwise than by mark at nuptial ceremonies were: England and Wales—males, 4·6 per cent., and females, 5·4;

Scotland—277 among men, and 451 among the women; Ireland—males, 170 per cent., and women, 157.

Last among the survivals in conflict with the spirit of the age may be noted promotion by purchase in the army—which retarded in definitely the advancement of efficient officers and conspired to drop all the honours of the service into the laps of wealthy individuals of no special talent who could afford to pay for them, which only came to an end in 1871. Under the system merit and fitness went for nothing, and so difficult was it for a man without money to get on in the British army that a good officer without the wherewithal to purchase a company might remain a lieutenant for twenty years, to be soured, in all probability, by seeing brother officers of less standing raised above him by the power of money again and again, and even then only obtain his captaincy by some unlooked-for augmentation in the establishment. Strangely enough, in the Navy brains and hard work were given scope to carve out advancement at the same time that in the sister service promotion had to be bought, and that at a price frequently double the official value of the post. While traffic in commissions was largely affected by the district in which the particular regiment was likely to be quartered for some years ensuing, the price was almost invariably 60 per cent. or more above the nominal value of commissions as given in the "Army List," which tariff in 1864 gave the price of commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Life Guards or Horse Guards at £7,250, in the Foot Guards at £4,800; and in cavalry and infantry of the line, £4,500; while a major in the two former corps had to fork out £5,350 for his commission, in comparison with £3,200 exacted for the same position in the line regiments. Captaincies cost £3,500 in the Life Guards and Horse Guards, £2,050 in the Foot Guards, and £1,800 in the cavalry and infantry of the line, and lieutenantancies might be purchased for £1,785 in the Life Guards, £1,600 in the Horse Guards, £1,200 in the Foot Guards, and the trifle of £700 in the less considered cavalry and infantry of the line.

Side by side with the disappearance of many unshapely excrescences it is pleasing to observe how, in almost every direction, things have improved and changed for the better in the course of the present eventful reign; recompense for ill-doing is distributed after a more humane fashion, class prejudice is fast disappearing, and altogether that millennium

"When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be,"

does not now seem quite such a hopeless dream as it once did.

W. J. KECHE.

TABLE TALK.

THE "RUBA'IYAT" OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

AMONG the books which have most influenced the minds of educated Englishmen during the second half of this nineteenth century I should assign the place of honour to Edward Fitzgerald's "*Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām*." A portion of the mystery in which that fascinating work was enveloped has recently been dissipated. It was understood from the first that Fitzgerald's work was an equivalent rather than a translation, and those with no knowledge of Persian, by which I mean all but a few English Orientalists, were exercised by the question how much was Omar and how much Fitzgerald. The publication of Fitzgerald's letters did little to clear up the doubt, which was quickened when the prose translation of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy¹ saw the light. Not only were there well known quatrains in Fitzgerald to which no single quatrain in Omar Khayyām corresponds, there were some scarcely a suggestion of which was supplied. The publication of Mr. E. Heron-Allen's edition of the "*Ruba'iyat*"² explains the matter. Not seldom a quatrain of Fitzgerald answers to two or more stanzas of the original. Before beginning his translation of Omar, however, Fitzgerald had been studying the "*Manṭik ut tair*" of Ferid ud din Attār, a work to which his attention might well have been called by M. Garcin de Tassy, who gave an analysis of it, accompanied by extracts, in the "*Revue Contemporaine*" for 1856. Whatever is not found in the "*Ruba'iyat*" of Omar Khayyām may, Mr. Heron-Allen tells us, be sought in this work. Therein accordingly we have to look for the original of the two famous quatrains beginning respectively, "Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire," and "Oh, Thou! who man of baser earth did make." One mystery, then, is solved, and though the matter is not yet of general interest, there are few students of "Omar" who will not be glad of the intelligence. A chief object of Mr. Heron-Allen in his book is to supply the original of the finest and most authoritative text of Omar Khayyām at present accessible. This is a manuscript in the Bodleian to which Fitzgerald had recourse, discovered

¹ Nutt.

² H. S. Nichols.

by Professor Cowell in 1850 among the uncatalogued manuscripts of the Ouseley collection. This has been reproduced in photographic facsimile, and followed by a transcript into modern Persian and a translation. The original, which dates from the year 865 of the Hegira, corresponding with the year A.D. 1460 of the Christian calendar, is late, but is earlier than any manuscript of Omar in the British Museum, the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, the Cambridge University Library, and other collections. No manuscript calculated to be regarded as a "Codex," and "serve as the point of departure for the student," has as yet rewarded research. It is, I am told, an extremely beautiful work, written in a cursive hand upon thick yellow paper in purple-black ink, thickly powdered with gold. The reproduction is handsome, and the volume has strong attractions for Eastern scholars. To one further point will I draw attention. The exact signification of "Ruba'iyat" has been a puzzle to me, and doubtless is to some of my readers. From Mr. Heron-Allen I learn that the word "ruba'ī," common to more than one Oriental language, signifies simply "quatrain." A Persian letter, soft "gh," as in our word "high," follows, its absence being denoted by an apostrophe; the terminal "at" is an artificial form of plural borrowed from the Arabic.

M. ZOLA'S "PARIS."¹

SPECIAL interest attaches to the "Paris" of M. Zola owing to the circumstances attending its production. Judged apart from these and on its own intrinsic merits, it holds a worthy place in the trilogy consisting of "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris," of which it is the concluding portion. That the Paris to which, through evil and good report, M. Zola clings, the praise of which he hymns even while depicting its heartlessness, cruelty, and squalor, and on behalf of which he indulges in vaticinations contrasting strongly with his sombre pictures of the past and the present—the *ville lumière*, as he persists in regarding it—should at the moment immediately preceding the appearance of his tribute turn upon him, howl at and rend him, constitutes surely one of the most striking proofs ever afforded of the irony of fortune and the uncertainty of the public voice. Coriolanus may furnish a more conspicuous but scarcely a more convincing instance of the inconstancy of human nature. One wonders, then, whether from the solitude to which he has been condemned, and with the volleyed execrations of the mob still ringing in his ears, his confidence in the future of Paris remains unchecked—whether he would quote afresh the grandiose utterance of Victor

¹ Chatto & Windus.

Hugo prefixed by the translator to his book, "the function of Paris is to spread ideas. Its never-ending duty is to scatter truths over the world, a duty it incessantly discharges. Paris is a sower, sowing the darkness with sparks of light." Would he repeat his own closing and eloquent words, "Paris, which the divine sun had sown with light, and where in glory waved the great future harvest of Truth and of Justice?" May not now the bright light from Paris be to him as was to Adam and Eve the blazing sword of the archangel, warning him away from the paradise he has loved?

THE LESSON OF "PARIS."

NOT greatly concerned am I with the moral of a work of art, though I am not of those believers in the gospel of Art for Art's sake who hold that beauty of workmanship justifies any immorality or profanity of motive. I am interested, however, in following the lesson M. Zola inculcates in a work the main purpose of which, from any conventional stand-point, is subversive of accepted faith. The lesson is, that salvation in this world is to be found in hard work and in a science of justice. It has, however, been urged not wholly without justification that Pierre Froment, M. Zola's hero, arrives at this conclusion from observation rather than experience, and has not in the end very definitely settled in which direction to turn for the employment of his hitherto misdirected energies. If he has made, however, no very definite arrangements for the future as regards the work he is called on to accomplish, he has at least broken entirely and finally with the past. One after another the convictions with which he started and the hopes to which he clung have dropped off from him or proved futile, his entire scheme of life has gone wrong, and he stands alone, the thing most alien from the self he first knew, a priest, married and unfrocked, espousing and living with the monsters he went forth at the outset to combat. It is useless to seek at any length to describe a book that before these lines see the light will have been perused by a large number, probably the majority, of my readers. I may, however, state briefly that the suite or trilogy of novels known as "The Three Cities" shows the gradual deepening into a certainty of negation in the mind of a pious and zealous priest of the doubts as to the divine and miraculous basis of the creed in which he had been nourished. In the first volume the Abbé Pierre Froment goes to Lourdes, the great centre in the Pyrenees of modern health and salvation through faith; in the second, to Rome, that he might learn how much of practical concern and utility remained in creeds buffeted and outworn. In Paris, having abandoned faith and hope, he strives to adhere to the last

and greatest of the trinity—charity; and, with his heart torn and rent by doubt and despair, persists in performing the ministrations of a Church from which in reality he is an apostate. The high esteem in which he is held by the remnant of the faithful enables him to render important service to the poor in whom his chief interest centres. Slowly and surely he arrives at the conclusion that charity is as powerless to mitigate human ills as are hope and faith. Ultimately, converted by the example of his brother, to whom he has been reunited, and other influences with which we will not deal, he casts off his *soutane*, takes to physical labour, and—a freethinker now, not an agnostic—marries the pure and faithful Marie, whom in a spirit of more than fraternal sacrifice his brother surrenders to him.

M. ZOLA AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

FURTHER into the story of "Paris" than I have gone I may not go. The most dramatic episodes consist of the explosion accomplished by Salvat the anarchist, the hunt after the criminal by the police, a miracle of ghastly power, and the account of the execution. There are pages in vivid contrast with these, such as the unconscious wooing of Pierre and Marie under the green boughs of the forest near the Loges, and the death of the amiable and charitable Abbé Rose. The great power of the work is, however, in the painting of the corruptions of the bourgeoisie, especially of the senators and financiers, and the terrible degradation of the unemployed poor. In this M. Zola shows himself a merciless satirist, although he remains through all a staunch humanitarian. The pictures of Duvillard the Jew plutocrat, of his wife Eve, of Salviane the would-be actress of the Comédie Française, a not wholly unfamiliar figure, of the Princess de Harn, of Gérard, who marries the daughter while the recognised lover of the mother, of Monseigneur Martha, of the Montferlands, Duthils, Chaigneux, and the other representatives of the fashionable society of Paris, are the most scathing that can be conceived. It may seem forced to pit, either for purpose of resemblance or contrast against M. Zola, an Englishman such as Sir Walter Raleigh. Let me end, however, with two stanzas of "The Lee," two only, in which, if the picture is less realistic, the lesson is not less exemplary than in "Paris":—

Go, tell the Court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell me it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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TAFFLES.

BY QUINTON GORDON.

SHE had been his companion, his confidante, and his true and loyal friend for five years, and during all that time they had never disagreed in anything. She saw him off every morning at ten o'clock, watched him depart with a wistful air, gave a little moan as she saw him turn the corner of the street, and then, making the best of a bad job, settled herself down to wait his return.

Mrs. Smithson, the landlady, led her a sad life during the day, making everything as hard and difficult for her as possible. That "dratted dog," as she disdainfully styled Taffles, was a sad thorn in the flesh to her, and had it not been that Taffles's master was an exceptionally good and profitable lodger, she would have flatly refused to even have her in the house; as it was, however, she not only put up with her, but occasionally found her very useful. If things went wrong, and by any chance Mr. Gnerson complained, Mrs. Smithson had only to throw out sundry hints as to the amount she had to put up with from having a dog in the house, and he immediately subsided, even going so far sometimes as to bring her home propitiatory offerings in the shape of a pair of gloves or a new handkerchief.

Taffles, like her master, had had many troubles, for, in addition to sharing his, she had had many private ones of her own. When her babies arrived she lived in constant dread lest something should happen to them, although she had every comfort and attention, even to having a veterinary surgeon in attendance on her.

"She is my one great comfort," her master explained to the veterinary surgeon, in answer to his assurance that there wasn't the

slightest necessity for the presence of a veterinary surgeon on such a natural and ordinary occasion. "If anything happened to her I don't know what I should do."

The veterinary surgeon having eased his conscience, promised to give Taffles every attention, and accordingly received a hasty summons one dark winter's evening from Mr. Grierson himself, and hastened with him to his lodgings. He was taken upstairs to Grierson's bedroom, where a bright little fire was burning cheerily.

"I thought she had better be kept warm," Grierson explained in an apologetic tone.

The veterinary surgeon concealed a smile, and followed him over to a comfortable dog basket where Taffles lay cosily settled with her four firstborns. At the sight of her master she looked up and wagged her tail with joy, and gave a little pleased cry, looking down proudly at her children as though to call his attention to them.

The veterinary surgeon laughed in an amused way, but Grierson knelt down by the side of Taffles and stroked her lovingly, a perfectly radiant smile on his face.

Looking up he caught the amused smile on the veterinary surgeon's face, and flushed crimson.

"You must think me a fool," he said, in a shamefaced way, "but she, she—is everything to me. I can talk to her without feeling I am boring her, and she understands every word I say. If you were deaf, as I am, you would understand. It is so awful to be shut out from everything; to watch the faces of others going through all the different expressions and not know what they are talking about. If I ask my best friends to come and see me they get worn out in about ten minutes with shouting, and then I don't hear half they say. Taffles answers me with her eyes, and we understand each other thoroughly—you have no idea what a comfort a dog is."

A sudden wave of compassion swept over the veterinary surgeon, and as he looked at Grierson he realised for the first time that he was both young and good-looking. Until then he had been irritated by what he considered his ridiculous fussiness about a dog, but he suddenly began to imagine what an awful thing it must be to come home night after night and to have only a dog for company, with no prospect of hearing a human voice. He held out his hand, which Grierson grasped warmly.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked, pointing to his ears.

Grierson shook his head doubtfully. "I have had two operations," he said quietly; "they relieved me wonderfully for the time, but the growth in the ear begins again and gets worse each time. I

am to have another one soon. I was to have had it this week, but I thought I would wait until Taffles's trouble was over."

The veterinary surgeon did not laugh this time; there was a curious tightness in his throat. He stooped down and patted Taffles.

"She's all right, I suppose?" Grierson asked, his own troubles instantly forgotten in solicitude for Taffles.

"Perfectly," the veterinary surgeon answered. "You might give her a little boiled meat," he added, feeling that Grierson would be happier doing something for his pet; "and I should drown two of the puppies."

The veterinary surgeon having taken his departure, Grierson went downstairs in search of Mrs. Smithson, whom he found with her hands in flour. A visit to the kitchen was a privilege she allowed to Grierson alone; she didn't like people messing round her, as she expressed it, but Mr. Grierson was very nice to talk to at times.

"Well, Mrs. Smithson," Grierson said brightly, "you will be glad to hear that Taffles has got over her trouble all right."

Mrs. Smithson sniffed.

"Well, I only hope the puppies won't lose me my new lodger," she answered with a resigned air. "Such a nice old lady as I've got coming to-morrow. Going to pay me just what I asked, and no hot dinners, or anything of that kind, and, if quiet and suitable, she will have it for a permanency."

All this was shouted at the top of her voice, but even then Grierson had not heard it all. He only gathered that there was a new lodger coming, that she was an old lady, and something about hot dinners.

"Well, I shan't be wanting any hot dinners next week," he said in answer. "I shall arrange for the operation to take place on Thursday, if that will suit you. I have only been waiting for Taffles."

Something in the tone of his voice made Mrs. Smithson feel very sorry for him. She was, in reality, a kind-hearted woman, and was going to allow the operation to be performed in the house, simply because Grierson had told her how he hated a nursing home, and how much happier he should be in his own room.

"I will take all the trouble of getting things ready beforehand," he told her when discussing it. "That large chest of drawers will do very well for an operating table, and I know of a very nice middle-aged nurse."

"I should have thought you would have been better off in a home, sir," she had said; "but if you really wish it——"

"I do—I do," had been the eager answer. "And I shall be able to have Taffles with me," he added, as if it had just occurred to him.

So when he mentioned Thursday as being the day for the operation, Mrs. Smithson only nodded in answer. There was very little to say about it, and what there was was so difficult to convey to him.

"Only I do wish," she said to her husband afterwards, "that those puppies had never come at all."

And, indeed, the puppies were a nuisance in more ways than one.

Taffles was a very fussy mother. When she was not engaged in seeing to her babies, she whined at the door of the sitting room continually until someone went up and let her out. As soon as she was out of the room, she whined until she was let in again. This sort of thing went on all day, to the great annoyance of the other lodgers, and the anger of Mrs. Smithson herself.

It was worse when the old lady arrived. She was a frail, delicate little woman, who had specially desired a quiet house, which she had fully explained to Mrs. Smithson; but Mrs. Smithson, true to her calling, could not find it in her heart to refuse such a good lodger, and had not taken it upon herself to mention Taffles.

Unfortunately, the very first night of the old lady's arrival one of the puppies in some way or other got out of the basket about midnight, and in some curious way was wedged in between it and the fender. In vain it squeaked and squeaked again; Taffles was powerless to help her offspring, and rushed round and round in the greatest distress, barking, moaning, and doing her very best to call the attention of someone to her trouble. Grierson, in addition to being so deaf, was an unusually sound sleeper, and slept placidly through it all; and the Smithsons, being at the back of the house, heard nothing. The other lodgers, stirring in their sleep, were conscious of some noise, but it was only when Taffles's moans and whines developed into long dismal howls and yappings that they actually woke up to the fact that a very Bedlam was going on in the house.

Meanwhile, the poor old lady was nearly frantic. In addition to being suddenly woke up, which threw her into the most fearful state of nervousness, it was some time before she could make out what the noise was. As it went on, and increased in volume, the strain on her nerves was so great as to cause her to become quite hysterical, so that by the time the other people woke up her screams were added to Taffles's howls. Grierson was roused at last, and silence reigned once more, but the old lady made a stipulation next morning, which was that either Taffles must go or she must. Mrs. Smithson was in

despair ; it was a question of losing one or the other of her good lodgers, and she was anxious to keep both. Finally, she compromised matters by saying she would have both dog and puppies downstairs out of the way. This, however, was a thing Grierson would not hear of ; and out of sympathy for his coming trial, Mrs. Smithson gave in, intending to wait until the next disturbance to explain matters to the old lady. As it happened, Taffles behaved much better for the next few days, and things went on quietly until the evening preceding Grierson's operation, the old lady being sublimely unconscious of the fact that Taffles was still in the house.

On this particular evening Grierson—who had a small practice as a lawyer—locked up his office as usual, and betook himself homeward. The question suggested itself to him, whether he should ever see it again. There was no shred of cowardice about him ; he was plucky to a degree, but he knew it was a fact that these operations were attended with danger, and that this one would be more so than the others, one reason being that it was a more difficult and tedious affair, and would consequently take a much longer time, necessitating the utmost care and a larger amount of chloroform. So that, under the circumstances, it was a very natural thought. He shook it off hastily, however, and braced himself up.

"Don't think I'll go home to dinner," he said to himself, as a sudden thought struck him. "I'll just go round and look at some of the old spots."

He wended his way, almost unconsciously, to what had been one of his favourite haunts in the days when he was a young man full of ambition, hope, and promise ; when life had looked so very pleasant, and seemed so full of possibilities ; when he had been able to hear all that was going on around him, had taken the keenest interest in all that was taking place in that busy world of which he formed a part.

Everything looked much the same, and as he sat down and ordered dinner he realised again that it was only himself that had altered and been put on one side, as it were. At one of the tables was a group of young, light-hearted men, talking and laughing merrily, although, as far as he was concerned, they might have all been making dumb motions. One of them began to tell a story—he could tell by the expression of his face, and by the eager interest with which the others leaned forward to listen—and he began to wonder listlessly what it was about. He watched the faces growing more and more interested, absorbed, sober, grave, breathless, and then, as the climax was reached, the sudden relaxation and evident

burst of laughter, which even the waiter joined in quietly after turning his back. He wondered what it was about, and had an unreasonable feeling of anger against the waiter for being able to hear without effort what was denied to him. How he had loved a good story in the old days, and how fond he had been of talking to people!

His attention was taken off here by the entrance of three people, who took the table next to him, evidently reserved beforehand. The party consisted of two ladies—evidently a mother and daughter—and a young man, whose attentions to the daughter were unmistakable. Grierson began to wonder casually whether the girl was pretty. Her back was towards him, but he could tell she was young and graceful, and the way she carried herself reminded him of someone he knew. She turned her head as he was looking, and their eyes met. Two faces went deathly white; one pair of eyes filled with terror, the other pair grew full of unspeakable anguish, and then Grierson took up his hat and went out.

He found himself this time going down the Embankment at a swinging pace, and suddenly pulled himself up. The lights on either side of the river twinkled and glittered out of the darkness, and, leaning his arms on the stone parapet, Grierson looked at them, a whole multitude of thoughts crowding and beating themselves into his brain.

Some of them took him back several years, to the time when she was seventeen—she would be about twenty-seven now—and she had belonged to him; when the crowning glory of his manhood seemed to have been reached, and he had been looking forward to the time when they would be together always. How he had loved her voice, with its sweet modulations and caressing little cadences, and how happy they had been! Then had come the time when her voice had grown fainter and fainter to him, and when finally he could not hear her at all, only see her sweet lips move, and the pathetic pain in her face as she realised that, shout as she would, her voice was not strong enough to reach him. And then the parting.

But why go over it all again?

It was past, and he put it away from him, and set himself idly to wondering who the other woman could have been who was with her—she hadn't a mother, he remembered—and who and what was the man to her? Then, realising that he was still on the same subject, he roused himself, and, turning away from the dusky darkness with the twinkling lights, it occurred to him that he would go to a theatre.

He went to the first one he came to, and looked round curiously.

He had not been in a theatre for nearly ten years, and he wondered vaguely why they had no music, and then as his eyes wandered unconsciously to the orchestra he noticed the performers hard at work. The curtain went up, and he clapped mechanically as a figure came forward on the stage, and then as he looked slowly round again the deadly silence struck him—struck him to the heart—and he rose hastily again and left.

"I will go home," he said to himself, and the very thought was a comfort.

Taffles gave him a wild welcome. She had had a hard time of it with Mrs. Smithson, and had been watching for him for hours. She nestled down at his feet when he had taken off his boots, sublimely happy to be near him again, and almost forgetting her beloved babies for the time. Grierson patted her head caressingly.

"Taffles! Taffles!" he said.

And Taffles grew uneasy, for, as she turned her face up to his with her sad sympathetic eyes, there was the sound of sobbing, and one or two scalding tears dropped on her upturned face.

There was a faint, sickly odour of chloroform, and the only sound in the room was the quick breathing of a man who lay prostrate on the bed. On one side of the bed was a sweet-faced nurse in her becoming white cap, and on the other was a doctor, watching with eager anxiety the alarming symptoms which were manifesting themselves in his patient.

Suddenly there arose just outside the door a long prolonged howl—a howl which, beginning in a low tone, lifted itself up into a gruesome, blood-curdling sound which penetrated into every corner of the house. The patient moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

"Taffles," he murmured with difficulty, and knowing it would at least stop the awful noise. The doctor left the bed and let the dog in. Grierson, hearing the door open, turned his dying eyes towards his beloved companion, and held out his hand invitingly. But instead of jumping up on the bed in her usual way, Taffles dragged herself with difficulty into the room, and lay on the floor writhing in agony.

"Poison!" the doctor exclaimed involuntarily; then hastily added, "Eaten something to disagree with her."

But it was needless to take the trouble to say it was other than the truth, for Grierson knew that Taffles was ill, although unable to hear what was said. He sat up in bed and grew wildly excited.

"Give her to me ! Give her to me !" he cried in tones of the most utter anguish. And, afraid of the consequences, the doctor lifted her on to the bed. A few struggles, an agonising convulsion, and Taffies lay stiff and still, while with a heartbroken cry Grierson sank back on the pillows and breathed his last.

"Failure of the heart's action" was the cause of death pronounced by the coroner at the inquest ; but those who heard that the old lady in the same house had poisoned Taffies in revenge for her disturbances in the night thought that had a deal to do with it. The old lady could not stay in the house after such a sad death as Mr. Grierson's, she said, and so Mrs. Smithson lost both her lodgers after all.

"And really all through a dog, as you might say," she remarked with tears in her eyes.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."¹

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE "Tempest," in its maternal sources, is very closely connected with the doings and experiences of this Virginia Company just after its fuller charter had been issued in 1609. It has often enough, and quite correctly, been pointed out that many details in the great storm and shipwreck depicted were suggested by Sylvester Jourdan's, and Strachey's, and other accounts of Sir George Somers's ill-fortune off and on the Bermudas, which were published in 1610, and shortly after. Now Sir George Somers was in the service of the Virginia Company. When in 1609 a reinforcement of the colony planted in 1607 was decided upon and arranged for, Lord Delawarr was appointed Governor. Unable himself to go out at once he nominated three deputy-governors, viz. Captain Newport, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Somers; and nine vessels, containing over 500 emigrants, started, the deputies embarking together in the same ship. As they approached the American coast a hurricane separated the admiral or flag-ship from the others, and it was stranded on the rocks of the Bermudas.² Of the others, one, a small "ketch," perished, and the remaining seven reached their destination—James Town in Virginia. Somers and his companions managed to get ashore without any loss of life, *i.e.* with the same good fortune as befalls Alonzo and his courtiers and his crew, who find themselves similarly parted from their fellows and similarly wrecked:—

Wipe thine eyes; have comfort.

The dreadful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

¹ A lecture delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge, with additions.

² See Bancroft's *History of the United States*. Also the outline of Sir George Somers's own letter to the Earl of Salisbury, June 15, 1610, in *Col. Papers*, i. 9, 10.

With indomitable spirit the stranded mariners, after some nine months' confinement on the particular island whose rocks had split their vessel—there are some 300 isles and islets known as the Bermudas—constructed two pinnaces, and at last reached the port at which they had so long been due.

There can be no doubt that the various versions of this incident, some we may be sure derived orally from persons who had taken part in it, and also from records of Virginian and of other New World discoveries, were familiar to Shakespeare when he wrote the "Tempest," probably in 1611, possibly at the end of 1612 or in 1613, as so competent a scholar as Dr. Garnett maintains.

It is certain that the island described in the "Tempest"—Caliban's island, or Calibania, as I will venture for shortness' sake to call it—is not to be identified with any of the Bermudas, or with any other island to be found in our work-a-day atlases. Calibania is an islet in the land of poetry. One has heard how an innocent school-boy, who conscientiously looked up the places mentioned in his lesson, was concerned and distressed not to find Hades in his *Index Geographicus*; but one is somewhat amazed to hear of well-meaning scholars looking out Calibania in such lists, and even surmising they have found it, and discovered the very cell of Prospero. Poets and mythologers do not confine themselves to the common delineations of the earth's surface. They have maps and globes of their own, and it is in these charts of the imagination that Calibania and Utopia, and the New Atlantis and the City of the Sun and such countries will be found existing. The "Tempest" defies the ordinary geographer—freely and recklessly defies him. Observe the description of the distance between two places on the western Mediterranean coasts—between Tunis and Naples. The Princess Claribel, now married and settled at Tunis, is spoken of as—

She that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post
(The man i' the moon's too slow), till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable.

Clearly the accepted mapographers must not be consulted as to localities of the "Tempest."

That the island is not to be identified with Somers's island or any of the Bermudas group is proved by the fact that Ariel clearly mentions the Bermudas as distinct from it; he speaks of his being despatched from it

To fetch dew

From the still vex'd Bermoothes.

But at the same time it is no less certain that the Bermudas were very much in Shakespeare's mind when he imagined his Caliban, and that he took several hints from the current traditions about it; and I will add a new but obvious suggestion, though not I think before made, that he had also in his mind Roanoke island, at the mouth of the river Roanoke, in what is now called North Carolina, but was then part of the extensive district comprehended under the name of Virginia.

Marvell's charming lines, entitled "The Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda," with their pervading note of peace and calm, the winds tranquilly listening to the tranquil hymn the oarsmen are singing, have done something to dispel the atmosphere of gloom and terror that once enwrapt these islands in most men's conception of them. They had a bad name from their first discovery, which indeed was brought about by their wrecking an unfortunate Spaniard, one Juan Bermudas, who gave them their name; and they became famous or infamous—*infames scopuli*—as a scene of wreckage. They seemed like a stumbling-block so placed by the evil one as to trip up American visitors; and they were believed to be a favourite abode of him and his, and a centre of malignant and deadly storms. "*Insula dæmoniorum*"¹ was the Spanish title for one of them, presumably what is now called specially Bermuda, or Long Island. "Hell is empty," cried—like Ferdinand in the "Tempest"—many a victim of the fierce seas that raged around, "and all the devils are here!" Raleigh, in 1595, speaks of "the sea about the Bermudas as a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms."² It would be easy to gather more such expressions from Elizabethan literature. Thus, "Whence is your ship?" inquires First Gallant of Reginald in Heywood's "English Traveller"; "from the Bermoothes?" And Reginald makes answer—

Worse, I think from hell,

as if only hell itself could be worse than the Bermoothes.

We are all lost, split, shipwreckt, and undone;
This place is a mere quicksand.

But Sir George Somers and his fellows during their enforced sojourn in Bermuda found the bark of this insular group, so to speak, worse than its bite. "The liberal fertility of the uninhabited island teeming with natural products, for nine months sus-

¹ See Masscy's *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 84.

² See Payne's *Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen to America*, p. 393.

tained them in affluence"¹ And at a little later time "Bermood's pigs" had a great reputation:—

'Tis the land of peace
Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase.

I am for the Bermudas.

—Middletown's "Anything for a Quiet Life."

See also Webster's "Devil's Law Case" (III. ii.), though Webster gives us also the older tradition when in "The Duchess of Malfi" (III. ii.) he makes Bosola declare:—

I would sooner swim to the Bermoodes on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, and
Together with an intelligencer's heart string,
Than depend on so changable a prince's favour

as that of the Duchess.

But the Bermudas were uninhabited, and Caliban has its inhabitant; and indeed one of the many ideas that were revolving themselves in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the "Tempest," and the idea that now more particularly concerns us, was the relation of the settler to the native, and so a not empty island was also present to his imagination. And there are several indications that he has in his remembrance Barlow's account of Roanoke island, which was selected for the settlement of Raleigh's colonies. The aborigines Barlow describes as a people "most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." Compare with these words Gonzalo's speech after the entrance of "several strange shapes bringing in a banquet," dancing about "with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting the king, &c. to eat":—

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For certes these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

But, as I have said, the locality is in Shakespeare's imagination, is not to be looked for on the map. It is any land or no land somewhere on the borders of the New World, and in dealing with it he turns to account much various reading of recent books of travel,

¹ Bancroft's *United States*, i. 106, ed. 1862.

and no doubt much various conversation had with the travellers themselves. Thus he had certainly read, wholly or in part, "The decades of the New World or West India, containing the Navigations and Conquests of the Spaniards, with the particular description of the large lands and ilands lately found in the West Ocean pertaining to the inheritance of the Kings of Spain; in the which the Christian reader may not only consider what commodity may hereby chance to the hole Christian World in time to come, but may also learn many secrets touching the land, the sea, and the stars, very necessary to be known to all such as shall attempt any navigations, or otherwise have delight to behold the strange and wonderful works of God and Nature. Written in the Latin tongue by Peter Martyr of Angleria, and translated into English by Richard Eden. 1555."¹

In this work we hear how there appeared in the ships of certain voyagers "certain flames of fire burning very clear which they call St. Helen and St. Nicholas. These appeared as though they had been upon the mast of the ships, in such clearness that they took away their sight for the space of a quarter of an hour"; and Eden quotes a passage about these flames from "the great philosopher of our time, Hieronimus Cardanus, in his second book 'De Subtilitate,' who identifies them with the Castor and Pollux of the ancients,"² and says they were 'new named the two lights of St. Peter and St. Nicholas,' and mentions how they leapt from one cable of a ship to another 'with a certain fluttering noise like birds.'" This surely is one of the sources of Ariel's account of his performances—perhaps the immediate source, as it is not certain that Strachey's "True Reportory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight," was published before the "Tempest" was written.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And eight outrunning were not. The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to beudge, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

On the coast of Brazil they found "a great river of fresh water [the Rio de la Plata] and certain cannibals [Caliban, it can scarcely

¹ See reprint in Prof. Arber's *First Three English Books on America*.

² See Hor. *Od.* i. 12, 27.

be doubted, is the word cannibal metathetised]. Of these they saw one out of their ships, of stature as big as a giant, having a voice like a bull." See "Tempest" (II. i. 303). A little further on:—

They were in great danger by tempest. But as soon as the three fires called St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. C are appeared on the cables of the ships, suddenly the tempest and fury of the winds ceased.

Then they reach the Patagonian coast, and they made friends with a giant they saw there. He was

very tractable and pleasant. He sung and danced, and in his dancing left the print of his feet in the ground. He remained long with our men, who named him Johan. He could well speak and plainly pronounce these words, *Jesus*, Ave Maria, Johannes, even as we do, but with a bigger voice . . . After that day they never saw him more, supposing him to be slain of his own company for the conversation he had with our men.

Shortly afterwards the captain managed to take two of these giants prisoners, by shackling their legs when he had filled their hands with presents.

When they felt the shackles fast about the legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived they roared like bulls, and cried upon their great devil, *Setebos*, to help them.

They had also a lesser devil called Chelcule. From one of these giants, so treacherously captured, they picked up a few of the native words. "He spoke all his words in his throat," we are told.

On a time, as one made a cross before him and kissed it, showing it unto him, he suddenly cried *Setebos*, and declared by signs that if they made any more crosses, Setebos would enter into his body and make him burst. But when in fine he saw no hurt come thereof, he took the cross and embraced and kissed it oftentimes, desiring that he might be a Christian before his death. He was therefore baptized and named Paul.

The scene in which Stephano gives Caliban a draught from his bottle is at all events well illustrated, if it was not suggested, by another Patagonian incident recorded by the chronicler of Drake's famous voyage round the world. "One of the giants," says this chronicler,

standing with our men when they were taking their morning draught, showed himself so familiar that he also would do as they did; and, taking a glass in his hand, being strong canary wine, it came no sooner to his lips than it took him by the nose, and so suddenly entered his head that he was so drunk, or at least so overcome, that he fell [back], not able to stand; yet he held the glass fast in his hand without spilling any of the wine; and when he came to himself he tried again, and, tasting by degrees, got to the bottom. From which time he took such

a liking to the wine that, having learnt the name, he would every morning come down from the mountains with a mighty cry of "Wine! wine! wine!" continuing the same until he arrived at the tent.

Such illustrations of the "Tempest" from the travel records of the time might easily be multiplied. But I wish now more particularly to consider the pictures Shakespeare himself gives us of the intercourse between the native and the immigrant—pictures of it both in its lowest form and in its highest. If we may take Caliban as in one point of view at least representing the native, as most certainly we may, though there are various other points of view from which also he may be regarded and studied, we may observe that he is brought into relations both with such vulgar, gross natures as Stephano and Trinculo, and also with Prospero, an impersonation of the noblest humanity, an European of the finest conscientiousness and the loftiest ideals. And clearly before us is set the question—the question that inevitably faces all invaders who are not absolutely conscienceless, and especially such a great colonising nation as the English—What is to be done with or for the aboriginal occupant whose country is so boldly and violently appropriated? Has he no rights or claims? How are these Imperial dispossessions to be justified? How can they at least be mitigated and made endurable, if want of room or any other cause makes them necessary?

"Spanish colonisation," writes one whose voice will always be heard with respect, and with special respect in the University of which he was for so many years so brilliant and far-seen a light—that distinguished thinker and effective writer, the late Sir John Seeley,

was also [like English] on a vast scale, but it was accompanied first with the terrible extermination of the native races in the islands and their enslavement on the mainland, then with the African slave trade and all the evils which sprang from it. The total result is seen in the present state of South America, and it is a result not to be regarded with satisfaction or complacency. Similar mistakes were made only too evidently in the earlier times of our own colonisation, mistakes for which we have paid dearly. . . . In the treatment of native races we have assuredly nothing to boast of. The Tasmanians have disappeared, the Maori tribes have dwindled from some hundreds of thousands to a few tens of thousands. We have not found the secret of imparting the blessings, or the blessings more than the drawbacks of civilisation.¹

In the history of English colonisation the Stephanos, it is to be feared, have infinitely outnumbered the Prosperos. But from the beginning we have had our compunctious visitings, and more and more, with the development of the moral sense, we have listened not

¹ See introduction to *Her Majesty's Colonies*, 1886.

without sympathy to the hoarse cry even of Caliban when he insists on his right of possession:—

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in it; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

That Caliban in some degree represents the native we are again reminded by his song when delivered, as he foolishly thinks, from the government of Prospero, especially by the first line of it:—

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

The savages of Virginia were expert in making such dams or fish-weirs, and to begin with, at all events, the immigrants depended upon their labour. "At that time," *i.e.* 1585, writes Ralph Lane, "we had no weirs of fish, neither had our men skill in making of them." When, in May 1586, the Red-men, by that time wholly alienated from the intruders on their territory, whom they had received at first with unsuspecting friendliness, but had soon found to be genuine enemies, rose against Lane and his fellows, we are told "in the night they stole into Fort Ferdinando, and broke up the fish weirs and the wooden huts they had constructed for their masters."¹ And there are many other mentions of the weirs the savages were wont to make both for themselves and the arrogant and overbearing masters who had so abruptly occupied their country, just as if it was wholly unoccupied.

And the awe that Caliban feels for Prospero, in spite of all the hatred and wrath towards him with which his savage bosom burns and rages, is just what the natives felt for the English settlers along

¹ See Fox Bourne's *English Seamen under the Tudors*, i. 226.

with their growing and most natural indignation. They looked upon their invaders as supernatural beings against whom it was vain to strive.

It was an opinion very confidently holden among them [says Lane], that we were the servants of God, and that we were not subject to be destroyed by them; but, contrariwise, that they amongst them that sought our destruction should find their own, and that we being dead men were able to do them more hurt than now we could being alive; as also that they, being a hundred miles from any of us, have been shot at in the air and stricken by some men of ours that by sickness had died among them; and many of them hold opinion that we be dead men returned into the world again, and that we do not remain dead but for a certain time, and then we return again.

Not Zeus and Thor with their thunderbolts seemed to the primitive Greek and Teuton more terrible and fatal potentates than an ordinary European with his gun to those simple natives; and Prospero was no ordinary man, nor one furnished with only ordinary resources. "I must obey," mutters Caliban to himself, even when the rebellious spirit is rampant in him.

His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Even in the vulgar drunkard Stephano the foolish monster finds a hero:—

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor;
I will kneel to him.

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island
And kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Let me lick thy shoe.

There is indeed a kind of pathos in the abject idolatry of the poor native. Sorry, sordid deities assuredly he adopted for himself to his degradation and ruin, till at last his eyes were opened, and he realised the worthlessness of the objects of his worship.

Stephano, like the lower sort of European, has not the slightest sense of responsibility towards the unfortunate creature who adores

him. It cannot occur to a nature so merely self-indulgent and gross that the savage has any recognisable claims upon his forbearance and consideration. The world seems made for himself, and so far as he can he will appropriate it unscrupulously, and enjoy it to the utmost. No native of any newly-discovered country must stand in the way of his ease and of his greed. He has no right even to exist if his room is wanted; certainly he has no right to any possessions or advantages that his invader covets. And it is to be feared that the character of which Stephano is a type is not yet extinct—that the picture given in the "Tempest" of the attitude of Stephano to Caliban is one that has been a thousand times justified, and might at this very moment be justified, by the facts of colonial history.

But even in Shakespeare's time there were wise, good men whose moral sense was outraged at the iniquities so commonly perpetrated by sailors and planters in their intercourse with uncivilised populations.¹ Then as now there was much "cant" on this subject, and atrocious things were done under the plea of propagating the gospel. The pretext of converting the natives to Christianity was in some cases primarily professed—it roared loud in the index; but it was too often forgotten in practice—it found no place in the volume. Mrs. Hemans's question might often enough receive an affirmative answer:—

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?

Material treasure was exactly what they sought. But at all events Christian decorum was duly observed. To quote the Charter of 1606: "We, greatly commending and graciously accepting of their [the two Companies'] desires for the furtherance of so noble a work, which may by the providence of Almighty God hereafter tend to the glory of His Divine Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and may in time bring the infidels and savage living in those parts to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government, do by these our letters patents graciously accept of and agree to their humble and well-intended desires."

In theory, at all events, the brutal treatment so often received by the natives was discountenanced and reprobated, and the conscience

¹ See Bacon's *Essay on Plantations*. "If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trades and shillies, but use them justly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless; and do not win their favours by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss."

of humanity protested against the accursed notion that our fellow creatures of the New World had no claim upon our compassion and sympathy—that they simply existed for European use and abuse, and might without any scruple be robbed and be exterminated if they caused any trouble or inconvenience. Shakespeare's Prospero illustrates this misgiving of all humane and tender natures as to the methods of conquest and annexation so commonly followed. Prospero, whatever his views as to expropriation, has a profound sense of his duties towards the native. We learn that he had taken great pains to educate and civilise Caliban, and had at first treated him with all possible care and kindness :—

I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

Thus he had admitted his obligations to the native, and had striven to fulfil them.

But he had failed with this monstrous, this semi bestial, pupil ; and his failure might seem to encourage the callous indifference or active ferocity of the ordinary settler. Certainly he had failed or seemed to fail, and he speaks of his unresponsive scholar as an

Abhorred slave
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill.
.
.
.
Thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Even Prospero despairs of such a vile thing ; and Prospero is one of the wisest as well as the humanest of all Shakespeare's creations. Must then the savage be pronounced uncivilisable, incapable of assimilating any culture and rising to any higher life, doomed to perpetual brutishness? He that is savage, let him be savage still—this was Prospero's pronouncement ; is it Shakespeare's ?

Sympathetic as is Shakespeare's portrayal of Prospero, and richly endowed with the highest humanity and sapience as he represents Prospero to be, yet Shakespeare does not set Prospero before us as one of those "perfect monsters the world never saw." He is one of the wisest and best of men, but he is a man not exempt from the frailties of his race and its obliquities and inferiorities of vision.

And we are made to perceive that even the clear-eyed Prospero errs in this matter—that after the manner of men he despairs too soon—that even for Caliban there is a hope of a better future. Even Caliban learns one of the greatest lessons learnable, viz. to distinguish between the base and the noble, and he prefers the noble. Even Caliban begins a new life; his eyes opened to the grossness of his old ideal, and to the excellence of what he once hated and loathed.

"O Setebos," he cries, when he beholds the royal group,

these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

And when Prospero bids him go to his cell, and

as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely,

he answers with a hitherto unknown docility and eagerness—

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

So Strepaiades in Aristophanes' play upbraids himself for his idiotic worship of a mere pot of earthenware : —

Οἶον Σεβαστεν.
Σὺν αὐτῷ χερμαίῳ ἑνὶ θεῷ ἡγοούμενος.

Aristoph. "Clouds."

There is more hope of Caliban than of Stephano, of Antonio, and of Sebastian. These are joined to their idols—idols of treachery, falsehood, drunkenness; and, like Ephraim, they are let alone, are left unawakened and unconverted. But from Caliban's eyes the scales have fallen, and he sees things in a strange new light. He will no longer be the foot-licker of a miserable sot, no longer idolise what is coarse and gross, and curse what is noble and divine; he will

be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.

JOHN W. HALPS

AMERICA AND CHARLES III.

AS doubt is frequently expressed as to the truth of the old story that the American colonies, revolting from Hanoverian rule, offered their allegiance to the heir of the ancient dynasty, the following facts may be of interest.

From 1756 to 1763 England was engaged in the Seven Years' War with France. It had broken out by reason of France's jealousy of British colonial expansion, and her covetous encroachment upon the American colonies from her own dominions of Canada and Louisiana. On Britain's part the war was no doubt chiefly defensive, and it resulted in the complete overthrow of French power in America and in India. In the second year of the war Quebec was taken and Canada came under the British flag. By the Peace of Paris, 1763, France lost also Louisiana, several West Indian islands, and her African possessions.

Such a peace was little less galling to a proud nation than was the peace with Germany in 1871, and France was not likely to wait for retaliation longer than necessity compelled. Meantime she largely availed herself of any opportunity which lay at hand for embarrassing the British Government. One safe card she always held in reserve. From the Revolution of 1688 to the death of Charles Edward in 1788, the invariable French policy in such circumstances was to play "the Pretender."

James III., Chevalier de St. George, son and heir of James II., born at St. James's Palace and created Prince of Wales, was slowly passing from that vale of many tears in which his weary feet had wandered and waited for nearly eighty years. On New Year's Day, 1766, he died. For twenty years he had personally been out of political reckoning, and his elder son, Prince Charles, represented the Stuart cause. Unfortunately Charles, once so high-spirited, so beloved, had become little less impracticable than his invalid and never very vigorous father. He had been living chiefly in hiding, and it was too well known how hopelessly he had given himself up to intemperance.

In 1771 he was secretly summoned to Paris to take command of an expedition against England, not an openly avowed French invasion, for the countries were officially at peace, but French money and secret support were promised. During the week or two of his sojourn in the French capital, he was continuously "drunk and besotted"; wholly incapable of leading a military expedition; incapable of understanding the counsel of the French minister, the Duc de Noailles, and the ex-Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, who had sent for him; incapable, they naturally feared, of keeping secrets; though his habit of secretiveness would probably have insured safety in that particular.¹ Nothing could be done with him save marry him to a promising young princess, in the hope that with a son to carry on the Stuart line and tradition he might, in spite of intemperance, become once more a useful tool against England. In 1772 he obliged France by marrying the Princess Louise of Stolberg Gueden, and he reformed—partially and temporarily.

Meantime, discontent with British rule and taxation was growing in the American colonies, assiduously fomented by France, and aggravated by the insensate obstinacy of George III. and his minister, Lord Chatham. In 1773 Boston dramatically expressed the mind of herself and her sister malcontents by throwing the very moderately taxed tea into her harbour. In the spring of 1775 open rebellion had broken out, and the first blood was drawn at Lexington.

France fanned the flame. Charles watched eagerly from Florence. He was a "broken man," soured by disappointment, hopelessly deteriorated in health and character. He had been refused recognition as king of Great Britain by every European Court, even by his father's faithful friend, the Pope. France and Spain had long forsaken, officially, the Stuart cause, though secret sympathy might now and then be reckoned on from either, when convenient to herself. He had alienated from himself nearly all his faithful followers. He had seen England joyously and universally hail the accession of an English-born prince. But he had never for one hour given up hope of recovering his royal birthright. To the last he kept money by him to pay his expenses to England when the long-awaited call should come.

He lived in great seclusion at Florence with his young wife; for the Grand Duke of Tuscany had followed the lead of big Courts and refused to receive him as a king, and he refused to be received in Florentine society on any other footing. Universal report said

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report*, x. 2. Lord Braye's MSS.

that he had returned to his evil habit, and was constantly intoxicated. Still, there were intervals in his life during which he managed to forswear sack after a startling warning, and he was quite sharp enough to understand what the follies of his last Parisian trip had cost him. It is therefore not impossible that he may have slipped away from Florence, unobserved by Sir Horace Mann, the watchful British ambassador. Absence from sight might easily have been accounted for by a story of illness. He was often ill. We have as yet no proof that he did slip away, but neither have we proof that at this period he was continually in evidence. The following letters from Lord Dartmouth's papers suggest the possibility of such an adventure.¹ They certainly prove that the British Government had reason to remember his existence and its possibilities with uneasiness and increased vigilance.

The Lord Dartmouth of 1775 was William Legge, the second Earl, grandson of the Lord Dartmouth who annotated Burnet's "*History of His Own Time*," great grandson of James's II.'s trusted and feebly faithless High Admiral. The present Lord Dartmouth was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord North's administration, and President of the Board of Trade and Foreign Plantations, consequently the minister responsible under the Premier for the business of the revolting American colonies. Benjamin Franklin says he was "a truly good man," who sincerely wished for a good understanding with the colonies, but who did not seem to have strength equal to his wishes—a curious instance of heredity. His great-grandfather had not had strength equal to his wish to be faithful to his beloved sovereign James II. He was a pious man, the close friend of his relative, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and her spiritual successor in the Methodist primacy. Lord Bute had objected to him as a lord-in-waiting to the young George III, "lest his sanctimoniousness should gain too far on His Majesty's piety." In November 1775 he became Lord Privy Seal.

On July 5, 1775, a correspondent who signs himself "A. Z." writes to the Rev. John Vardil:—

"Captain John Hansen, who lately discovered some of the secrets of the French Cabinet, for which he received a pension of £500, has now, it is said, discovered that the English Ministry are in league with the Pretender, who must this year assert his right to the throne or be for ever barred. This is supposed to be the reason of the present measures against America, that by drawing the forces

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Reports*, Dartmouth MSS. vol. ii.

out of Great Britain and Ireland, those subjects will be subject to the incursions of the Pretender."

This is, of course, all nonsense. The important matter is that such a letter should have been considered worth handing over to the Government, to be preserved among the Colonial Secretary's papers. There was universal uneasiness about the American troubles, and the royal, recently married exile at Florence was not forgotten. No one could say what France might not see fit to do for the harassing of her natural enemy.

Presently information much more definite and alarming reached the Government from a Mr. Tatt, an eminent upholsterer in New Street, Hanover Square. A minute of his information is among the Dartmouth papers, but as, with the letters, dates are scarce and incidents require placing according to context.

Mr. Tatt informed Mr. Pownall, M.P. for Minehead 1774-80, a strong supporter of Lord North, that a friend of his knew one Alexander Dorrett, who knew a Mrs. Leslie who kept a coffee-house in Leicester Fields, who knew "the Pretender," and who had stated that he was then in England, and that she had had an interview with him. Letters for him and his adherents were addressed to her house to be called for. She was a regular Jacobite agent. Dorrett and Mrs. Leslie were accordingly summoned to Lord Dartmouth's office and interviewed there.

Lord Dartmouth writes to Sir Stanier Porten, under-secretary to Lord Rochford, who was then Secretary of State for the Southern Department and Keeper of the State Papers at Whitehall:—

"Having repeated information that a traitorous correspondence is suspected to be carried on with the rebels of North America, in letters conveyed thither in American ships clearing out in ballast from the different ports in this kingdom," he sends a list of ships and suspected persons on board destined for America. These men were known to be disaffected to the Government, and were suspected of dangerous designs. He also encloses copies of three letters which were brought to him on the preceding evening by Alexander Dorrett's brother, which he told him had been left at the Prince's Street Coffee-house since the examination of Mrs. Leslie. The originals had been returned to Dorrett, with directions to watch the person who should call for them at the coffee house. Thus were the Jacobites and their king almost invariably served by their agents.

One of the copied, intercepted letters is dated August 8, signed "T. W.," and addressed to "C. W. J.," at Prince's Street Coffee-house, Prince's Street, Leicester Fields. Its purport is that as yet

they have had no foreign letters, but hope by the conveyance of their friend in Milford Haven they will receive proper instructions. "The movements of His Highness are known only to Mrs. Leslie."

"Simon Dalton" also writes to "C. W. J.": he would be glad to know his orders "as to what comes from Milford Haven." Hamilton had written that "Brown" would have all ready in five days. He hoped that things would be "as faithfully obeyed in the other quarter as they are here." He desired "C. W. J." to ask His Highness the particulars of their orders.

The third letter is from "N. B." to "Mr. Statuvel" (queried in the report "Hatwell"), addressed to the care of Mrs. Leslie:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I received yours. I make no doubt of the widow's punctuality; it's only your fears that makes you apprehend the seal being cracked is only your anxiety." The writer is now at the D. of N. s, who assures him "the money is at a moment's warning," and if His Highness had received the intelligence once of the landing in Milford Haven, the day would be their own. He had received a letter from the D. of Q, and proposed her taking a house in the country. All was going according to their wishes, and she stated that "George looks very sour-mouthed, especially at his regiments."

The last letter on this business among the Dartmouth Papers is from Lord Dartmouth to Sir Stanier Porten, and is dated from Whitehall, September 2, 1775. Since his separate letter of the morning he had again seen Dorrett, who reported that Mrs. Leslie had told him that the person who called for the letters left in her care had carried them to a coffee-house somewhere near Bow Church.

The D. of N. is no doubt the Duc de Noailles, who four years previously had been the chief French agent to summon Charles Edward from Italy to lead the expedition then contemplated. The D. of Q. is the Duchess of Queensberry, then a very old lady in years, but always young in spirit and energy. Milford Haven was not only a convenient port of embarkation for America, but it was a port in a friendly country. Wales was a hotbed of latent Jacobitism, though the Welsh squires had done nothing for the Stuarts more useful than drinking to the king over the water. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne professed himself ready in 1745 to join the Prince at Derby with a thousand men, had not the Prince retreated. Charles believed in his loyalty, and accepted—it must have been with a bitter smile—his very poor excuse. Why he and the other Welsh Jacobites did not follow the not very remote Jacobite army on its northward march

by Lancashire is certainly not explained in any satisfactory manner, even by Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl in his recent novel, "*The White Rose of Arno*," which treats of Welsh Jacobitism. If the Welsh had been the loyal Jacobites they professed to be, the false step at Derby might have been retrieved; but Welsh Jacobitism seems to have expended itself solely in convivial cycles and bacchanalian songs. Still, the Welsh were sympathetic, and would at least place no impedimenta in the way of other people who might sail from "blessed Milford Haven" to fight for their noisily-toasted king in his American colonies.

The scheme, having been discovered by the British Government, came to an end. Perhaps it was this fresh disappointment that set Charles Edward to drinking harder than ever, for the affairs of the royal household in Florence grew more and more deplorable. The American rebellion proceeded. In March 1776 Washington entered Boston in triumph; on July 4 the Declaration of Independence announced the final separation of the colonies from the Crown. But the war continued with varying fortune, and England might have recovered her rule had not France, in 1778, elected to ally herself openly with the insurgents, and a French force was sent to help them. The Marquis de Lafayette went with it.

But though the colonists refused the rule of George III., some of them by no means wished to sever themselves from Great Britain and her Crown, and to become a republic apart. Strange to say, it was not the loyal Carolinas, the descendants of the cavaliers, who turned to the ancient dynasty, but Boston, who had first of all revolted against the British sovereign and his tea-tax. The Abbot Fabroni, Rector of the University of Pisa, assured the Reverend Louis Dutens, Rector of Elsdon, Northumberland, librarian to George IV. when Prince Regent, and later historiographer to His Majesty, that he had seen at the time when the American Rebellion broke out letters from Americans at Boston to the "Pretender," assuring him of their allegiance, and inviting him to put himself at their head.

Sir Walter Scott also mentioned to Washington Irving as a curious fact that, among the Stuart Papers which had been submitted by Government to his inspection, he had found a memorial to Prince Charles from adherents in America, dated 1778, proposing to set up his standard in the back settlements. "This memorial," says Lord Mahon,¹ "has now disappeared from its place in the collection, as I learn from Mr. Glover, Her Majesty's librarian, who, at my request

¹ *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 185 (foot-note).

in April 1850, had the kindness to make search among the Stuart Papers of the year 1778, as then preserved in Windsor Castle. . . . Few things, indeed," he comments on these facts, "are more remarkable than the lingering attachment to kingly government which may be traced in these insurgent colonies . . . even when every hope was relinquished of returning to the sway of King George."

It was in July 1829 that Scott, Lockhart, and "Dodo" Gooch were nominated by George IV. to succeed a former commission in the duty of arranging and reporting upon the Stuart Papers. Lockhart "put hand" to it in November 1829 in St. James's Palace, but the labour was interrupted by the interference of Mr. Croker, who frightened the Government by warnings of the expenses of remunerating the commissioners' trouble and of publishing their report.¹ Of the previous commission, whose second report was issued in 1827, no trace is to be found in any library open to public research. Neither of their reports is in the British Museum, or obtainable at Windsor. It was probably a private commission, called royal because authorised by the Regent, who was deeply interested in the subject. It is strange that so important a paper as the American requisition should be lost; suggestive also. It is strange, too, that such an appeal should have been practically disregarded by Charles, who, degraded as he was at that time, never ceased to be on the alert for such opportunities. The explanation may be that in the previous year Alfieri had come to Florence, and His Majesty's energies were all occupied by looking after his flighty young wife and her poet, whom he never let go out of his sight for a moment farther than the adjoining room, an open door between.

We are told by a small Jacobite periodical that there has of late been a revival of Jacobitism in America, even a brand new cycle with a CHARTER of its own—shade of Mr. Tappetit!—granted by no less august and formidable a body than the Order of the White Rose, with officials and silver badges, and an avowed purpose of returning to British rule *under the rightful sovereign* heirress of the Stuarts, the Princess Louis of Bavaria. It is a very safe condition, a very cheap bit of sentiment; the American eagle need not ruffle her feathers as scenting danger because three tailors of Tooley Street amuse themselves by setting up altars in Protestant churches to King Charles the Martyr and Archbishop Laud, and publish Jacobite songs. It is not real hereditary Jacobitism, inherited from those who were self-exiled or banished for loyalty to the dethroned dynasty, or condemned to slavery in the American plantations after 1715 and 1745. That

¹ Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii.

Jacobitism was thoroughly choked out by the pressure of hardship, the struggle to live, the rush of changed conditions. The exiled Jacobites in America at the time of the rebellion were notoriously loyal to the British crown on the head of George III., Flora Macdonald herself and the descendants of the cavaliers of the Carolinas among the number. The new American Jacobitism is original rather than interesting, and not more original than the originality of an unexpected and incongruous imitation of the old. It is in New England, not in the conservative south; it is "not from hereditary sentiment, but from personal conviction."¹ It tries to persuade itself that the War of Independence was fought "not against England, but against the vile Hanoverian" (the dignified, kindly, and most estimable George III.) "who occupied the throne of England." It is to be feared that Boston and Virginia would have found the rule of unthwarted Stuarts as little to their taste. It is hardly likely that Charles III. would have been less inclined than George III. to draw a fair revenue from his colonies in return for the vast expenses incurred by the mother country for their order and defence.

A. SHIELD.

¹ *Royalist*, July 1895.

OLD-FASHIONED ADVERTISING.

THERE is a constant war between the commercial and the editorial departments of newspapers as to the relative importance of advertisements and "reading matter." The distinction is perhaps arbitrary, for it is commonly believed that women, whose patronage is not to be despised, after reading the Births, Marriages, and Deaths, run through the advertisement columns, and then throw the paper down as exhausted. It is quite certain that, in looking over the files of old newspapers, you will find the advertisements not the least interesting part of the contents. Parliament and Courts go on for ever, and a debate or a lawsuit of 1897 is not very unlike a debate or a lawsuit of 1797; but there is a subtle fluctuation in the attitude of the tradesman to his customer, the Public, and of the terms in which it is thought proper to approach him. The shop-keeper of a century ago was obsequiousness itself. He did not rudely importune his patrons to "Come and Buy," nor did he announce "Startling Bargains" in indelicately large type. He humbly "solicited patronage"; he was agitated by "a lively sense of gratitude" for past favours; in his most enterprising moments he only "earnestly requested" the Public to honour his poor establishment with its benign presence.

Even official announcements have lost in quaintness what they have gained in conciseness. Perhaps the increasing charge for insertion has had a good deal to do with the greater peremptoriness of nineteenth century advertisements. Then it has to be remembered that a century ago was a time of national excitement, and in moments of stress even officials may lose their self-consciousness and remember that they also are flesh. Buonaparte was carrying havoc over the Continent; Spain had declared war against England; and we had several other little affairs on our hands. The papers swarm with adjurations to enlist. The Hon. Society of Gray's Inn offers to "give Twenty Guineas, without any deduction whatever, to any man who shall be approved by the Regulating Officer. No Volunteer who shall enter as above can be arrested for debt, or taken out of

His Majesty's service, but for a criminal matter." One wonders what the tradesmen must have thought of an inducement so contrary to their interests. In spite of its dubious morality, the same offer was made by the vestries of St. James's, Westminster; St. Luke, Chelsea; "Mary le-bone," and several other parishes. A postscript mentions that "persons enrolled are not liable to serve more than one Calendar Month after the end of the present War." One of the advertisements is more patriotic than the rest. It is headed:—

SPANISH WAR! SPANISH WAR! SPANISH WAR!
OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER! HUZZA! HUZZA! HUZZA!

That was the ebullition of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

But it was not all patriotism even then. The Government had on their own responsibility made a grant of £1,200,000 to "our ally, the Emperor"—meaning the Emperor of Germany—to enable him the better to resist the onslaughts of France. That incident supplied the necessary explanation to the announcement in the *Times* of December 16 that

IN a MEETING or ASSEMBLY of the MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and LIVERYMEN of the several COMPANIES of the CITY OF LONDON, in Common Hall Assembled, at the Guildhall of the said City, on Wednesday, the 14th day of December 1796,

Resolved: "That this Common Hall do instruct their Representatives in Parliament to move or support a Motion in the House of Commons for censuring the Ministers, for having taken upon themselves to send the Money of the People of Great Britain to the Emperor of Germany, during the sitting of Parliament, without the consent of Parliament."

It is clear that Mr. Labouchere missed an opportunity by not being born a century before he was. He would certainly have been pained to read this bellicose announcement:—

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE FOR ENCOURAGING THE
CAPTURE OF FRENCH PRIVATEERS, ARMED VESSELS, &c.
RAWSON AISLABIE, Esq., in the Chair.

Resolved: "That Capt. R. Bowen, of His Majesty's ship *Tirpichore*, be requested by this Committee to accept a piece of plate, value 100 guineas, in acknowledgment of his very gallant behaviour in the capture of the Spanish Frigate *Makonsu*, of superior force, in the action of the 13th of October last."

Those were trying days for the Postmaster-General, as well as for the Foreign Secretary. Here is a pathetic reminiscence of the times when all the Manchester letters went into one bag:—

General Post Office, Dec. 17, 1796.

The Post-boy, carrying the North Mail from Warrington to Chester, was stopped on Monday evening, the 5th inst., between 7 and 8 o'clock, within a

mile of Chester, by a Man on foot, who took from him the Mail, containing the Manchester, Warrington, and Frodsham bags of letters.

The Robber was dressed in a blue jacket and white trowsers, and had an oil-case cover to his hat.

Whoever shall apprehend and convict, or cause to be apprehended and convicted, the person who committed this robbery, will be entitled to a reward of **TWO HUNDRED POUNDS** over and above the reward given by Act of Parliament for apprehending of Highwaymen; and if any accomplice in the robbery, or knowing thereof, shall surrender himself and make discovery, whereby the person who committed the same may be apprehended and brought to justice, such discoverer will be entitled to the said reward of **Two Hundred Pounds**, and will also receive His Majesty's most gracious pardon.

By command of the Postmaster General.

ARTH. TODD, Secretary.

Letters often miscarried in that way. Just a fortnight before, the same official advertises that:—

THE Bags that should have arrived this morning from the following Towns are missing:—

Louth,	Peterborough,	Barnes,
Horncastle,	Silton,	Stamford,
Boston,	Stamford,	Wareford,
Spalding,	Grantham,	Oundle,
Deeping,	Calterworth,	Thrapstone.

Much is to be learned from the theatrical advertisements. The great hat question must be at least a century old, for we read that "the Public are earnestly requested to observe that Ladies dressed in bonnets, or Gentlemen in boots, cannot be admitted into the pit of the Opera." That was at the King's Theatre, where the prices were: pit, 10s. 6d.; gallery, 5s. The pit, of course, corresponded to today's stalls. Italian opera—forgotten things by Gaglielmi, Bianchi, Sacchini, and others whom the advertisements call "Masters"—held the boards. It seems, however, that the performances were subject to interruptions of a kind which are now out of date, for the advertisement goes on:—

Gentlemen are most earnestly entreated not to remain upon the Stage during the representation of the Grand Ballet, in which so many persons are necessarily employed, that the effect will be utterly destroyed if the performance is interrupted by the presence of persons upon the Stage who are not engaged in the business of the Ballet.

At the circus, where the gallery was 1s., and you could get a box for 4s., there were more exciting things than Gaglielmi. "The celebrated Mr. Smith," for example, "will, for this night only, take a most surprising Leap over Twenty Soldiers, with shouldered firelocks and fixed bayonets, and will take a most surprising Leap through a long Shower of Fire." Another gentleman was to dance a tight rope, and

beat two drums at the same time, "balancing one on his chin, the other fixed to his middle, accompanying the Band to several favourite tunes, the same never attempted by any other Performer."

The tradesmen's advertisements read oddly to-day. It suggests Arcadia to read that Mr. Hutchins has, out of a sense of his duty to the Public, resolved "to keep a number of Cows at his Wharf, in Water Street, Strand," where the said Public was respectfully requested to come and see them milked. Mr. Mackay, of 39 Princes Street, Soho, alludes to his Potted Shrimps as "the above combination of Nature and Art," and remarks that "Sandwiches of them are much resorted to by gentlemen in a forenoon, particularly by those who may have made too free with the Bottle on the preceding evening." The ingenious vendor does not seem to have seen that the fact of a gentleman munching a shrimp sandwich cast grave suspicion on his yesterday's behaviour. Our great-grandmothers can hardly have resisted the temptation to invest in "the Italian Paste," which there is the authority of its maker for pronouncing "the most efficacious and infallible thing in the world for the speedy and certain extirpation of those destructive animals, rats and mice; for, by its wonderfully attractive quality, those rats, &c. which are destroyed by the effects thereof are frequently eaten in the most voracious manner by the surviving animals to obtain the composition." What a theme for a poster! But, unhappily, posters were not then invented.

The lucky owner of a Rattlesnake—"just arrived from America, the only one alive in this kingdom"—indulges in a little scientific dissertation:—

Among the many wonderful productions Nature has been so lavish as to distribute over the globe, none deserves the attention of the curious more than the RATTLE-SNAKE. Most writers agree as to the baneful effect of its bite; and that it is attended with instant death is beyond dispute. Its progress when enraged and pursuing is next to flying; but what must surprise and astonish is that the above snake was caught on the 3rd day of May last, since which time, till within the space of ten days, it has existed without any kind of sustenance whatever. Admittance 6d. each person at No. 4 Chapel Court, Bartholomew Lane.

This appeared on October 4, so that the Rattlesnake must have been an economical, if somewhat responsible, luxury.

Drapers' announcements include that of Messrs. Dyde & Scribe of Pall Mall, who "beg leave to observe that their warehouses are warmed with good fires and the floor covered with mats." A mourning warehouse mentions materials, some of which are unfamiliar to the modern ear: "Rasdimores for widows' mourning, black Armozeens, lustrings, double and single taffeties, cypress, &c."

One reads much of Dr. Solander's Sanative English Tea, what-

ever that was. He harps much on the patriotic string. "By the nobility and gentry," he says, "this Tea is much admired as a fashionable breakfast, being . . . in every respect preferable to foreign tea, which the Faculty unanimously concur in pronouncing a species of slow poison." The ingenious doctor does not mention where his tea is grown, though it was to be obtained of "Mr. Fuller, Covent Garden, near the Hummums." Even in those happy days there were no tea plantations in Kent.

Mr. Charles, of 108 Strand, "Sworn Miniature Painter to His Majesty the King and to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," advertises his ability to take "strong likenesses" in one hour at a charge of from one to ten guineas; and a Strand firm offers for the inspection of the Nobility and Gentry a "Magnificent Barrel Organ." So does the luxury of one century become the superfluity of the next.

What is an "American Creeper?" One would at the first blush suspect it of a connection with botany; but it appears from an advertisement that it is "a simple but very useful Invention, for effectually preventing the possibility of slipping in walking over the frozen Pavement, and consequently the dangerous falls to which all persons are subject, when business or amusement takes them into the streets at this inclement season. A large assortment," we are assured, "are ready for sale at Savigny's, No. 28 King Street, Covent Garden."

Not only were the tradesmen of a hundred years ago more polite in the public prints, but so were the officials. It is not so long since all the West End was grumbling about the unconscionable time for which Piccadilly was "up." What should we have said to see an advertisement in the papers like one which appeared on November 28, 1796?—

TEMPLE BAR AND SNOW HILL.

THE Public, unacquainted with the circumstances, having great reason to be dissatisfied at the slow progress of these improvements, the Committee think it but justice to themselves to state that from the commencement of the business they have, without any pecuniary benefit to themselves, regularly attended every week, and no exertions have been wanting by them and their officers, yet so many and so various have been the demands for the different interests in the premises, so complicated the titles, and so large and unexpected the claims for goodwill, &c., that they have had much difficulty to get so forward as they are. . . .

The Committee goes on at great length to explain the nature of the obstacles, so anxious was it to clear its good name of the allegation of laggardness. The County Council could not be more polite.

There is both sarcasm and mystery about this intimation on October 5. The sarcasm is obvious:—

MRS. THERESA CORNELYS.

THAT "those who *live to please*, must *please to live*," is an adage the truth and wisdom of which was admitted long before the subject of the following details appeared upon the stage of life, and was fully illustrated in her chequered career. The life of this once popular female ruler over the realms of fashion, who could number for several years the flower of the English aristocracy of either sex in the long list of her devoted subjects, was after all not more liable to the freaks of fortune than monarchs have been in all ages and nations ; and the example of Theodore King of Corsica, a prisoner in the King's Bench, must have greatly *softened* the descent from sovereign sway which Mrs. Cornelys was doomed to tread, when adversity forced her to abdicate her throne at Carlisle House, Soho, and retire into the exile of private life at Knightsbridge, to be transformed into a retailer of asses' milk !

The facts which have descended to posterity regarding this distinguished priestess of fashion are meagre, for one who for many years created so vast a sensation in the world of gaiety. In fact we are left to trace her career by the newspaper paragraphs and advertisements which appeared through the various epochs of her sway. These have been chronologically arranged from her commencement till her decline, and, interspersed with the few lines of narrative, and occasional anecdotes and comments, throw much light on the manners and customs of the fashionable world of this pleasuring-loving metropolis during each successive and distant period.

Whether "Cornelys" was her maiden name, or whether she obtained it by marriage, has not been recorded ; nor has the year or the place of her birth been stated. She was by birth a German, and during several years performed as a public singer both in Germany and Italy.

Mrs. Cornelys is supposed to have arrived in England about the year 1756-57 ; and possessing many natural advantages and great powers of address, together with captivating manners, and what in common *parlance* is called "a knowledge of the world," her enter

days as now, for we find Mrs. Cornelys gracefully insinuating a hope that her patrons will, by their directions to their coachmen and chairmen, be brought as *prudently* to her doors as possible a quaintly appropriate phrase. But however desirous Mrs. Cornelys might have been of seeing things *prudently* conducted *outside* her doors, *Prudence* she would have considered a most unwelcome and unprofitable guest if introduced into her rooms. Her last line, in which she pathetically "hopes that the hackney chairmen will make no disturbance," affords us an insight into the state of the "police" in those days.

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the third meeting will be on Thursday, the fifth instant. The colour of the tickets are *buff*, wrote upon the back, "Third Meeting." Mrs. Cornelys hopes that those subscribers that lend their tickets will write the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent mistake. Mrs. Cornelys humbly hopes that the nobility and gentry, &c., will be pleased to order that their coachmen and chairmen will prudently bring them to the door, for fear of breaking either couch or chairs, as she takes as much care as is in her power to prevent any accident that may happen. Also the nobility and gentry, &c., coaches and hackney chairs are to stay at the door in the square, all towards the side of Greek Street, to let the passage be free for the ladies' chairs to go to the door in Sutton Street; and she hopes that the hackney chairmen will make no disturbance.—*January 3, 1764.*

Again :—

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the fourth meeting will be next Thursday, the 19th instant. The colour of the tickets is blue, wrote upon the back, "Fourth Meeting." Mrs. Cornelys hopes that those subscribers that lend their tickets will write the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake. Mrs. Cornelys humbly hopes that the nobility and gentry, &c., will be pleased to order that their coachmen and chairmen will prudently bring them to the door. Also, the nobility, gentry, &c., coaches and hackney chairs are to stay at the door in the square, all towards the side of Greek Street, to let the passage be free for the ladies' chairs to go to the door in Sutton Street, and she hopes that the hackney chairmen will make no disturbance.

Soon after this Mrs. Cornelys appears to have been tempted by her success to try the effect of a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music and a ball, of which the last of the two following advertisements states the postponement :—

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the fifth meeting will be this day. The colour of the ticket is yellow wrote in black, and upon the back wrote "Fifth Meeting." Mrs. Cornelys hopes that those subscribers that lend their tickets will write the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake.

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the sixth meeting will be this day. The colour of the tickets is purple, wrote upon the back "Sixth Meeting." Mrs. Cornelys hopes that those subscribers that lend their tickets will write the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake. And the grand concert of vocal and instrumental music and ball, which was to have been on Thursday, the 23^d instant, is (by particular desire) postponed till Friday, the 24th. The subscribers to the society may have tickets of Mrs. Cornelys.—*February 16, 1764.*

The two following extracts are only important as fixing the date of the *first* morning music meeting, which took place on April 6, 1764.

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the ninth meeting will be this day, the 29th of March instant. The colour of the tickets is white, wrote in red, and upon the back "Ninth Meeting." Mrs. Cornelys hopes that those subscribers that lend their tickets will write the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake. And, also, that the meeting for the morning subscription music will begin on Friday, the 6th of April next, as has been desired.

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that the first meeting for the morning subscription music will be this day, as has been desired.—*April 6, 1764.*

Mrs. Cornelys appears at a very early period of her career to have involved herself in quarrels and disputes, and seems to have been threatened with having "the Alien Act" put in force against her. Her fears produced the following humble appeal to the benevolent feelings of her patrons:—

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the society in Soho Square, that (by desire) the eleventh meeting is postponed to the 17th day of May next. And whereas it has been industriously reported, to the disadvantage of Mrs. Cornelys, that she has expressed herself dissatisfied with a subscription now on foot to build a large room in opposition to hers, she esteems it her duty in this public manner to declare that she never once entertained a thought so unjust and unreasonable. She let her house with the greatest willingness and pleasure, for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry, for the Wednesday night's concert; and so far from presuming to make any complaint, she humbly begs leave to return thanks for honour done her already. Her house and best services are at their command until they have completed their own. She humbly hopes she has not been wanting in duty and gratitude to her protectors, and cannot sufficiently be thankful for the comforts she enjoys in this happy country, which she hopes never to leave.

Those who opposed Mrs. Cornelys still circulated injurious reports concerning her, which she thought it necessary thus publicly to contradict.

Mrs. Cornelys begs leave to acquaint the nobility and the honourable subscribers to the society in Soho Square that the twelfth and last meeting for this

season will be held on Thursday, the 17th instant. And hearing it has been ill-naturedly reported that I have been guilty of selling tickets for half a guinea each to admit persons (not subscribers) on the assembly right, I take this method of assuring my generous benefactors that such aspersion is entirely false; and, as a further proof of my innocence, give it now under my hand that I will oblige myself to pay £50 for every ticket that any person can prove my having sold in so mean a manner: and I hope that many of the nobility that I have the honour to be known to will do me the favour of contradicting any such reports so much to my prejudice, when it has ever been the study of my life to contrive everything for their convenience and satisfaction, and shall for ever be with the greatest respect

Their most obedient and obliged humble servant,

TERESA CORNELYS.

Towards the close of May 1764, Mrs. Cornelys announced her intention of giving a subscription ball, for which purpose she altered and re-decorated her assembly rooms. The two following paragraphs, inserted at different periods of the year 1765, afford some idea of the extent and expense of her projected embellishments:—

It is said the alterations and additions to *Carlisle House in Soho Square*, performing by Messrs. Phillips and Shakespeare, together with all the new embellishments and furniture adding thereto by Mrs. Cornelys, will this year alone amount to little less than £2,000, and that, when finished, it will be by far the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe. — *August, 1765.*

We are told that Mrs. Cornelys, amongst her other elegant alterations, has devised the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling to one of the rooms that ever was executed or even thought of. — *November, 1765.*

Her advertisements at this period still manifest a most praiseworthy regard for the comfort and health of her subscribers. In one of March 21, 1765, she promises them "Tea below stairs and ventilators above, by which," as she says, "the present complaints of excessive heat will be obviated, without subjecting the subscribers to the least danger of catching cold." And in an advertisement March 28th, she suggests a preventive to the breaking of glasses in the ladies' chairs, by the adoption of blinds and shutters.

Mrs. Cornelys' exertions to amuse the nobility and gentry were crowned with the most complete success. In 1766 her concerts, under the directions of Messrs. Bach and Abel, were well attended, while her *Society Nights* were so numerous patronised as to require the contrivance of an additional door in Soho Square.

The following curious letter is very characteristic of the elderly citizens of those days, and shows how inimical Mrs. Cornelys' gaieties were to the steady-going sons of commerce who dwelt east of Temple Bar.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE "PUBLIC ADVERTISER."

SIR,—Being at one of the coffee houses near the Royal Exchange this morning, according to custom, I could not help observing two young fellows, both

attorney's clerks, that sat near me, expatiating upon the elegance, magnificence, and politeness of *Mrs. Cornelys' Assembly in Soho Square*, and at the same time said she was coming into the City, and then they would subscribe; at which declaration I own I was greatly alarmed; but could get no further intelligence of it, than she had taken a place in Bishopsgate Street, whither I immediately posted to learn if there was any truth in it, and to my amazement found it strictly true, that a court within Bishopsgate, and some houses adjoining, were purchased to pull down, and be rebuilt for assembly rooms by Mrs. Cornelys.

A monstrous absurdity! in a street! in the situation of *that* street! that has been hitherto a place of as much trade and commerce as any in the City of London; and to be appropriated to idleness and extravagance. What an age of depravity and corruption do we live in; how opposite are we getting to that industry, uprightness, and proper management of business, for which this metropolis has ever been so famous. But, I am sorry to say it, we must be lost—lost in reputation, both at home and abroad, from such degeneracy and compliances as these, and in a few ages trade must be totally ruined—a foundation from the king to the peasant which all must stand on. I plead a cause that every man of business must acknowledge as just; but as it is confined entirely to the worthy Aldermen and Common Council whether a license is granted, I am induced to think it will not take place and revive at the reflection, that upon their naturally weighing and considering this affair in its true light and circumstances, they will entirely put a stop to such injurious proceedings.

You will very much oblige a daily customer to your paper, Mr. Woodfall, if you will give this a place as soon as possible; not that I am interested in the affair, but a well wisher to the prosperity of the City in general, and begs through the channel of your paper to see some abler penman handle this subject more properly.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

March 14, 1766.

A CITIZEN.

On December 8, 1766, Mrs. Cornelys deemed it judicious to insert in the newspapers of the time a very long and high-flown statement, accusing her enemies of still continuing their malevolent attacks, and concluding with the offer of one hundred pounds for the discovery of a malicious report to the effect that she had just absconded to France with many thousand pounds, to the ruin of her creditors.

The ensuing year appears only to have been distinguished by the introduction of ten Monday night balls during the winter season. June 8, 1767, a miniature is advertised as having been lost in Mrs. Cornelys' rooms; which announcement is curious as affording a minute description of the costume of the day.

In the fashionable intelligence communicated April 16, 1768, to the *Daily Advertiser*, is the following statement, which proves the high patronage bestowed upon Mrs. Cornelys:—

On Thursday last there was a remarkably brilliant assembly at *Mrs. Cornelys*, in Soho Square. There were present (besides some of the Royal Family, many of the Foreign Ministry and first nobility) the Prince of Monaco, and two of

three of the principal gentlemen in his Serene Highness's train. The Prince seemed astonished at the profusion of taste, elegance, and expense displayed throughout the house; and declared his perfect approbation of the assembly, as by far exceeding the highest of his expectations, or what he could have possibly conceived of any place of entertainment of that nature.—April 16, 1768.

In the August following, his Majesty the King of Denmark and suite honoured Mrs. Cornelys with a visit, on which occasion the rooms were brilliantly illuminated.

In January 1769 a new gallery for the dancing of cotillons and allemandes, and a suite of new rooms adjoining, were opened, at an additional expense of one guinea *per annum* to the subscribers.

On June 6 a festival and grand concert took place, under the direction of Gardini, together with illuminations, in honour of the King's birthday. The admission tickets were one guinea—a high price in those days.

The year 1770, together with the two succeeding years, were the climacterics of Mrs. Cornelys' celebrity. Now it was that galas, concerts, masquerades, and festivals, all equally splendid, succeeded each other throughout the season.

On January 12, 1770, a grand illuminated gala was given to celebrate the Queen's birthday. On February 27 a masquerade, unrivalled in those days in point of elegance and magnificence, took place; concerning which the following interesting particulars appeared a few days after the occurrence:—

Monday night the principal nobility and gentry of this kingdom, to the number of near 800, were present at the masked ball at Mrs. Cornelys', in Soho Square, given by the gentlemen of the Tuesday Night's Club, held at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall. Soho Square, and the adjacent streets were lined with thousands of people, whose curiosity led them to get a sight of the persons going to the masquerade; nor was any coach or chair suffered to pass unreviewed, the windows being obliged to be let down, and lights held up to display the figures to more advantage. At nine o'clock the doors of the house were opened, and from that time for about three or four hours the company continued to pour into the assembly. At twelve the lower rooms were opened; in these were prepared the sideboards, containing sweetmeats and a cold collation, in which elegance was more conspicuous than profusion. The feast of the night was calculated rather to gratify the eye than the stomach, and seemed to testify the conductor's sense of its being prepared almost on the eve of Ash Wednesday. The richness and brilliancy of the dresses were almost beyond imagination; nor did any assembly ever exhibit a collection of more elegant and beautiful female figures. Among them were Lady Waldegrave, Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Hodges, Lady Almeria Carpenter, &c. Some of the most remarkable figures were—a Highlander (Mr. R. Conway); a dog man, half miler, half chimney-sweeper (Sir R. Phillips); a political Bedlam run mad for Wilkes and Liberty and No. 45; a figure of Adam in flesh and skin, with an apron of fig leaves; a Druid (Sir W. W. Wynne); a fig

in the annexed paragraph can only be a matter of conjecture—probably it was Miss Monckton, daughter of Lord Galway.

It is said a lady of high quality intends appearing at the Soho masquerade, on May 7, in the character of an Indian Princess, most superbly dressed, and decorated with jewels and pearls to upwards of £100,000 value. Her suite is to consist of three young black female slaves of different heights and ages, holding up her train; and two young black male slaves, supporting a grand canopy over her head: the whole together, it is thought, will form the most sumptuous and striking masque that ever appeared at any ball. The dresses are now making in Tavistock Street.—1770.

An article in the *Public Advertiser* furnishes a slight account of some of the characters, accompanied by some explanatory criticism:—

For the *Public Advertiser*.—A domino has favoured us with the following particulars of the Soho Square Assembly on Wednesday last. The company were not so numerous, nor so many of the nobility present, as at the Opera House; yet this was far more in the true spirit of a masquerade than that, or any former one, on account of the ease and freedom that reigned through the whole.

Mrs. Cornelys' taste never appeared with greater *éclat* than in the arrangement of the lights, and the economy of the supper and desert, where plenty and elegance went hand in hand. The new rooms were capacious and genteel, and well adapted for such an occasion. Among the characters the best supported was "Lord Ogilby," by Mr. R— (and not Lord Chalkstone, as has been mentioned). He kept up the genuine spirit of the character with the greatest propriety the whole night without a masque; and his gallantry to the ladies, which was rather *outré*, afforded much diversion. A canton would certainly have rendered him the completest character that ever shone in any motley group.—Mr. Oliver changed his dress from a ballad-singer to Doll, and was very droll.—Cardinal Wolsey was a great teaser to many of the insipids, and displayed much wit—"Abraham Snip," by Mr. Vaughan, was justly regarded as one of the most capital characters in the room.—Miss G—, in "Leonora," looked charming; she sung the favourite air in "The Padlock" with great sweetness. The situation of her pretty tame bird was envied by many.—Mr. Andrews, in the dress of a Calmuck Tartar, was taken great notice of; the character he supported extremely well.—The Lady run Mad for the loss of her Lover was a character well sustained for some time; but she soon recovered her senses; no other mad-house could have administered more effectual remedies.—The Two Jockeys, who pretended to be just arrived from Newmarket, were very little knowing in any respect, and seemed more calculated for a country hop than the turf.—The Nurse with the Child was rather diverting, but the brat very noisy and troublesome.—Most of the dominoes performed the part of the Dumb Men extremely well.—*May 19, 1770.*

The same print also supplies, on the last day of May in the same year, a satirical letter descriptive of one of Mrs. Cornelys' masquerades, written with more *truth* than *taste*:—

TO THE PRINTER OF THE "PUBLIC ADVERTISER."

SIR,—You are desired to inform the public that Mrs. Cornelys' great *Show Box*, which was exhibited on Monday, the 13th instant, to the grown children of

Cork, March, Sussex, &c.; Lord Bateman, Bolingbroke, Palmerston, Molyneux, Aylmer, Grantham, Staverdale, Pigot, Craven, &c.; Countesses of Elingham, Berkeley, Aylesbury, Spencer, Cork, &c. &c.; Lady Archer, Lady Craven, Lady Charlotte Dundas, Lady Bridget Lane, &c. &c.; the Imperial, Danish, Hanoverian, and several Foreign Ministers. The Duke of Bolton, in an Old Woman, sustained his character with much humour. The Savoyard (Mr. Hooke) leading a bear (Mr. Hodges) in a chain, dancing to the music of the Savoyard's hurdy-gurdy, gave great entertainment. Mr. Vaughan supported the Country Farmer with vast pleasantry, and a uniform adherence to nature. Mr. Webster, in the character of Guiderius in *Cymbeline*, a masque greatly admired. Mr. J. Goodaker gave great satisfaction (by the bulls he made) in the dress of an Irish Haymaker. A Friar, whose face was the picture of luxury and voluptuousness, was incessantly preaching up penance and abstinence. Two pretty Quakers did great execution, but they followed the Scripture rule, for all their conversation was *yes and nay*: they never felt the spirit till the champagne was pushed about. Three gentlemen, as Dutchmen, supported their characters with peculiar humour. The appearance of one masque (Col. L — H — U —) gave a very high offence to the ladies; and he was not only pretty warmly rallied, but reproved; he appeared as a Dead Corpse in a shroud, and walking (strange powers that give a dead corpse leave to walk!)—his coffin decorated with all its solemn ornaments. On the front was pushed the following printed inscription:—

“Mortals, attend! this pale unseemly spectre,
Three moons ago, was plump and stout as Hector.
Cornelys, Almacks, and the coterie
Caus'd, in the bloom of life, the change you see.
Oh! shun harmonic rout and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level.”

One lady gave the Colonel an excellent satiric stroke. Says she, “Indeed, Colonel, you may aptly compare yourself to *Hector*, who have found the means to *hector* a whole country out of its *re—pr—sen—ve*: but your character of to-night will no doubt reconcile you to every freeholder of Middlesex; for you are certainly now the representative of what they all most heartily wish you the reality.” Among the company were also the following characters:—A Watchman with candle and lanthorn, crying past twelve o'clock, a long dismal night with a jolly lady annexed, and a short bright night with a Friar in company; three comical Devils, very tempting, and two dry Devils, that every one avoided; a Diana, who did more execution with her eyes than the bow which she held in her hand; two beautiful Novices, in white silk, were deservedly admired for the neatness of their dress and comeliness of their persons, who were termed by several the Angels of the place, in opposition to the Devils before-mentioned. It was observed that the men in general addressed the Devils more than the Angels: and one noticing he had not heard one smart saying, another replied, “It would be a miracle if he had, as none was said.”—*London Chronicle*, February 7, 1771.

The following is the explanation of a print relating to the masquerade: “In the group seen through the pillars from the are two ballad-singers, Mrs. Crewe and Lady Almeria Carne Garrick, as a doctor in the Maccaroni; the Earl of St Malagrida, disguised in a Turkish habit; the Duke of postillion; and Lord North on the right hand.”

It is somewhat humorous, says a correspondent, however it may provoke one's indignation, to observe with what cautious subtlety a certain *polite* lady near *Soho* avails herself of that defence which the law wisely intended to be the security of our personal liberty and property against arbitrary encroachment—not to be the asylum of fraud and injustice. Like an eastern Sultana, she is inaccessible to all corners; and immured within her castle, bids defiance to every approach of justice. Besides, an unlucky prank that was played her some time since has not a little increased her native *bashfulness* and *modesty*.—*April 14, 1772.*

As if to increase the tide of ill success that now appeared to set in against Mrs. Cornelys, the annals of amusement were rendered remarkable by the opening of "The Pantheon," one of the most splendid structures in the metropolis; and the novelty, beauty, and variety of its attractions withdrew from Mrs. Cornelys many of her most influential patrons. She, however, persevered most heroically in the struggle for supremacy; and although the Pantheon attracted the whole of the votaries of fashion by the gaieties of its masquerades, Mrs. Cornelys gave a masked ball in opposition, on May 27, where, amongst other distinguished personages, there appeared the following characters:—

Among the characters at the *Soho* masquerade on Wednesday last, the most remarkable was a group representing a dancing bear (Mr. Amfley), and an ape (Lieut. Jones), with some particular types *a-la-mode* de Macaroni, a sailor (Mr. Crawford) leading them, and a blind fiddler (Mr. Villeneuve); the sailor distributed a number of printed hand-bills, which contain a piece of satire on the Macaroni. The bill was as follows: "Just arrived, the noted she-bear, brought from Terra Incognita, on board the *Discovery*, Capt. Exotic, who has passed twenty-five years of his life in search of wild beasts and cockle shells. This surprising animal, from her long and intimate commerce with the human species, has adopted their manners. She is as tame as a lamb, and harmless as a Macaroni. She teaches grown gentlemen to dance minuets, allemands, and cotillions. Also, a most wonderful and surprising animal, never before seen, produced from a modern Macaroni and the above she-bear; he inherits all the good qualities of his mother; and in manners and appearance perfectly resembles his father." In short, the whole group far surpassed anything ever seen at any former masquerade, and beggars all description. Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady Amelia Carpenter, &c., formed a most pleasing dancing set, and gave vast satisfaction to the spectators—their dresses were most elegant. Mr. Conway, in the character of Nobody, was very clever, and an excellent figure. Captain Morgan as a Moor made a fine mask, and supported it extremely well. There were many more good masks, viz., Mr. Bailey, a running footman; Mr. Smith, an old woman; Mr. D—, a cordelier; Mr. Villeneuve, a country man; Lieut. Jones changed to a country girl. These two last masks favoured the company with a wooden-shoe dance that was much admired. Most of the people of fashion were in dominoes, and many of the ladies appeared in their dominoes, among whom were Polly Jones, Clara Haywood, &c. *April 29, 1772.*

It was about this period that a fashionable amusement was instituted among Mrs. Cornelys' lady patronesses, entitled "The

is there! To behold the person of the elegant leader of foppery and folly seized, her goods confiscated—her throne stripped—and all her properties condemned to the voluble tongue of an auctioneer—to be exposed to the slow finger of scorn—to be purchased by the dull and impotent, and whirled the gods know where. No horror ever equalled this! *Darius* and his family never shed the tears that flowed on this occasion from the eyes of the silken disciples of the Madam CORNELYS.

The room where folly led the mazy dance on light fantastic toe is now converted into an *auction room*, where, on dropping in the other morning, I found a crowd of the most fashionable beaux and belles—CUPID upon a rostrum, with an ivory hammer, at the upper end, and MERCURY preparing to hand up the lots as the auctioneer required them.

Then follows a long dialogue between Cupid and Mercury, which the author has characterised by saying, with some truth, "Cupid is arch, and Mercury is humorous"; and he might have added, "neither is overburthened with delicacy of taste and expression."

In 1773 and 1774 concerts and masquerades were given at Carlisle House, but it is not until the latter year that Mrs. Cornelys' name appears as a manageress or conductress in the public advertisements. In May of the same year was advertised the sale by auction of an hotel at Southampton, formerly in the possession of Mrs. Cornelys; and on December 8, 1774, the nobility and gentry were informed (by advertisement) "That the assemblies at Carlisle House will commence soon, under the conduct and direction of a *new manager*." Mrs. Cornelys, however, gave on May 30, 1775, what she termed "a rural masquerade."

In the ensuing August, "Carlisle House, with or without its furniture," was advertised by Christie, the well-known auctioneer, to be sold by private contract; and "tickets to view, admitting two persons, were charged five shillings."

Mrs. Cornelys, however, resumed her revels with great spirit in the year 1776; the following "ante-masquerade intelligence," and Mrs. Cornelys' own account of her forthcoming masked ball on February 19, are no doubt equally correct in point of detail, as they are graphic and descriptive.

FOR LLOYD'S EVENING POST.

ANTE-MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE. For the information of such of our readers as intend to be at the masquerade at Soho to-morrow night, we are happy to lay before them the following particulars of the manner in which that entertainment is to be conducted. The doors will be opened at precisely. The company are first to assemble in the tea-room; these are sufficiently full, the doors leading to the great room and the masks will enter through an elegant green walk planted on each side. In the gallery, which will be the place of music is to be placed for *Centers D*.

kettledrums, who will march playing, and the company walking in regular procession back again, through the large suite of apartments already described, to the bottom of the great stairs (the illuminations of which will be new and striking), which leads the company up to the front drawing room, which, with the middle drawing-room, will be laid out in a manner, it is presumed, will give an agreeable surprise to the spectators, as they are to be displayed as sideboards or beaufets, exactly in the same manner as was performed by the City of Paris in honour of the marriage of the Dauphin of France to the Infanta of Spain. From these rooms they will proceed to the star room, which will also be rendered worthy of the reception of the company by illuminations, music, &c.; and from there will be a most delightful and full perspective view of the great ball-room, where the supper is to be served, and in such a taste as to admit of many hundred people being all seated to it at one time, at different tables, and yet have a distinct and pleasant view of one another, at the same time a grand band, superb decorations, and the illuminations perfectly after new taste.—*February 12, 1776.*

Mrs. Cornelys next distinguished herself in the cause of her city, by giving subscription assemblies to benefit "the infant orphan girls, lace manufactories in Mary-le-Bone and Westminster." She also gave during the season two other grand masked balls, the latter of which was thus described by one of her cotemporaries:—

MASQUEBADE INTELLIGENCE.—Considering the advanced season of the year, there was a very numerous and polite company on Tuesday night at Carlisle House. The tea-room, &c., were not filled till near one o'clock, when the long gallery was opened. About two o'clock the supper-rooms were likewise opened, and presented one of the most rural, romantic, and pleasing scenes imaginable; the company were for awhile at a loss to know if they were not entering the Arcadian groves, described by the Greek and Roman poets; and if all the temporary inhabitants were not habited in the dresses of shepherds and shepherdesses, that deviation from rural simplicity was amply compensated for by the wit, humour, festivity, and high flow of spirits, which engaged the attention of each admiring spectator. The principal character masks were, an officer in the Irish Brigades, who sung many humorous songs; a Highlander; two Irish Carnelites; a butcher; a baker; a tallow-chandler; a cobbler; a schoolmaster; a country waggoner; a French friseur; a harlequin; a touchstone; a merry-andrew; hay-maker; a watchman; an old bawd, with her high headed filly (the celebrated and noisy Capt. R.); an old man; three sybils; a cricketer; two Chinese; a little chimney-sweeper, apparently not more than five years old; Sir Moses MacSampson, dressed in his regimentals, one half scarlet and gold, like a general's uniform, the other blue and gold, like an admiral's (this mask bore a flag, on one side of which were the arms of England, with a figure of the devil, and wrote under it, *An Appeal to the—*, pointing to the figure; on the other side, a large inscription in gold letters, intimating the honourable offices filled by the character); and a Jew with a label, *Marriage Broker*, who delivered to the company the following card: "The Marriage Broker accommodates ladies and gentlemen with everything in the matrimonial way which their hearts can wish for (virtue and money only excepted), and that at first sight of the parties, having fitted up a variety of very commodious apartments, suited either for *and-matrim* experiments or *post-nuptial* consummation. He deals either in the *ten* style. If a difficult case, apply to our Attorney-General, who attends me person. N.B.—I only charge five guineas *poundage* per couple.

A little misunderstanding took place about four o'clock yesterday morning at the masquerade at *Carlisle House*, between Mr B—g—I, jun., and a Mr. P—g, concerning a lady in a masque, whom the latter (being likewise masked) was addressing. Mr. M—c—ra very properly interposing in behalf of his friend Mr. P—g, the other gentleman addressed him with rather too much warmth, and at length called him a scoundrel; upon which Mr. M—c—ra struck him, and a confused scuffle ensued in the Rotunda supper-room; the Marquis of Lindsey, coming up soon after, espoused with great warmth the part of his friend Mr. B—g—I, and Mr. M—c—ra was called out instantly with his friend to attend them, which he cheerfully complied with, by going with them to an adjoining tavern, but as it was impossible on account of the mob who followed, for anything decisive to be done at that time, after some altercation an exchange of their several addresses was made, when they and their friends returned to the rooms. However, the matter was amicably adjusted between the parties yesterday morning, with the assistance of Lord Lindsey and Mr. Pickering, without the least room for imputation on the honour of either.—*May 29, 1777.*

The following concise account of a robbery perpetrated on some of the revellers of *Carlisle House*, on January 31, 1778, affords a curious picture of the unprotected state of the metropolis at that bygone period:—

Yesterday morning about four o'clock, a gentleman and a lady going *home from Carlisle House* in a hackney coach were stopped near the great house lately belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, the corner of Great Queen Street, by three footpads, who robbed the gentleman of his watch and seven guineas. They made the lady pull off her gloves, and finding she had no rings of value, told her they would give her no further trouble, and made off.—*January 31, 1778.*

Carlisle House, it appears, was still without a purchaser, and on March 24 was again publicly advertised to be sold by private contract, or "to be hired as usual."

The year succeeding (1779) this establishment appears to have been under the management of a Mr. Hoffman, a celebrated confectioner of Bishopsgate Street, who, from the following paragraph, seems to have been still more unsuccessful than his ingenious and enterprising predecessor, Mrs. Cornelys, in his endeavours to win back the public patronage to *Carlisle House*.—

MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

CARLISLE HOUSE.—From the thinness of company at Monday night's masked ball, it is pretty clear that these kinds of exotic amusements are so much on their decline, as to promise a total and speedy extinction. There were not more than two hundred persons present on the above occasion; and none of these brought the least originality of wit or humour with them. The same old worn-out dresses trailed along these now deserted regions of Paphos; and scarce a mouth was opened—except to partake of a plentiful supper, which was served up with great taste by the celebrated Mr. Hoffman, of Bishopsgate Street.

The rest of the story is soon told. It was in turn appropriated with flagging and varying success, to "Benefit Concerts,"

meetings of a debating society called "The School of Eloquence," to an "Infant School of Genius," to the holding of "Masked Balls and Masked Ridottos," to promenades, and to scientific lectures. But its supporters dropped off one by one, and there was no whipping of the dead horse into life again.

An advertisement, dated June 21, 1785, states that the property of Carlisle House was again in Chancery. As pursuant of a decree of the Court, Mr. Christie announced the house and furniture for sale by auction; the sale to take place between the hours of five and six in the afternoon, before Edward Leeds, Esq., Master in Chancery, at his Chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

At this period Mrs. Cornelys quitted the gay and fascinating arena of fashionable existence, in the excitement of which she so much delighted; and compelled by the persecutions of her creditors and other untoward circumstances, she retired into the obscurity of private life. In this sequestered state she remained, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

What was done within the walls of her once magnificent resort of beauty and fashion—from 1782 to 1797—has not been recorded. In the latter year it still retained its title, when was presented a musical entertainment which occasioned the interference of the magistracy. The particulars, together with a plan of the concert, which was intended in support of "An Infant School of Genius," is so graphically described that it cannot be abridged without detriment. It was the last flickering effort of the expiring candle.

CARLISLE HOUSE—This evening, Thursday the 15th, will be a "Town Ranche." N.B.—The intended entertainment of a concert of ancient and modern music, in support of an "Infant School of Genius," having been interrupted last Thursday by the interference of the magistrate, on the construction of an Act of Parliament (by which the politer class of people in this kingdom are forced not only under the description of the *fovere sort*, but reduced to the like treatment), the proprietors, though resolved to try the question in behalf of the polite world, not wishing to stand of themselves in opposition to the respectable power of the magistracy of this metropolis, have thought proper to defer such concert till the above question is determined by law; but as the School of Genius, instituted on a new system, to the improvement not only of the scholar, but of the science of music in general, was meant to be opened by subscription, on May 1 next, the proprietors beg the indulgence of the public to introduce to their attention the performances of some of the infant scholars, and should have thought themselves too presumptuous of the merit of their plan, to have such juvenile productions prematurely forward, if they did not think themselves bound to give such proof of their general plan, in apology for the loss of the higher entertainment of the public, by the above interruption. Celebrated masters will give lessons of instruction on the harp, &c. to the infant school. The urn of Minerva in the School of Genius will be opened to receive the liberal productions

of the ingenious, on the plan of the Bath Easton Vase, which it is to be hoped will be an opportune addition of entertainment. Refreshments, five shillings. Tea, capillaire, ogeat, lemonade and confectionery included. The doors in Sutton Street will be opened at eight o'clock, and the rooms in succession as usual. Several of the nobility and gentry at the last assembly at Carlisle House, having expressed a desire of supporting a Town Ranelagh once a week, the proprietors to conduct the entertainment under the best regulations, humbly propose to the public that ladies come accompanied with one or more gentlemen, as the highest confidence may be placed that no gentleman will introduce any improper person under his sanction, in offence of a numerous and respectable company.

But to return to Mrs. Cornelys. It is a singular coincidence that this lady should have died during the very year in which, after such a long lapse of time, her former establishment was reopened.

Two years previous to this period—her active spirit being unsubdued, and her thoughts requiring some occupation, however unimportant—she emerged for a time from her obscurity, and again attempted to assemble round her some of her former patrons, as well as those of later date, who might be attracted by the novelty of her trade. She accordingly selected Knightsbridge as a spot favourable for her new pursuit, and having installed and advertised herself as "A Vendor of Asses' Milk," she fitted up a suite of rooms for the reception of visitors to breakfast in public.

Her ill-success might easily have been conjectured. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the time very justly says, "The manners of the times were changed, and her taste had not adapted itself to the variations of fashion." After much expense employed in gaudy and frivolous embellishments, she was obliged to abandon the scheme, and again seek an asylum from her creditors.

The Fleet Prison at length received her ; and here in th's receptacle for the unfortunate and improvident, the last scene of her eventful and varied career was enacted. On August 19, 1797, at a very advanced age, she expired.

She had a son and a daughter, on whom she wisely bestowed a good education. The son was tutor to Lord Pomfret. He allowed his mother an annuity till his death, which happened a few years previous to her decease. The daughter was living in 1810, having adopted another name, was for many years in the families of title, who knew her mother during the prosperity. She subsisted principally by the exercise of her talents ; and it is stated that to her Lady Conyngham, who greatly befriended her mother, left an annuity.

It is not true (observes a periodical writer

Cornelys subsisted upon the bounty of her fellow prisoners in Fleet. She had a liberal allowance from a lady related to the father of Earl Cowper, who would have increased that allowance and settled it on her for life if she would have renounced her *projecting* to which for ever flattered her with the delusive hope of reviving all lost influence in the fashionable world. These *visionary schemes* however, she was indissolubly wedded to, and never would resign and the fatal result was, that while she was dreaming of a palace she died in a gaol.

EDWARD WALFORD.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY GUIDE-BOOK.

THE modern traveller is apt to think that his vade-mecum provided by Mr. Murray or Herr Baedeker is quite a late flower of our modern civilisation, but even before honest Tom Coryat had written his *Cruities* the writer of guide-books had begun his task.

Such a guide-book may be found among the treasures of the Bodleian Library. It is a small quarto volume on vellum, written probably by the author's own hand, giving an account of two journeys to Jerusalem and another to Compostella, with directions and advice to those who would follow his example, and gain the like advantages of pilgrimage. The author of the book was one William Wey "some time Fellow of the Royal College of the most blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor," and afterwards an inmate of the house of the Austin Friars at Edyngdon in Wiltshire. It was for his religious brethren that he compiled this work, and in the library of their house the manuscript reposed while the library remained intact. This guide-book begins with a prefatory note giving the "chaunges of money from Englonde to Rome and Venyse," for, as the author explains, "Doketys, grotys, grosettis, and soldys of Venyse wyl go wel in Surrey (Syria); that ys to saye in the Holy Londe and none other wythoute grete losse." Then follows what is called "a prevysyoun," which is a medley of very sound advice to pilgrims for their comfort on the voyage from Venice to Jaffa. The aspiring pilgrim is warned, if he goes in a galley to make his "covenante wyth the patrone by tyme"; "to choose a place in the seyd galey in the overest stage for in the lawyst under, byt ys ryght smolderyng hote and stynkyng"; and that his proper fare is 40 ducats. He is recommended to bargain with the "patrone" to have every day hot meat twice, at two meals, viz., at dinner and at supper, and to see that he has good wine and fresh water and "hyscocte." However, as one might nowadays recommend a traveller to take a tea basket and a box

from Huntley and Palmer, our author advises his readers to take provisions of various kinds with them to make their collation, for, as he says, "sum tyme ye schal haue feyl bred wyne and stynking water, meny tymes ye schal be ful sayne to etc of youre owne." Various "confortatyus laxatyus restoratyus," &c. and cooking utensils are recommended, and in particular the pilgrim should buy a bed beside St. Mark's Church in Venice; he will get for 3 ducats a feather bed, mattress, two pillows, two pairs of sheets and a quilt; and when he returns to Venice again he will be able to resell them for a ducat and a half. Half a dozen hens or chickens in a cage are also a useful provision for the journey. For his health's sake the traveller is earnestly warned to beware of divers fruits which "gender a bloody fluxe," a disease particularly fatal to Englishmen; and not to drink water when he is hot, or he may get a "gret fluxe or a fever or both." With that we get some sound advice as to taking care of one's knives and other small things in the presence of Saracens, deceitful fellows, who "wyl go talkyng wyth yow and make goyd chere bot wyl stele fro yow that ye haue and they may." Further, on arriving at Jaffa it is important not to be long behind your fellows in disembarking, for otherwise they will get all the best asses and mules, and yet you will pay as much for the worst as for the best.

Then follows in English verse an account of the stages of the journey from Venice, and particularly of the holy places to be visited in Palestine. Four lines from the description of the holy places on Mount Sion will probably suffice:—

Ther also the water was bet
Wyth the whyche Cryst waschyd Petys hys fete;
Ther also was rosted a lam,
Whyche to Crystis sopur came.

Following this is one of the most curious things in the book, an elaborate *memoria technica* in hexameters, giving the number of the days which the pilgrimage occupies, and a catalogue of the sights to be seen. It is a *memoria technica* of the kind that schoolboys use for remembering the kings of Israel and Judah. Here is a sample: "Ad Jaff prima via ac Ram ter Lidda Jeru quart," which is to be expanded as follows: "Prima die apud Jaffam, secunda die ad Ramath, tertia ad Liddam, quarta ad Jerusalem." Or here is a line which gives certain of the holy places at Jerusalem: "Auri Jo dormi cin Fleius palma Galile," which, when expanded, gives the names of seven places, "ortus [i.e. hortus] ubi Petrus amputavit aurem; ortus ubi Jo. Petrus et Jacobus dormierunt; ortus ubi Xus dixit apostolis Dormite et requiescite; locus ubi virgo projecit cingulum

Thome; locus ubi Xtus stetit et flevit super civitatem; locus ubi angelus tradidit viridem palmam Marie; locus ubi quondam erat Galilea."

Our author then gives us a variety of pious reasons why we should go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and then follow the narratives of his own two pilgrimages, which were undertaken in the years 1458 and 1462. Among the muniments at Eton is preserved a letter of license from King Henry VI., addressed to the Provost and Fellows of the College, granting leave of absence to "our well-beloved clerk, William Wey," which relates to the earlier of these pilgrimages.

This pilgrimage, from the time he left Eton till his return to the same place, occupied thirty-nine weeks. He tells us nothing of his journey until he arrived at Venice, but the itinerary at the end gives us his route, which was by way of Calais, Dunkirk, Bruges, Aachen, the Rhine, Trient, Verona, Rome, and then north again to Ravenna and Venice.

Venice was left on May 18, and Jaffa reached on June 18; but the 197 pilgrims, who made up the company, had to wait for three days, until they had got the necessary permission to land from the Saracens. The next day the cavalcade started, and we have the sage reflection that it is a good thing to be among the first to reach a halting place, so as to get the best chamber and fresh water—advice which even a Cook's tourist may advantageously follow. The pilgrims find night quarters sometimes in inns, sometimes in convents, and reach Jerusalem in five days. On their arrival they are taken possession of by friars from Mount Sion, and carried round to see all the proper sights, places, and relics.

It is curious to note that in 1458, as in 1896, the number of Christian sects in Jerusalem was great, each the guardian of a different holy place. Doubtless the jealousy between them was as great then as now. Thirteen sects our author enumerates in "the temple of the Lord," including Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Indians, Georgians, Maronites, Nestorians, and so on. The Nestorians are not accounted much of by Master William; he styles them schismatics and heretics.

Among the interesting things he records as having seen at Jerusalem are the Latin epitaphs on Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, which we may translate as follows: "Here lies the famous Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, who gained the whole land to the faith of the Christians; whose soul reigns with Christ for ever. Amen."

by his side, and buried in the wall of the Church of the Preaching Friars or Minorites.

The ceremonies of electing the new doge and investing him with his office are then fully described, and his election when completed is signalised by his attempt to patch up the quarrel between Pope Pius and the Duke of Austria. The story of the humiliation of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa under Pope Alexander III. is then told, and the annual ceremony of the Marriage of the Adriatic by the Doge is traced back to this; it is explained as a memorial of the help rendered by the Doge to the Pope. "Lo, I constitute thee lord of the salt sea, and in token thereof I give thee a ring with which thou shalt rule the sea," said the Pope; and, says our author, "this is done to this day once a year on Ascension Day."

Wars and rumours of wars, and preparations therefor, seem to haunt the pilgrim on this voyage, for he not only was inconvenienced, as we read above, by wars himself, but he sees the preparations for war against the Turks, 80 galleys either built or being built in the dockyards of Venice for the defence of the faith, and huge arsenals of weapons. We hear too of victories over the Turks, and of successes gained by them. Vlad, the notorious vo-vođe of Wallachia, and his bloody deeds worthy of a Turk, are related with gusto, and also the capture of the Morea by the Turks.

On his return from Jerusalem on this occasion he spends some time at Rhodes, and tells us of the Knights Hospitallers, and their works of courage and mercy; and especially of their strenuous efforts and preparations to stay the advance of the Ottoman power. From Rhodes the party went to Crete, where they were much alarmed by a report, from a newcomer from Constantinople, that a Turkish fleet was at sea; however, they arrived at Venice without mishap on October 11, and at Dover on December 1, having taken thirty-seven weeks and three days on the whole trip.

Doubtless Master William Wey was glad enough to reach the shelter of our Lady of Eton, and entertain his fellows round the Christmas fire with his adventures in far-off lands.

Safe at home the worthy Fellow of Eton proceeds to compile a vocabulary of Greek words and phrases for use in the Levant; for as he shrewdly remarks: "Inasmuch as pilgrims wil go through divers countries it is necessary that they should know somewhat of those tongues by which they may ask for victuals."

His conversation book does not differ much in kind from that of Mr. Bradshaw. We are told the Greek for "Good-morrow," "God

Christi. There were six English gentlemen so chosen, the names of four of whom are given, namely Austile, Galc, Lile, and the well-known Devon name of Fulford. On Corpus Christi Day, which was spent at Corunna, they had a procession of their own in the Church of the Minorites, where an English Bachelor of Theology, doubtless Wey himself, preached them a sermon.

He notices, which is interesting as bearing on the English carrying trade at this date, that in the port of Corunna there were English, Welsh, Irish, Norman, French, Breton, and other ships, in all eighty with top castles and four without top castles, and of them the English numbered thirty-two.

They were back again at Plymouth on June 9, after sighting the "Browsam Rokke, the Long Shyppys, the Popyl Hopyl, Mountysbay and Lizards," of the last of which he quotes the common saying :—

Be the chorel (churl) neuer so hard,
He shall quwake by the berde as he passe Lyzarde.

Of the miraculous powers of the shrine of St. James, he gives two instances of his personal knowledge ; the first, the case of a man from Somerset, so sick that he thought he had better die at home than on a pilgrimage, but our author persuades him to start that he may gain so much indulgence. The man from Somerset does so, and so great is the virtue of the shrine that he is well before he gets there.

The other miracle happened to one of Wey's own ship's company. Some ill-disposed cut-purse took his purse with all his jewels and money, on which he vowed to visit the shrine "nudas" (*i.e.* we suppose barefoot, not without clothes altogether) if he might recover his goods. He had no sooner done this than a Breton was caught trying to cut some one else's purse, and on being searched was found to have the other purse in his bosom. The vow we are glad to add was faithfully performed.

That the world and its thoughts vary but little from age to age, Lourdes and its worshippers yet testify; and the pilgrim of the fifteenth century differs little from the globe-trotter of the nineteenth. Going on a pilgrimage was a pleasant way of seeing the world if indulgence in purgatory was to be gained as well, so in better.

MATTEO FALCONE.¹

NOTE BY A CORSICAN CORRESPONDENT—Mérimée's "Matteo Falcone" is an epitome of Corsican character. The little story gives, with marvellous clearness, the point-of-view of the island. Some call Falcone "A Corsican Brutus." An unsympathetic critic growls, "Corsican brute!" The local agriculture (and the mark !) stands plain before the reader through the medium of a few luminous hints. A hospitality, poverty-stricken if you will, but punctilious as that of the Arab; pride strong as that of any hidalgo; the status of woman, a veritable white slavery; heroic strength of character, much cunning, contrasting strangely with the antique virtues of the race, yet befitting a people that, in bitter days, has crouched in turn beneath the heel of Moors, Spanish, Genoese, and French masters; human life held cheap; honour regarded as paramount; the very outward aspect of the small, swart islanders—all these pervade, like fine, distilled essences, Mérimée's meaningful pages, and make Corsica live again before the mind's eye.

INLAND from Porto Vecchio, in a north-westerly direction, the ground rises rather rapidly. It takes three hours on foot, by winding paths (which are sometimes blocked by massive stones, and sometimes cut across by ravines), to reach the edge of a wide *maquis*, as they call a tract of brushwood and heather in Corsica. The *maquis* is the home of the Corsican shepherds, and of all who have got into trouble with the authorities. It must be remembered that here the tiller of the soil, to save the trouble of manuring his field, sets fire to a patch of the woods. If the blaze goes farther than necessary, so much the worse; but, whatever happens, he is sure of a good harvest if he can sow seed in a soil top-dressed with the ashes of its own trees. When he has gathered the ears (he leaves the straw, because it is troublesome to harvest it), the old roots of the coppice which remained in the ground have not died, but send up next spring thick tufts of new shoots, which, in a few years, grow seven or eight feet high. This jungle-like coppice is the *maquis*. It is composed of various trees and shrubs that grow in a fortunate tangle: a man cannot push his way through it unless he goes hatchet in hand. Sometimes the *maquis* is so thick and bushy that the *mouflon*—the wild sheep of Corsica—an animal more like a fine deer than anything else, cannot force a way through.

¹ From *Moraiques*, by Prosper Mérimée. Paris: Calman Lévy.

Supposing that you have killed a man, you had better go live in the Porto Vecchio *maquis*, where you will be quite safe if you have a good gun, powder, and bullets. Do not forget to take your *pilone* — a brown cloak with a hood ; it will serve you for bed and blankets. The shepherds will give you milk, cheese, and chestnuts ; and you need not be afraid of the authorities, nor of the vengeance of the relations of the dead man, unless, indeed, when you are forced to go into the town for your supplies of ammunition.

Matteo Falcone's house was a mile and a half from this *maquis*. He was well-to-do for that neighbourhood, living like a lord ; that is to say, in idleness, upon the produce of his flocks, which the shepherds (who are like homeless Arabs) led out to pasture, now here, now there, upon the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the event that I am about to narrate, I took him, at the outside, for a man of fifty. Imagine a short man, strongly built, with curly, jet-black hair, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large and sparkling eyes, and a skin like untanned leather. He had the name of an extraordinarily good shot, even in his own country, where there are so many first-rate marksmen. Matteo, for example, never sent a charge of shot after a *mouffon*, but, at a distance of 120 paces, his bullet would hit the shoulder or the head, whichever he might choose. He was as ready with his gun by night as by day, and this proof of his skill, which will not be readily believed by those who have not been to Corsica, was put forward by his admirers. At eighty paces, a lighted candle would be placed behind a paper transparency the size of a plate. He would take aim, the candle would be extinguished, and a minute would be allowed to lapse. Then, in complete darkness, he would fire, piercing the transparency three times out of four.

Matteo Falcone enjoyed a great reputation on account of these remarkable accomplishments. He was considered as good a friend as he was a dangerous enemy : a kindly fellow, too, and an almsgiver, living in peace with every one in the Porto Vecchio district. But it was told of him that, at Corte (whence his wife came), he had made short work with a rival who was considered as formidable in love as in war ; at any rate, it was freely reported that it was a shot of Matteo's that had caught the other wooer unawares, when he was shaving at a little glass hung before his window. When the thing had blown over, Matteo got married. His wife, Giuseppa, had borne him, to begin with, three daughters. This made him furious. Afterwards came a son, Fortunato, the hope of the family and heir to the name. The daughters were well married. In case of need, their father could depend upon the poignards and carbines of his sons-in-

"Wait till my father comes home."

"Wait?" The devil! They will be upon us in five minutes. Look alive, boy! If you don't show me a hiding place I'll kill you."

Fortunato answered with utter unconcern: "Your gun is not loaded, and there are no more cartridges in your *carchera*" (the leather belt which serves as purse, letter case, and cartridge-box).

"I have still my knife."

"But could you run as fast as I can?"

The boy sprang away, and was out of reach.

"You are no son of Matteo Falcone's! Would you let me be caught on your threshold?"

The boy seemed touched. "What will you give me if I hide you?" he asked, coming nearer.

The bandit felt in a leather pouch hung from his belt, and pulled out a crown that he had probably meant to spend in powder. The silver coin made Fortunato laugh. He seized it, saying to Gianetto: "Never fear."

At once he made a deep hole in the heap of hay that lay against the house. Gianetto sank into it, and the boy covered him up, but left him a breathing-hole. Nobody could have guessed that a man lay hidden in the hay. Fortunato thought, moreover, of an ingenious trick, clever enough to be the trick of a savage. He brought a cat and her kittens, and set them in a nest on the hay-heap, to make it seem as if nothing had stirred there for some time back. Then, noticing the spots of blood upon the path near the house, he covered them carefully with dust, and lay down in the sun with the utmost tranquillity.

A few minutes later six men in brown uniforms with yellow collars, commanded by an adjutant, stood before Matteo's door. The adjutant was a distant relation of Falcone's. (In Corsica, cousinships are counted to degrees of kinship elsewhere unthought-of.) His name was Iodoro Gamba—an active man much dreaded by the bandits, of whom he had already hunted many to death.

"Good-day, little cousin," he said, addressing Fortunato. "How tall you've grown! Did you see a man go by, awhile ago?"

"Oh! I'm not as tall as you, cousin," answered the boy sheepishly.

"All in good time! But you didn't see a man go by; did you now?"

"Did I see a man go by?"

"Yes; a man with a black velvet peaked cap and with red and yellow embroidery."

"A man with a peaked cap and an embroidered red and yellow waistcoat?"

"Yes; answer me, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning our parish priest passed by this door. He was riding his horse, Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I said him——"

"Ah, you rogue! You're playing the fool. Quick, now! Tell me which way Gianetto went—for we're looking for him, and I'm certain he came up this path."

"Who knows?"

"'Who knows!' I know very well that you saw him!"

"Can you see people when you're asleep?"

"You were not asleep, you little good for nothing! The shot awoke you."

"You think, cousin, your guns make a lot of noise! My father's carbine makes a great deal more."

"Go to the devil, you little imp! I am sure you saw Gianetto. Ten to one but you have hidden him. Comrades, we'll search the house and find out if our man is not in it. He was on three legs like the villain, and has too much sense to try to make the *mayor* a lump. Besides, there are no bloodstains beyond this house."

"And what will papa say?" giggled Fortunato. "What will he say when he knows people went into his house while he was away?"

"You wretch!" said Gamba, taking him by the ear. "Do you know that I can make you change your tune very easily? Perhaps if we give you twenty slaps with the flat of a sabre you'll find your tongue."

Fortunato giggled still. "My father is Matteo Falcone," he said emphatically.

"Do you know, little donkey, that I can march you off to Corsica or Bastia? I'll shut you up in a cell, with straw to sleep on, and irons on your feet. I'll have you guillotined, if you don't tell me where Gianetto Sanpiero is."

The boy burst out laughing at this ridiculous threat. He repeated: "My father is Matteo Falcone."

"Adjutant," said one of the *voltigeurs* in an under tone, "don't let us get into a row with Matteo."

Gamba was evidently at a loss what to do. He talked apart with his soldiers, who by this time had searched the whole house. This was no lengthy task, for a Corsican's cabin only consists of one square room. The furniture is a table, benches, chests, with shooting and cooking appliances. Fortunato petted his cat, and seemed

to be taking a mischievous pleasure in the discomfiture of the *coltigners* and his cousin.

A soldier came up to the heap of hay, but seeing the cat, he poked his bayonet into it in a perfunctory way, shrugging his shoulders at the unnecessary precaution. Nothing moved there, and the boy's face betrayed not the slightest emotion.

The adjutant and his men fumed, fretted, and swore. They began to look towards the plain, as if they were inclined to go back the way they had come, when their leader, feeling sure that threats were of no avail with Falcone's son, bethought him of the power of bribes and flattery.

"You are a sharp little fellow, cousin. You will make your way. But you are treating me very badly, and if I were not unwilling to vex my cousin Matteo, devil take me ! but I'd carry you off with me."

"Bah !"

"But when your father comes home I'll tell him the whole story, and he'll pay you out for the lies you've told. He'll whip you till he draws blood."

"Really?"

"You'll see if he won't ! But, look here, be a good fellow and I'll give you something."

"And I, cousin, will give you a bit of advice. It is this : if you lose any more time, Gianetto will be safe in the *magnis*, and it will take a lot more jolly fellows like you to find him *there*."

The adjutant drew a silver watch from his pocket. It must have been worth three or four pounds. Seeing little Fortunato's eyes sparkle at the sight of it, he said, holding the watch by its steel chain : "Rascal, you'd be glad enough to have a watch like this one hanging from your neck. You'd saunter up and down the streets of Porto Vecchio as proud as a peacock ; and they'd be asking you, 'What's the hour?' and you'd say, 'Have a look at the time by my watch.'"

"When I'm grown up my uncle, the corporal, will give me a watch."

"Yes ; but your uncle's son has one already—not such a nice one as this, to be sure. All the same, he's younger than you."

The boy sighed.

"Well, now, would you like this watch, little cousin?"

Fortunato, peeping at the watch out of the corner of his eye, looked like a cat which is offered a whole chicken. As she feels she is being humbugged, she does not dare to claw at it, and she b another way from time to time, lest she should succumb to the

tion. She licks her lips every moment, and seems to say to her master, "What a cruel joke!"

The adjutant, however, seemed to be in earnest. Fortunato did not put out his hand, but he said, smiling bitterly, "Why are you laughing at me?"

The other swore. "I'm not laughing at you. Only tell me what Gianetto is, and this watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, and looking straight into the adjutant's eyes tried his best to read in them whether or no he might trust the spoken word.

"May I lose my epaulet," cried the adjutant, "if I don't give you on those conditions. My comrades are witnesses. I can't back from my word."

So saying he brought the watch nearer and nearer, till it touched the boy's pale cheek. The inward struggle between covetousness and the claims of hospitality was plainly legible on the child's face. His bare breast rose high, and he seemed like one half suffocated. Meantime the watch, swaying to and fro, turned round, and sometimes knocked against the tip of his nose. At last, little by little the right hand went up towards the watch; his finger-tips touched it; it lay with its whole weight in his hand; but the adjutant did not let go the end of the chain. The dial was blue . . . the case had been lately polished . . . in the sunshine it seemed as bright as fire . . . the temptation was too strong.

Fortunato raised his left hand as well, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the heap of hay towards which his back was turned. The adjutant caught his meaning. He let go the chain. Fortunato felt that the watch belonged to him alone. He sprang ten paces away from the hay with the agility of a deer, and the *voltigeurs* turned the heap upside down.

At once the hay moved, and a blood-stained figure rose out of it, grasping his poignard; but, as he tried to stand, his wound, which had grown stiff, made him fall back. The adjutant threw himself upon him, and dragged the stiletto out of his grasp. He was immediately pinned down and roped, in spite of his struggles.

Gianetto, lying on the ground and bound like a bundle of sticks, turned his head towards Fortunato, who had come near.

"Carrion!" he called out with less anger than contempt.

The boy threw him the coin he had had from him, feeling it was no longer his due, but the outlaw did not appear to notice the movement. He said very calmly to the adjutant: "My dear Gambetta, can't walk. You'll have to carry me to the town."

"Just now you were running faster than a roe deer," said the

cruel victor ; "but never mind ! I am so glad to have caught you that I would carry you a league on my back and not be tired. Moreover, my fine fellow, we're going to make you a litter with the help of some branches and your own cloak ; and at Crespoli's farm we shall find horses."

"All right," said the prisoner. "You may as well put a little straw on your litter ; I shall lie the easier."

While some of the *voltigeurs* were making a kind of stretcher out of chestnut branches, and others were dressing Gianetto's wound, Matteo Falcone and his wife turned the corner of the path, coming from the *maquis*. The woman was walking, bent double under the weight of an enormous sack of chestnuts. Her husband sauntered along, carrying nothing but a gun in his hand, and another slung over his shoulder—for it is beneath a man's dignity to carry anything except arms.

Seeing the soldiers, Matteo's first thought was that they had come to arrest him. But why ? Had Matteo got into trouble ? No ! He enjoyed an excellent reputation. Locally he was known for a man on the safe side. Still, he was a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there are but few Corsican mountaineers who, if they will search their memories, cannot therein find some peccadilloes—shots fired, stabs given, and other such trifles. Matteo certainly had an uncommonly clear conscience, for he had not fired a shot at anybody for ten whole years. All the same, he was cautious. He took up a position whence he could defend himself admirably, if occasion required.

"Wife," he said to Giuseppa, "drop your sack and hold yourself in readiness."

She obeyed instantly. He handed her the gun he had been carrying across his shoulder, as it might interfere with his movements. He put on full-cock the gun he held in his hand, and moved slowly towards his house, keeping close to the trees at the side of the path, and ready, at the first sign of hostility, to jump behind the largest tree-bolt, whence he could have taken deliberate aim without being exposed to the enemy's fire.

The adjutant, on the other hand, was much perplexed at seeing Matteo advance in this circumspect manner, covering the *voltigeurs* and with a finger on the trigger.

"If by chance," he reflected, "Matteo is related to Gianetto, or if they are friends, he'll be for fighting ; and the contents of his two barrels will reach two of us, as surely as a letter comes by the post. If he aims at me, in spite of our cousinship——"

In his perplexity he took the very courageous course of walking

alone towards Matteo to explain matters to him, assuming the tone of an old acquaintance ; but the short space that separated him from Matteo seemed terribly long to him.

"Hulloh, friend !" he cried. "How goes it with you, my dear fellow ? It is I, Gamba, your cousin."

Matteo said no word, but stopped short, and, while the other was speaking, he slowly raised his gun-barrel so that it pointed towards the sky when the adjutant joined him.

"Good-day, brother" (*Buon giorno, fratello*, is the common greeting in Corsica), said the adjutant, holding out his hand. "It is a long time since I last saw you."

"Good-day, brother."

"I came to greet you as I was passing—you and my cousin Pepa. We have had a long tramp to-day ; but you need not pity us if we are tired, for we have had a grand 'take.' We have just caught Gianetto Sanpiero."

"Thank God !" cried Giuseppa. "He stole a milch goat from us last week."

These words brought comfort to Gamba.

"The poor devil was hungry," said Matteo.

"The dog fought like a lion," the adjutant continued, feeling somewhat mortified. "He killed one of my *voltigeurs*, and, not satisfied with that, he broke Corporal Chardon's arm. However, that does not much matter, for he's only a Frenchman. . . . And afterwards he was so cleverly hidden that the devil himself would have been at a loss to find him. Had it not been for my little cousin, Fortunato, I should never have been able to catch him."

"Fortunato !" cried Matteo.

"Fortunato !" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes ; Gianetto was hidden under that pile of hay down there, but my young cousin let me into the secret. And I will tell his uncle, the corporal, so that he may send him a handsome present for his trouble. His name, and yours too, will be in the report that I shall send to the Advocate-General."

"The devil !" said Matteo in a low tone. They had come up to the other group. Gianetto was already lying on the litter ready to start. When he saw Matteo in Gamba's company he smiled with a strange expression. Then he turned towards the house and spit upon the threshold, saying, "House of a traitor !"

None but a man whose mind was made up for death would have dared apply the word traitor to Falcone. A thrust of a stiletto—a good stroke that would not have needed repetition—would have at

once required the insult. Nevertheless, the only sign Matteo made was to raise his hand to his forehead like one thunderstruck.

Fortunato had gone into the house when he saw his father. He came out now with a bowl of milk which he offered to Gianetto. The boy kept his eyes down.

"Away with you" roared the outlaw, in a voice of thunder. Then, turning to one of the *voltigeurs*, he said, "Comrade, a drop to drink!"

The soldier gave him his gourd, and the bandit accepted a draught of water from a man with whom he had just been exchanging shots. He then begged that his hands might be tied across his chest instead of their being fastened behind his back.

"I prefer," he said, "to lie at my ease."

The men made haste to comply with his wishes; the adjutant gave the word to start; said good-bye to Matteo, who made no reply; and the party set out rapidly towards the plain.

Nearly ten minutes went by before Matteo opened his mouth. The boy looked anxiously from father to mother. The father, leaning on his gun, eyed him with an expression of concentrated fury.

"A good beginning!" said Matteo at last, in a voice that was calm, but seemed terrible to those who understood the man.

"Father!" cried the boy, coming towards him with tears in his eyes, and seeming as if he would throw himself at his father's feet.

But Matteo shouted, "Away with you!"

And the child stood still, sobbing, some paces from his father.

Giuseppa came near. She had just noticed the watch-chain, of which one end hung out from Fortunato's shirt-front.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked harshly.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, flung it against a stone, and it broke in a thousand fragments.

"Wife," he said, "is this a child of mine?"

Giuseppa's brown cheeks flushed a brick-red. "What are you saying, Matteo? And do you remember to whom you are speaking?"

"This boy, at any rate, is the first of his race that has ever played the traitor."

Fortunato's sobs came thick and fast. Falcone held him with his lynx eye. At last he struck the ground with the butt-end of his gun; then he flung the weapon over his shoulder, and started again for the *maquis*, calling to Fortunato to follow. The boy obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Matteo and caught him by the arm.

"Your own son," she said, in a voice that trembled, while she

fixed her black eyes on her husband's, as if she would read his very soul.

"Let me be," Matteo answered. "I'm his father."

Giuseppa kissed her child, and went back, crying, into the cottage. She threw herself on her knees before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and prayed fervently. Meantime Falcone had walked a couple of hundred paces along the path, not pausing till he had reached a dell. Into this he went down.

He sounded the ground with the butt of his gun, finding it soft and easy to dig, and he thought the spot suited to his purpose.

"Fortunato, go over to that big stone."

The boy did as he was told, and then knelt down.

"Say your prayers."

"Father, father, don't kill me!"

"Say your prayers," Matteo repeated in a terrible tone.

Stuttering and sobbing, the child said the Paternoster and the Creed. With a loud voice, the father said "Amen" at the end of each.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"Father, I know the Ave Maria too, and the Litany my aunt taught me."

"It's a long Litany. Never mind."

The boy finished it in a failing voice.

"Have you done?"

"Oh, father! Have pity! Forgive me! I won't do it again! I'll beg my uncle, the corporal, so hard for Gianetto that he'll let him off!"

He was still speaking when Matteo put his gun on full-cock and took aim, saying, "God forgive you!"

The child made a desperate effort to jump up and throw himself at his father's knees, but he had not time to do it. Matteo fired, and Fortunato fell stark dead.

Without casting a glance at the corpse, Matteo went towards his house to fetch a spade to bury his son. He had not gone far when he met Giuseppa, who hurried to the spot in terror, having heard the shot.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the dell. I'm going to bury him. He died like a Christian. I'll have a Mass said for him. Tell my son-in-law, Tiodoro Bianchi, to come and live in our house."

TROSPER MÉRIÉE. Translated by E. M. LYNCH.

PICKWICKIAN BATH.

BATH, which already owed so much to famous writers, owes even more to "Boz," the genial author of "Pickwick"—a book which has so much increased the gaiety of the nation. The scenes at the old city are more minute and vivid than any yet offered. But if it owed much to "Boz," it repaid him by furnishing him with a name for his book which has gone over the world. Everything about this name will be interesting; and it is not generally known when and how "Boz" obtained it.

There was a small hamlet some few miles from Bath and 97 from London—which is 106 miles away from Bath—bearing the name of "Pickwick." The Bath coach, by the way, started from the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, at half-past seven in the morning, and took just twelve hours for the journey. Now it is made by the Great Western in two! Here many years ago, at the time of the story, was "Pickwick House, the seat of C. N. Loscombe, Esq.," and also "Pickwick Lodge," where dwelt Captain Fenton. "Boz" had never seen or heard of such places, but all the same they indirectly furnished him with the name. A mail-coach guard found an infant on the road in this place, and gave it the name of "Pickwick." The word "Pickwick" contains the common terminal "wick," as in "Warwick"; an affix which means a village or hamlet of some kind. Pickwick, however, has long since disappeared from the face of the map. Probably after the year 1837 folk did not relish dating their letters from a spot of such humorous memories.

This foundling, Elcazar Pickwick, was taken into the service of the coaching hotel, the White Hart, devoted himself to the horse and coaching business, and at the time of "Boz's" or Mr. Pickwick's visit, his grandson, Moses, was the actual proprietor of the coaches on the road. "The name," said Sam, "is not only down on the way-bill, sir, but they've painted vun on 'em on the door of the coach." As Sam spoke, he pointed to that part of the door on which the proprietor's name usually appears, and there sure enough, in gilt letters of a goodly size, was the magic name of Pickwick. "Dear me," said

Mr. Pickwick, quite staggered by the coincidence, "what a very extraordinary thing!" "Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam, again directing his master's attention to the coach-door. "Not content with writin' up Pickwick, they put 'Moses' afore it, which I calls adding insult to injury." "It's odd enough, certainly," said Mr. Pickwick. It may be noted here what an air of reality this imparts, and how unlikely we should be to find such a touch in a modern novel. When he was casting about for a good name for his venture, it recurred to him as having a quaint oddity and uncanniness. And thus it is that we owe to Bath, and to Bath only, this celebrated name. Many years ago, a Mr. Pickwick actually changed his name by public advertisement. This ordinary event caused quite a public sensation. The owner was reminded that it was an old and honourable name—coming originally from *Pique vite*—and it was *not* Count Smortork who suggested this derivation.

In the course of his story, our author having thus to take Mr. Pickwick down to Bath, it occurred to him that the fact that his hero was transported by a coach bearing his own name on the door must have seemed odd to many of his readers, or possibly to the coach proprietor himself. He saw, too, an opening for some good-humoured fun, and accordingly made Sam call his master's attention to the matter. No city has had its society and manners sketched by such eminent pens as has Bath—Smollett, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, and "Boz" have all described it. The old walls and houses are thus made to live. "Boz" has given one of the most vivid and vivacious pictures of its expiring glories in the thirties, when there were still "M.C.s," routs, assemblies, and sedans. His own connection with the place is personal, and a very interesting one. He was there in 1835 on election business, hurrying after Lord John Russell, all over the country, to report his speeches—a young fellow of three-and-twenty, full of "dash," "go," and readiness of resource, of immense energy and carelessness of fatigue, ready to go anywhere and do anything. While thus engaged on serious business he kept his eyes wide open, took in all the humours of Bath and noted them in his memory, though he made no use of this till more than two years later, when he was well on into "Pickwick." Indeed, all "Pickwick" is full of his own personal adventures at this time, Bath and Ipswich particularly contributing a substantial portion of the book.

Entering an old city by night leaves a curious romantic impression, and few old cities gain so much as Bath by this mode of approach. The shadowy houses have a monumental air; the fine streets which

we mostly ascend show a mystery, especially as we sit by the open square, under the great black Abbey, which seems a beetling rock. This old Bath mysteriousness seems haunted by the ghosts of Burney, Johnson, Goldsmith, Wilkes, Quin, Thrale, Mr. Pickwick, and dozens more. Fashion and gentility hover round its stately homes. The Parade, North and South, and what adjoins the Parade, Pierrepont Street, of quaint aspect, inspire a sort of awe. The Parade! What an antique twang about the name! And there it is: a genuine thing, and quite ready for company, with its capacious well flagged promenade. Nothing, too, rouses such ideas of state and dignity as the Palladian Circus. There is a tone of mournful grandeur about it—something forlorn. Had it, in some freak of fashion, been abandoned and suffered, for a time at least, to go to neglect and be somewhat overgrown with moss and foliage, it would pass for some grand Roman ruin. There is a solemn greyish gloom about it; the grass in the enclosure is rank, long, and deep green.

Pulteney Street, too: what a state and nobility there is about it! So wide and so spacious; the houses with an air of grand solidity—no carvings or frittering work, but relying on their fine lines and proportion. To lodge there is an education, and the impression remains with one as of a sense of personal dignity from dwelling in such large and lofty chambers, grandly laid out with noble stairs and the like. The builders in this fine city would seem to have been born architects; nearly all the houses have claims to distinction, each has an expression and feeling of its own. The mellow blackened or browned tint adds to the effect. The mouldings are full of reserve, and chastened—suited exactly to the material. There is something, too, very stately about Laura Place, which opens on it.

From this point of view, Bath is a far more interesting city than Edinburgh.¹ Mr. Peach has written two most interesting little quartos on the "Historic Houses of Bath"; and Mr. Meehan, a well read bookseller, has compiled an admirable hand list or guide to these notable residences.

I don't know anything more strange and agreeable than the feeling of promenading these Parades, North and South—a feeling compounded of awe, reverence, and exciting interest. The tranquil repose and dignity of these low, solid houses, the broad flagged Promenade, the unmistakable air of old fashion, the sort of reality and self-persuasion that they might in a moment be re-peopled with

¹ Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell has prepared a singularly interesting map of Bath, in which all the spots honoured by the residence of famous visitors are marked down. It is very extraordinary the number and distinction of these personages.

all these eminent persons—much as "Boz" called up the ghosts of the old mail-coach passengers in his telling ghost story—the sombre grey of the walls, the brightness of the windows: these elements join to leave an extraordinary impression. The houses on these *Parades* are charming from their solid proportions, adapted, as it were, to the breadth of the *Parade*. I always admire their compact, compressed, unpretending, yet substantial build, recalling the old *Bruges* mansions. Execrable, by the way, are the modern attempts seen side by side—feeble and incapable, not attempting any expression at all; extraordinary are the helplessness and lack of purpose which we find in our modern times. There is a row of meagre tenements beside the *Abbey*—attempts at pinnacled gables—which it is a sorrowful thing to look on, so cheap and starved is it. Even the newer shops in places like *Milsom Street*, with nothing to do but to copy what is before them, show the same platitude. Here and there you are constantly coming upon one of these beautifully designed old mansions piteously disguised, cut up in two or three it may be, or the lower portion fashioned into a shop. These have been well described by Mr. Peach.

No group of architectural objects is more effective or touches one more nearly than the buildings gathered round the *Baths*. There is something quaint and old fashioned in the arrangement, and I am never tired of coming back to the pretty open colonnade, the faded yet dignified Pump-room, with the ambitious hotel and the solemn *Abbey* rising solemnly behind. Then there is the delightful Promenade opposite, under the arcades—a genuine bit of old fashion—under whose arches the capricious *Fanny Burney* often strolled. Everything about this latter conglomeration—the shape of the ground, and even the older portion of the municipal buildings, with their elegant decorations, sculptured garlands, &c. bespeak the influence of the graceful *Adam*, whose pupil or imitator Mr. *Baldwin* may have been.

"Boz's" description of the tarnished Pump-room answers to what is seen now, save as to the tone of the decorations. I say "Boz's," for *Pickwick*, it should be recollected, was not actually acknowledged by the author under his proper name. It was thought that the well-known and popular "Boz" of the "Sketches" would attract far more than the obscure C. Dickens. Now "Boz" and the *Sketches* have receded and are little thought of. "Boz" and *Pickwick* go far better together than do Dickens and *Pickwick*. There is an old fashioned solemnity over this Pump-room which speaks of the classical taste over a hundred years ago. How quaint and suitable is the in-

scription "Ἀριστον μὴ ὕμῳ in the faded gilt characters. It is exactly suited—as to proportions—to its place. Within it is one stately chamber, not altered a bit since the day, fifty-three years ago, that "Boz strolled in and wrote his description. As I sat with a friend beside me in the newly finished concert-room, which is in happy keeping, I called up the old genial Pickwick promenading about under the direction of Bantam, M.C., and the genial tone of the old gaiety and good spirits. There is still to be seen the ugly Tompion clock (Tompion was a maker of celebrity) and the statue of Nash, M.C., in his niche, and the inscriptions, and the visitors' book, and the bar with the row of glasses.

This "Tompion Clock," which is carefully noted by "Boz," seems to have been always regarded as a sort of monument. It is like an overgrown eight-day clock, without any adornment and plain to a degree—no doubt relying upon its Tompion works. It is in exactly the same place as it was sixty years ago, and goes with the old regularity. Nay, for that matter, it stands where it did a hundred years ago—in the old recess by Nash's statue and inscription, and was no doubt ordered at the opening of the rooms. In an old account of Bath, at the opening of the century, attention is called to the Tompion clock with a sort of pride. I thought I had done with this eternal "Tompion Clock" in these quotations; but, to my astonishment, I came on it once more in Brayley's large collection: "The Clock by Tompion, &c." Neither is it passed over in the more modern guide-books.

The steep and shadowy Gay Street, which leads up to the inviting Crescent and the more sombre Queen Square, affects one curiously. Ascending, we see on the left a modest, compact-looking mansion—the Bath houses are rarely more than two or three stories high—and the only one in the street that displays sculptured decorations. There lived and died Mrs. Piozzi. The Johnsonian must look on it with reverence and even with awe; for a perfect tide of incidents and associations rushes on him at the name, calling up the quick and sparkling vitality of the mercurial lady. Now it seems but her mausoleum; and lower down at the corner, on the other side, we come upon another brilliant woman's home, with stone bow windows—introduced, I fancy, at a later period. Fanny Burney was a delightful creature, full of the true comedy vein, and many of her scenes are more sparkling than Boswell's. Well, here she lived in her heyday, and before her disastrous "come down"—her marriage, which was foolish as that of her friend. It may be said that all the buildings in Bath are placed most judiciously. We come on them unexpectedly, and find them

just where they ought to be. Each has its tone and fitting atmosphere. How delightful to find ourselves stumbling, as it were, on the grand Circus, with its solemn and stately buildings, which contrasts so well with the bright open gaiety of the Crescent ! I like this Roman gloom of the Circus, its comparative desolation and solemn old fashion.

The old Assembly Rooms is close to the Circus, between Alfred Street and Bennett Street—a stately, dignified pile, in the best classical style of Bath. One looks on it with a sort of mysterious reverence, and it seems charged with all sorts of memories of old bygone state ; for hither all the rank and fashion of Bath used to make its way of Assembly nights. Many years ago there was here given a morning concert to which I found my way, mainly for the purpose of calling up ghostly memories of the Thrales, and Doctor Johnson, and Miss Burney, and, above all, of Mr. Pickwick. Though the music was the immortal "Passion" of Bach, my eyes were travelling all the while from one piece of faded decoration to another. "Boe" never fails to secure the *tone* of any strange place he is describing. We all, for instance, have that pleased elated feeling on the first morning after our arrival over night at a new place—the general brightness, surprise, and air of novelty. We are willing to be pleased with everything, and pass from object to object with enjoyment. Now, all this is difficult to seize or describe. "Boz" does not do the latter, but he conveys it perfectly. We see the new arrivals seated at breakfast, the entrance of the Dowlers with the M.C., and the party setting off to see the "Lions," the securing tickets for the Assembly, the writing down their names in "the book," Sam sent specially to Queen Square, and so on. All which is very exhilarating, and reveals one's own feeling on such an occasion. The Pump-room books are formally mentioned in the regulations.

We see the Assembly Rooms in Phiz's plate, with its huge and elaborately framed oval mirrors and chandeliers. The dancing-room was set round with raised benches, after the pattern of Ridotto rooms abroad ; there were card-rooms and tea-rooms. We note the sort of Adam or Chippendale chair on which the whist dowager is sitting with her back to us.

Considering that the rules of dress were so strict, pumps and silk stockings being of necessity, we may wonder how it was that the President of the Pickwick Club was admitted in his morning dress, his kerseymere tights, white waistcoat, and black garters. He never changed his dress for evening parties, save on one occasion. So accurate is the picture that speculation arises whether Phiz were

specially to Bath to make his sketches ; for the ideas caught in the most perfect way the whole *tone* of a Bath Assembly, and he could not have obtained this from descriptions by others. So, too, with his picture of the Crescent in Mr. Winkle's escapade. It will be remembered that "Boz" was rather particular about this picture, and suggested some minute alterations. Mr. Pickwick's costume was certainly in defiance of all rules and regulations. It is laid down in the regulations of Mr. Tyson, M.C., that "no gentleman in boots or half boots be admitted into the rooms on ball nights or card nights." Half-boots would certainly apply to Mr. Pickwick's gaiters. Bantam the M.C., or "the Grand Master" as "Boz" oddly calls him, was drawn from life from an eccentric functionary named Jervois. I have never been quite able to understand his odd hypothesis about Mr. Pickwick being the gentleman who had the waters bottled and sent to Clapham. But how characteristic the dialogue on the occasion ! It will be seen that this M.C. cannot credit the notion of anyone of such importance as Mr. Pickwick never having "*been in Bu-ath.*" His ludicrous and absurd, "Not bad—not bad ! Good—good. He, he, re-markable !" showed how it struck him. A man of such a position too ; it was incredible. With a delightful conviction of this theory, he began : "It is long—very long, Mr. Pickwick, *since you drank the waters*—it appears an age." Mr. Pickwick protested that it was certainly long since he had drunk the waters, and his proof was that he had never been in Bath in his life ! After a moment's reflection the M.C. saw the solution. "Oh, I see ; yes, yes ; good, good ; better and better. You are the gentleman residing on Clapham Green who lost the use of your limbs from imprudently taking cold *after port wine*, who could not be moved in consequence of acute suffering, and who had the water from the King's Bath bottled at 103 degrees and sent by waggon to his bedroom in town, where he bathed, sneezed, and same day recovered." This amusing concatenation is, besides an admirable and very minute stroke of character, and the frivolous M.C. is brought before us perfectly.¹

What a capital touch is that when he saw young Lord Mutanhead approaching. "Hush ! draw a little nearer, Mr. Pickwick. You see that splendidly dressed young man coming this way—the richest young man in Bath ?"

"You don't say so !" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, you'll hear his voice in a moment, Mr. Pickwick. He'll speak to me." Particular awe and reverence could not be better expressed.

¹ Mr. Bantam could fairly well afford to dress as handsomely as he is described ; his fees, collections, &c., came to six or seven hundred a year.

It is curious how accurate the young fellow was in all his details. He describes the ball as beginning at "precisely twenty minutes before eight o'clock"; and according to the old rules it had to begin as soon after seven as was possible. "Stay in the tea-room and take your sixpenn'orth"—Mr. Dowler's advice—was after a regulation "that everyone admitted to the tea-rooms on dress nights shall pay 6d. for tea."

The M.C.'s visit to Mr. Pickwick was a real carrying out the spirit of the regulations, in which it was requested that "all strangers will give the M.C. an opportunity of being introduced to them before they themselves are entitled to that attention and respect."

"The ball nights in Bath," said Mr. Bantam, "are moments snatched from Paradise, rendered bewitching by music, beauty, elegance, fashion, etiquette, and—and—above all, by the absence of tradespeople, who are quite inconsistent with Paradise, and who have an amalgamation of themselves at the Guildhall every fortnight, which is, to say the least, remarkable. Good-bye, good-bye;" and, protesting all the way downstairs that he was most satisfied and most delighted and most overpowered and most flattered, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M.C., stepped into a very elegant chariot that waited at the door, and rattled off. A perfect and spirited description of this airy fribble. One little touch alone is *de trop* and affected—"who are quite inconsistent with Paradise."

We all feel an interest in that capital character, Mr. Dowler, whom I always suspect to have been lightly sketched from "Boz's" then near friend, the late John Forster. Of course, at the time he had not yet thoroughly become acquainted with the critic's rather despotic fashions, and looked on him rather as an influential patron, with whom he would hardly venture to take such a liberty. Still, the likeness is extraordinary. John Forster was a true and fast friend to all who had the happiness of being his friends; but his methods were those of Mr. Dowler, who does everything as John Forster would have done it. "Are you going to Bath?" he asked at the coach offices. "I am, sir," said Mr. Pickwick. "And these other gentlemen?" "They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick. "I'll be damned if you're going inside," said the strange man. "Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick. "No, not all of you. I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into this infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post-chaise and bring an action. I've paid my fare. It won't do, &c." Exactly like him was his warm patronage of Mr. Pickwick at Bath, his at once bringing the M.C. "Bantam," said Mr. Dowler, "Mr. Pickwick and his friends are strangers. They must put their names

down. *Where's the book?*" Here Forster *ipse loquitur*. The M.C. meekly declared it should be forthcoming; on which Dowler engaged to bring his friends to the Pump-room. "This is a long call. It's time to go. I shall be here in an hour. *Come.*" Like Forster, Dowler had an amiable, gentle wife. At the hall or assembly we hear him: "'Anybody here?' inquired Mr. Dowler suspiciously."

But what most realises the good but impetuous Forster is Dowler's speech at the Assembly Rooms, "Take your sixpenn'orth. They lay on hot water and call it tea. Drink it," said Mr. Dowler in a loud voice, *directing Mr. Pickwick.*" This was exactly the deceased critic—"directing" was his way.

I have often wondered why Phiz and his coadjutor did not choose for a subject the scene of "the swarry." The inimitable figures of Tuckle, Whiffers, and Fred—the affected gentleman in blue—and Mr. Smaucker himself would have come out in a racy fashion. But the truth is nothing could have been more judicious and more practical than the selection made, the subjects being confined to the strict business of the story. Other artists have tried their hand on these tempting passages, but somehow always with an indifferent success. They are too episodal.

Nothing is more gratifying to genuine Pickwickians than to find how all these old memories of the book are fondly cherished in the good city. All the Pickwickian localities are identified, and the inhabitants are eager in every way to maintain that Mr. Pickwick belongs to them, and had been with them. We should have had his room in the White Hart pointed out, and it would have been "slept in" by Americans and others, had it still been left to stand. Not long since the writer went to the good old city for the pleasant duty of "preaching Pickwick," as he has done in many places. There is an antique building or temple not far from the Parade, where an old society of the place—the Bath Literary and Scientific Institute—holds its meetings, and here to a crowded gathering, under the presidency of Mr. Austin King, the subject was gone into. It was delightful for the Pickwickian stranger to meet so appreciative a response, and many curious details were mentioned. At the close—such is the force of the delusion—we were all discussing Mr. Pickwick and his movements here and there, with the same *conviction* as we should have had in the case of Miss Burney, or Mrs. Piozzi, or Dr. Johnson.

The whole atmosphere was congenial, and there was world, old-fashioned air over the rooms. It was delightful of Mr. Pickwick's Bath adventures in Bath.

Nor is there anything unreasonably fantastical i

tions. Bantam lived, as we know, in St. James's Square—that very effective enclosure, with its solemn houses and rich deep greenery, that recall our own Fitzroy Square. No. 14 was his house, and this, it was ascertained, was the actual residence of the living M.C. How bold, therefore, of "Boz" to send Sam up to the very square! Every one, too, could point out Mrs. Craddock's house in the Circus—at least, it was one of two. It was No. 15 or 16, because at the time there were only a couple in the middle which were let in lodgings, the rest being private houses. This was fairly reasonable. But how accurate was "Boz"! No doubt he had some friends who were quartered in lodgings here.

I scarcely hoped to find the scene of the footmen's "swarry" tracked out, but so it was. On leaving Queen Square in company with Mr. Smauker to repair to the scene of the festivity, Sam set off walking "towards High Street," then "turned down a bye street," and would "soon be there." This bye-street was one turning out of Queen Square at the corner next Bantam's house; and a few doors down we come to a rather shabby looking "public" with a swinging sign, on which is inscribed "The Beaufort Arms"—a two storied, three-windowed house. This in the book is called a "greengrocer's shop," and is firmly believed to be the scene of "the swarry," on the substantial ground that the Bath footmen assembled here regularly as at their club. The change from a public to a greengrocer's scarcely affects the point. The uniforms of these gentlemen's gentlemen were really splendid, as we learn from the text—rich plushes, velvets, gold lace, canes, &c. There is no exaggeration in this, for natives of Bath have assured me they can recall similar displays at the fashionable church—of Sundays—when these noble creatures, arrayed gorgeously as "generals," were ranged in lines "waiting their missuses," or, rather, *pace* Mr. John Smauker, employers. At this greengrocer's, where the Bath footmen had their "swarry," the favourite drink was "cold scrub and water," or "gin and water sweet;" also punch. "Scrub," a West Indian drink, has now altogether disappeared. It sounds strange to learn that a fashionable footman should consult "a copper timepiece which dwelt at the bottom of a deep watch-pocket, and was raised to the surface by means of a black string with a copper key." A copper watch seems extraordinary, though we have now those of gun metal.

The Crescent, with its fine air and fine view, always strikes one with admiration as a unique and original monument, the size and proportions are so truly grand. The whole scene of Mr. Winkle's escapade here is extraordinarily vivid, and so protracted, while Mrs.

Dowler was waiting in her sedan for the door to be opened, that it has the effect of imprinting the very air, look, and tone of the Royal Crescent on us. We seem to be waiting with her and the chairmen. It seems the most *natural* thing in the world. The houses correspond almost exactly with Phiz's drawing.

Pickwick, it has been often pointed out, is full of amusing "oversights," which are pardonable enough, and almost add to the "fun" of the piece. At the opening Mr. Pickwick is described as carrying his portmanteau—in the picture it is a carpet bag. The story opens in 1827, but at once Mr. Jingle begins to talk of being present at the late Revolution of 1830. The George and Vulture is placed in two different streets. Old Weller is called Samuel. During the scene at the Royal Crescent we are told that Mrs. Craddock threw up the drawing room window "just as Mr. Winkle was rushing into the chair." She ran and called Mr. Dowler, who rushed in just as Mr. Pickwick threw up the other window, "when the first object that met the gaze of both was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan chair," into which he had bolted a minute before.

The late Charles Dickens the younger, in the notes to his father's writings, affects to have discovered an oversight in the account of the scene in the Circus. It is described how Winkle "took to his heels and tore *round* the Crescent, hotly pursued by Dowler and the coachman. He kept ahead; the door was open as he came *round* the second time," &c. Now, objects the son, the Crescent is only a half circle; there is no going round it, you must turn back when you come to the end. He is supposed to have been thinking of the Circus. Hardly—for he knew both well—and Circus and Crescent are things not to be confused. The phrase was a little loose; but, as the Circus was curved, "round" is not inappropriate, and he meant that Winkle turned when he got to the end, ran round, and ran back.

Then, we are told, if it were theatre night, perhaps the visitors met at the theatre. Now, did Mr. Pickwick ever go? This is an open question. Is the chronicler here a little obscure, as he is speaking of "the gentlemen" *en bloc*? Perhaps he did; perhaps he didn't, as "Boz" might say. On his visit to Rochester it does not appear that he went to see his "picked up" friend Jingle perform.

The Bath Theatre is in the Saw Close, next door to Beau Nash's picturesque old house. The old grey front, with its black mouldings and sunk windows, is still there; but a deep vestibule entrance, with offices, has been built out in front, which, as it thrusts the old wall back—an uncongenial mixture. With the house has been reconstructed, as it is called, so that Mr. Pal-

himself, or any of the old Bath lights, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, would not recognise it. Attending it one night, he could not but recall the old Bath traditions, when this modest little house supplied the London houses regularly with the best talent, and "From the Theatre Royal, Bath," was a delightful inducement set forth on the bill.

After his brilliant, genial view of the old watering place it is a surprise to find "Boz" speaking of it with a certain acerbity and even disgust. Over thirty years later, in 1869, he was there, and wrote to Forster: "The place looks to me like a cemetery, which the dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets of their old gravestones, they wander about scantily, trying to look alive—a dead failure." And yet, what ghostly recollections must have come back to him as he walked those streets, or as he passed by the Saracen's Head in Walcot, where he had put up in those old days, full of brightness, ardour, and enthusiasm; but not yet the famous "Boz"! Bath folk set down this jaundiced view of their town to a sort of pique at the comparative failure of the Guild dramatic performance at the Old Assembly Rooms, where, owing to the faulty arrangement of the stage, hardly a word could be heard, to the dissatisfaction of the audience. The stage, it seems, was put too far behind the proscenium, "owing to the headstrong perversity of Dickens, who never forgave the Bath people." Charles Knight, it was said, remonstrated, but in vain. "Boz," however, was not a man to indulge in such feelings, and the idea is far fetched.

There had, however, been a previous visit to Bath, in company with Maclise and Forster, to see Landor, who was then living at No. 35 St. James's Square—a house become memorable because it was there that the image of his "Little Nell" first suggested itself. The enthusiastic Landor used, in his "tumultuous" fashion, to proclaim that he would set fire to the house and burn it to the ground, to prevent its being profaned by less sacred associations! He had done things even more extravagant than this, and would take boisterous roars of laughter as his odd compliment was discussed.

The minuteness of his record of the gaieties shows how amused and interested "Boz" was in all that he saw. Nothing escaped him of the routine, day, hour, and place, all is given, even the different rooms at the Assembly House. "In the ball room, the long card-room, the octagon card room, the staircases, the passages, the hum of many voices and the sound of many feet were perfectly bewildering; dresses rustled, feathers waved, lights shone, and jewels sparkled. There was the music, not of the quadrille band, for it had not yet

commenced, &c." Here Bantam, M.C., arrived at precisely twenty minutes before eight, "to receive the company." And such company! "Brilliant eyes, lighted up with pleasurable expectation, gleamed from every side, and, look where you will, some exquisite form glided gracefully through the throng, and was no sooner lost than it was replaced by another as dainty and bewitching;" the warmth of the description showing how delighted was the young man with all he saw. But how did he secure admission?—for it was a highly fashionable company; there were vouchers and tickets to be secured. But these were slight difficulties for our brilliant "pushful" young man. He could make his way, and his mission found him interest. He certainly saw as much of Bath as anyone could in the time. Yet, gay and sprightly as his account of Bath, there may have been a reason why "Boz" may not have recalled the place with pleasurable feelings. It will be recollected that after giving a few lines to the account of Mr. Pickwick and friends being set down at the White Hart, he carries them off at once to lodgings in the Crescent. That first-class hotel was, alas! not open to the poor, overworked reporter; and he could tell of nothing that went forward within its portals. Hotel life on a handsome scale was not for *him*, and he was obliged to put up at far humbler quarters, a sort of common inn.

There is nothing more quaint or interesting than this genuine antique—the Saracen's Head in Walcot. It may pair off with the old White Horse in the Canongate, where "Great Sam" put up for a night. It is surely the most effective of all the old inns one could see. It has two faces, and looks into two different streets, with its double gables, and date (1713) inscribed on a tablet outside. It is a yellow, well-worn little building. And you enter through darkened tunnels, as it were, cut through the house, coming into a strange yard of evident antiquity, with a steep, ladder like flight of stone steps that leads up to a window much like the old Canongate houses. Here, then, it was that "Boz" put up, and here are preserved traditions and relics of his stay. One of the tales is that, after some exuberant night during the election he would light his candle, and, having to cross the court, would have it blown out half a dozen times, when he would go back patiently to relight it. They show his chair, and a jug out of which he drank, but one has not much faith in such chairs and jugs, they always seem to be supplied to demand, and must be found to gratify the pilgrims.

One of the examination queries which might have found a place in Mr. Calverley's paper of questions is this: When did Mr. Pickwick sit down to *make entries in his journal*, and spend half an hour

taken out and published separately. They were no doubt written for magazines, and were lying by him, but his Bath story—"The True Legend of Prince Bladud"—was written specially. It is quite in the vein of Elia's Roast Pig story, and very gaily told. He had probably been reading some local guide-book, with the mythical account of Prince Bladud, and this suggested to him his own humorous version. At the close he sets Mr. Pickwick a-yawning several times, who, when he had arrived at the end of this little manuscript, which certainly could not have been compressed into "a couple of sheets of writing paper," but would have covered at least ten pages, replaced it in the drawer, and "then, with a *countenance of the utmost weariness*, lighted his chamber candle and went upstairs to bed." And here, by the way, is one of the amusing oversights which give such a piquancy to Pickwick. Before he began to read his paper we are carefully told that Mr. Pickwick "unfolded it, lighted his bedroom candle that it might burn up by the time he had finished." It was Mr. C. Kent who pointed this out to him, when "Boz" seized the volume and humorously made as though he would hurl it at his friend.

Anyone interested in Bath must of necessity be interested in Bristol, to which, as all know, Mr. Winkle fled after the unhappy business in the Circus. He found a coach at the Royal Hotel—which no longer exists—a vehicle which, we are told, went the whole distance "twice a day and more" with a single pair of horses. There he put up at the Bush, where Mr. Pickwick was to follow him presently. The Bush—a genuine Pickwick inn, where Mr. Pickwick first heard the news of the action that was to be brought against him—stood in Corn Street, near to the Guildhall, the most busy street in Bristol; but it was taken down in 1864, and the present Wiltshire Bank erected on the site.

It must have been awkward for Winkle to present himself once more at Mrs. Craddock's in the Crescent. How was the incident to be explained save either at his own expense or at that of Mr. Dowler? If Dowler were supposed to have gone in pursuit of him, then Mr. Winkle must have fled; and if he were supposed to have gone to seek a friend, then Dowler was rather compromised. No doubt both gentlemen agreed to support the one story that they had gone away for mutual satisfaction, and had made it up.

Nothing is more wonderful than "Boz's" propriety in dealing with his incidents, a propriety that is really instinctive. Everything falls out in the correct, natural way. For instance, Mr. Pickwick having received such a shock at the Bush—the announcement of th

HENRY PEACHAM THE YOUNGER AS AN EDUCATIONIST. 1622.

IN Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" is a chapter on The School. The book is probably now chiefly read in the editions which contain Caldecott's illustrations. We read how the squire placed in the schoolmaster's hands a copy of "Roger Ascham's Schoolmaster," and advised him, moreover, "to con over that portion of old Peacham which treats of the duty of masters, and condemns the favourite method of making boys wise by flagellation." In the reprint Peacham is printed Peacham, which goes far to prove that Washington Irving's recent editor had not followed the squire's advice himself.

Henry Peacham the younger took his M.A. degree (Trinity College, Cambridge) in 1598. It was in 1622 that he published the book in which is the chapter on The Duty of Masters, to which Washington Irving (who himself spells Peacham's name rightly) refers. The title is. "The Compleat Gentleman, Fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Bodie that may be required in a Noble Gentleman." By Henry Peacham, M^r. of Arts, sometime of Trinity Coll. in Cambridge—inutilis olim Ne videar vixisse. Anno 1622."

It may be laid down as a principle that where the responsibility of government has fallen, that there also the demand has been made by the governed and acknowledged by the governors that there should be adequate education. In the days of absolute monarchy treatises on education bear the title Of the Education of a Prince; in the days of democracy the title becomes Of the Education of the People, or National Education.

Henry Peacham the younger, therefore, in his "Compleat Gentleman," writes a chapter Of the Dignitie and Necessity of Learning in Princes and Nobilitie. "Rome," he tells us, "saw her best under most learned kings and emperors, as Numa, Augustus, Titus Antoninus, Constantine, Theodosius, and some others. Plutar.

furnishes us with a reason for this : " Learning reformeth the life and manners, and affordeth the wholesomest advice for the government of a commonwealth."

Peacham, in short, is only concerned with the education of princes and the nobility, for in his view it is incumbent on them to be educated, while no such necessity is present for the lower classes of the community.

It is interesting to see how even with such a restricted sphere of action Peacham recognises that the most crucial point in good education is to get good masters. " For one discreet and able teacher," says he, " you shall find twenty ignorant and careless, who (among so many fertile and delicate wits as England affordeth) whenever they make one scholar they mar ten."

Peacham has not left us without his analysis of the reasons for this incompetency of the teachers, and they are sufficiently interesting to give in detail.

First, as we should say, the teacher does not study the individuality of his pupil. In his words, " The master never laboureth to try the strength of every capacity by itself, which (as that Lesbian stone Aristotle speaketh of) must have the rule fitted to it, not that brought to the rule ; for as the self-same medicines have several operations, according to the complexions they work upon ; so one and the self-same method agreeth not with all alike : some are quick of capacity and most apprehensive, others of as dull ; some of a strong memory, others of as weak ; yet may that dullard or bad memory (if he be observed) prove as good, yea (in Aristotle's opinion) better than of the other. But we see, on the contrary, out of the master's carterly judgment, like horses in a team, they are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the school, *αυτοειζαυτοι* (which he culls out to admiration if strangers come, as a costardmonger his fairest pippins), like fleet hounds go away with the game, when the rest need helping over a stile a mile behind : hence being either quite discouraged in themselves or taken away by their friends (who for the most part measure their learning by the form they sit at), they take leave of their books while they live."

The second great error of contemporary schoolmasters, Peacham describes as " indiscretion in correction." Boys, we are told, of a free and generous spirit were pulled by the ears, lashed over the face, beaten about the head with the great end of the rod, smitten upon the lips for every slight offence with the *Ferula* (not offered to their father's scullions at home) by these *Ajaces flagelliferi* ; fitter far to

keep bears (for they thrive and are the fatter for beating, saith Pliny) than to have the charge of nobles and gentlemen! Erasmus, Vives, and Ascham had pointed out that more could be accomplished by putting on a father's affection towards a pupil (*patris in illum induendo affectum*). With this Peacham thoroughly agrees.

A third error is over-strictness. Some schools, we are told, began before six o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock or past, and so likewise in the afternoon. The practice of spending such an intolerable portion of the day at books can but lead to hatred of the work and to dulness of wit. Moreover, it is generally to be considered whether the pupil's constant reading and memorising is educative. The blind learn by hearing. May it not be that conversation with the learned would be better than reading?

There is a fourth error, on the other side, in lack of discipline, in "not holding in the boys at all." "Every day is play-day with them, bestowing the summer in seeking birds'-nests or haunting orchards; the winter in keeping at home for cold, or abroad all day with the bow or the birding-piece."

But in addition to these four classes of errors, and that of the gross ignorance and insufficiency of many, there are individual "diseases" of humour and folly. Altogether, therefore, "it comes to pass that in many places, especially in Italy, of all professions that of Pedanteria is held in basest repute, the schoolmaster almost in every comedy being brought upon the stage to parallel the Zam or Pantaloon. He made us good sport in that excellent comedy of "Pedantius,"¹ acted in our Trinity College in Cambridge, and, if I be not deceived, in "Priscianus Vapulans," and many of our English plays.

As illustrations of the "humours" which lead to defects in teachers, Peacham tells of one "who in winter would ordinarily, on a cold morning, whip his boys over for no other purpose than to get himself a heat; another beat them for swearing, and all the while swears himself with horrible oaths. He would forgive any fault saving that."

Another instance is that of the schoolmaster near St. Albans, who would never teach any pupil farther than his father had learned before him. If the father had only learned to merely read English,

¹ *Pedantius* has been credited to Thomas Beard, Cromwell's schoolmaster, but Fleay states that it is ascribed by Nash to M. Wingfield. As to the *Priscianus Vapulans*, I find no reference to it, but Fleay gives a list of nearly ninety University plays in Latin, produced before 1642. (*Biogr. Chronicle of English Drama*, vol. ii. p. 401.)

then, if the boy stayed with him for seven years, he must learn no further. "His reason was, they would then prove saucy rogues and control their fathers."

On the vexed subject of Latin grammars and method in learning Latin, the following passage in the main gives Peacham's views, and at the same time brings out interesting criticism of contemporaneous practice:—

"Some teaching privately use a grammar of their own making; some again, none at all; the most, Lilly's, but preposterously posted over, that the boy is in his quantity of syllables before he knoweth the quality of any one part of speech; for he profiteth no more than he mastereth by his understanding. Nor is it my meaning that I would all masters to be tied to one method, no more than all the shires of England to come up to London by one highway; there may be many equally alike good. And since method, as one saith, is but *ἰδιωματισμὸς*, let every master, if he can, by pulling up rules and hedges make a more near and private way to himself, and in God's name say with the divinest of poets:—

deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, iuvat ire iugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo. *Georgics*, lili.

But instead of many good they have infinite bad, and go stumbling from the right as if they went blindfold for a wage. Hence cometh the shifting of the scholar from master to master, who poor boy (like a hound among a company of ignorant hunters holloaing every deer they see), misseeth the right, begetteth himself new labour, and at last by one of skill, but well rated or beaten for his pains. They cannot commonly err, if they shall imitate, the builder, first to provide the scholar with matter, then cast to lay a good foundation; I mean a solid understanding of the grammar, every rule made familiar and fast by short and pleasant examples; let him bring his matter into form, and by little and little raise the frame of a strong and well-knit style both in writing and speaking; and what doth harm in all other building is here most profitable and needful, that is, translation. For I know nothing that benefiteth a scholar more than that—first by translating out of Latin into English which laid by for some time, let him translate out of English into Latin again, varying as oft as he can both his words and phrases. Dosetus, who hath gathered all the phrases of Tully into one volume. Manutius, Erasmus's '*Copia*,' and Drax's '*Callipæa*,' with others, will help him much at the first; let him after by his own reading engraft

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his understanding and learn *haurire ex ipsis fontibus*, next exercise himself in themes and declamation if he be able. The old method of teaching grammar, saith Suetonius, was disputation in the forenoon and declamation in the afternoon—but thus I leave to the discretion of the judicious master."

Peacham laments the insufficiency of knowledge of so many masters in grammar, rhetoric, astronomy, and in natural and moral philosophy, but he does not wish to attack any worthy schoolmaster. "I inveigh," says he, "against the pitiful abuse of our nations by such, who, by their ignorance and negligence, deceive the Church and commonwealth of serviceable members, parents of their money, poor children of their time, esteem in the world, and, perhaps, means of living all their lives after."

Peacham well understands that in the bringing up of children the parents cannot relegate all their responsibility to the teachers. In the marring of children "fond and foolish parents have oft as deep a share in this precious spoil." There is, of course, cockering and apish indulgence on the one hand, and on the other the hardening process of the Spartans, or as Horace puts it:—

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat, et Parthos feroces
Veact eques metuendus hasta,
Vitamque sub diva et trepidis agit
In rebus.

With the utmost candour, Peacham describes parents as readily as teachers. And here is the contemporary picture:—"Nowadays, parents either give their children no education at all (thinking their birth or estate will bear that out), or, if any, it leaveth so slender an impression in them that, like their names cut out upon a tree, it is overgrown with the old bark by the next summer. Besides, such is the most base and ridiculous parsimony of many of our gentlemen (if I may so term them), that if they can procure some poor bachelor of art from the university to teach their children, say grace, and serve the cure of an impropriation, who, wanting means and friends, will be content upon the promise of ten pounds a year at his first coming, to be pleased with five; the rest to be set off in hope of the next advowson (which, perhaps, was sold before the young man was born). Or if it chance to fall in his time, his lady or master tells him: Indeed, sir, we are beholden unto you for your pains, such a living is lately fallen, but I had before made a promise of it to my butler bailiff, for his true and extraordinary service; when, the truth is

had bestowed it upon himself for four-score or an hundred pieces, which, indeed, his man two days before had fast hold of but could not keep. It is not commonly seen that the most gentlemen will give better wages and deal more bountifully with a fellow who can but teach a dog or reclaim an hawk than upon an honest, learned, and well-qualified man to bring up their children. It may be, hence it is that dogs are able to make syllogisms in the fields, when their young masters can conclude nothing at home, if occasion of argument or discourse be offered at the table."

Parents so often consider neither the nature of youth nor the effect of time. Hence the misjudging which sends the wrong children, or the right children at the wrong time, to serve as pages at Court, or to see fashions in France and Italy. Or again, parents by forcing children into fixed courses without consulting their bent or against the very genius of their children. "It is a principal point of discretion in parents to be thoroughly acquainted with and observe the disposition and inclination of their children, and, indeed, for every man to search into the addition of his genius and not to wrest Nature, as musicians say, out of her key."

Parents, too, seemed to Peacham to have lost the willingness which of old they had, to instruct and read to their children. He tells how Octavius Augustus Cæsar read the works of Cicero and Virgil to his children and nephews himself. Anna, the daughter of Alexis, the Grecian Emperor, was so instructed as to be able to write a history of the Church. Amilius Paulus the younger taught his own children Latin and Greek. Later, the three daughters of Sir Thomas More were "held to their book" to the admiration of Erasmus. So, too, the learned daughters of Sir Antony Coke were made skilful at home in Latin and Greek.

Peacham, lastly, points out that the errors in education may of course be due to the scholar himself. For what son could have a better chance than the son of Marcus Tullius Cicero? And yet what son turned out worse? On the other hand, some sons have it in them to learn, even without a master. We know nothing of Virgil's master. St. Augustine learned Aristotle's Categories by himself. Bede was self-taught. Joseph Scaliger was not university-trained. But for such there is no rule.

When the student goes to the university, Peacham would have him well consider the importance of forming right and helpful acquaintances. If these are chosen rightly they become a living and moving library! He sees clearly that in conference and converse lies the great charm of university life. In considering the subjects

of study Peacham lays great stress on the learning of history. In this connection must be mentioned his emphasis on studying the history of our own country. He says:—"But while I wander in foreign history let me warn you, *ne sis peregrinus domi*, that you be not a stranger in the history of your own country, which is a common fault imputed to our English travellers in foreign countries; who, curious in the observation and search of the most memorable things and monuments of other places, can say (as a great peer of France told me) nothing of their own country of England, being no whit inferior to any other in the world for matter of antiquity and rarities of every kind worthy of remark and admiration. Herein I must worthily and onely prefer unto you the glory of our nation, M. Camden, as well for his judgment and diligence, as the purity and sweet fluence of his Latin style, and with him the rising star of good letters and antiquity, Mr. John Selden, of the Inner Temple." Whilst Peacham thus recommends the study of English historians, he points out that Giraldus, Geoffrey Higden, Ranulph of Chester, Walsingham did "*cum saculo cacutire*," and as for Polydore Vergil, he wrote nothing well save the Life of Henry VII, whilst he burned and embezzled the best and most ancient records, so that his own history "might pass for current."

But even still more interesting is Peacham's insistence on speaking and writing our own language "properly and eloquently." He says: "I have known even excellent scholars so defective this way, that when they had been beating their brains twenty, or four-and-twenty years about Greek etymologies or the Hebrew roots and Rabbins, could neither write true English nor true orthography; and to have heard them discourse in public or privately at a table you would have thought you had heard Loy talking to his pigs, or John de Indagine declaiming in the praise of wild geese; otherwise, for their judgment in the arts and other tongues very sufficient."

The directions which Peacham gives for the study of English literature and composition are very clear and very instructive, and as they have been overlooked, I give them in full. "To help yourself herein" (*i.e.* to speak and write good English), says Peacham, "make choice of those authors in prose who speak the best and purest English. I would commend unto you (though from mere antiquity) the 'Life of Richard III.' written by Sir Thomas More; the 'Arcadia' of the noble Sir Philip Sidney, whom Du Bartas makes one of the four columns of our language; the 'Essays and Other Pieces' of the excellent master of eloquence, my lord of St. Albans, wth not only eloquence but all good learning as here

and mother. You have then M. Hooker's 'Polity'; 'Henry IV,' well written by Sir John Hayward; that first part of 'Our English Kings,' by M. Samuel Daniel. There are many others I know, but these will taste you best, as proceeding from no vulgar judgments. the last Earl of Northampton, in his ordinary style, was not to be mended. Procure, then, if you may, the speeches made in Parliaments, frequent learned sermons, in term time resort to the Star Chamber, and be present at the pleadings in other public courts, whereby you shall better your speech, enrich your understanding, and get more experience in one month than in other four by keeping your melancholy study and by solitary meditation."

When Peacham deals with Poetry, he especially desires the study of Latin classical poets, and then later writers of Latin verse. But he also advocates the English poets as a subject of study. This is what he says of Chaucer: "Of English poets of our own nation esteem Sir Geoffrey Chaucer the father; although the style for the antiquity may distaste you, yet as under a bitter and rough rind there lieth a delicate kernell of conceit and sweet invention. Want examples, similitudes, times, places, and above all, persons, with their speeches and attributes, do as in his 'Canterbury Tales' (like those threads of gold, the rich arras), beautify his work quite thorough. And albeit divers of his works are but merely translations out of Latin and French, yet he hath handled them so artificially that thereby he hath made them his own, as his 'Troilus and Cressida.' The 'Romant of the Rose' was the invention of Jehan de Mevius, a French poet, whereof he translated but only the one half, his 'Canterbury Tales' without question were his own invention, all circumstances being wholly English. He was a good divine, and saw in those times without his spectacles, as may appear by the 'Ploughman' and the 'Parson's Tale'; withal an excellent mathematician as plainly appeareth by his discourse of the Astrolabe to his little son Lewis. In brief, we count him among the best of your English books in your library."

Other English writers whom Peacham chooses out for reading are Cower, Lydgate, Harding,¹ Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sternhold, John Heywood, Sir Thomas More, Phaer, Golding. Of the writers in the golden age of Queen Elizabeth Peacham's choice falls as follows: "To omit Her Majesty, who had a singular gift herein, were Edward Earl of Oxford, the Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget, our Phoenix, the noble Sir Philip Sidney, Mr. Edwin

¹ Then followed Skelton—a "poet laureate for what desert I could not hear," says Peacham.

Dyer, Mr. Edmund Spenser, Mr. Samuel Davies, with sundry others, whom (together with those admirable wits yet living and so well known), not out of envy but to avoid tediousness, I overpass. This much of poetry."

Peacham gives an account of the studies of cosmography, the survey of the earth, geometry, music, of armoury or blazing arms; and has further chapters on reputation and courage, and on travel. But more significant than these chapters in the history of education is the chapter on drawing, limning, and painting. It is true that Sir Thomas Elyot in the "Governour" had pointed out the educational importance of drawing; but although Peacham cannot claim to be the first English writer on the subject, he deserves credit as insisting on the value of the subject to the "Compleat Gentleman."

Drawing was not looked upon with favour as a school subject, and Peacham's own experience of this is too interesting to omit. "From a child I have been addicted to the practice (of drawing); yet when I was young, I have been cruelly beaten by ill and ignorant school-masters, when I have been taking, in white and black, the countenance of some one or other (which I could do at thirteen and fourteen years of age, beside the map of any town according to geometrical proportion, as I did of Cambridge when I was of Trinity College and a junior sophister), yet *could they never beat it out of me*. I remember one master I had (and yet living not far from St. Albans) took me one time drawing out with my pen that pear tree and boys throwing at it, at the end of the Latin Grammar, which he perceiving, in a rage struck me with the great end of the rod and rent my paper, swearing it was the onely way to teach me to rob orchards; beside, that I was placed with him to be made a scholar and not a painter, which I was very likely to do, when I well remember he construed unto me the beginning of the first Ode in Horace—*edite set ye forth, Mæneas the sports, atavis regibus*, of our ancient kings." Lastly, Peacham was not likely to go far astray in writing "of exercise of the body." He had no need to go back to the ancients, for he might have gained illustration and argument from Sir Thomas Elyot and Mulcaster in England. Curiously to say he does not appear to mention those writers.

It is not, I believe, customary to include Peacham's name in the history of education. Yet I think I have shown that his views of education are not unworthy of being considered. He points out some of the errors of his time (extending our fears into many times beyond his own) in both teachers and parents. He recognises that education is much more than a matter of book-learning. He is a

lover of his own language, and sees the suitability of English literature and of English history as objects of study. He includes in his curriculum drawing and painting, and requires attention to physical education. These reasons are sufficient for securing to Peacham place as a writer on education. It is true that the title of his book at first sight perhaps seems irrelevant to education. But considered more closely, it must be admitted that a writer setting out to discuss what is contained in the educational equipment of a complete gentleman, is, on the whole, more likely to suggest all-round proportionate training, far more consistent with the true interests of education than the mere schoolroom autocrat, whose vision was so narrowly narrowed to book-learning and academic scholarship founded on which still (in 1622) stuck in the grooves of the mediæval trivium and quadrivium. Moreover, it may be added that Peacham had himself been master of the Free School at Wymondham. He appears to have disliked the profession, for his accomplishments were too numerous to be enclosed in the narrow round of the school-work of the day. But for this very reason he was the more competent to write on the education of the "Compleat Gentleman"—and this idea, more than the production of the specialist scholar, is from the point of view of educational history of great value and significance.

FOSTER WATSON

TABLE TALK.

JOHN AUBREY THE ANTIQUARY.¹

KNOwn as is John Aubrey as an antiquary, a gossip, and a painter of manners, the world has had to wait a couple of centuries for a complete, or what must be accepted as a complete, edition of his "*Brief Lives*." These are now, however, issued from the MSS, which have long been known to scholars, under the editorship of Dr. Andrew Clark, in what may be assumed to be their definite form. Much of the matter now printed has been previously more or less accessible, less perhaps, rather than more, in "*Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*," &c., two volumes in three in 1813, a work scarce as well as incomplete. These lives, originally designed for the use of Anthony à Wood when engaged upon his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," have been freely consulted by subsequent biographers. They are left in an almost hopeless condition, with lacunæ to be subsequently filled up, and furnish curious proof of the want of system or order in the writer's mind. No additions or rectifications would convert them into a trustworthy or an important biographical dictionary. They are, however, invaluable for the life-like touches they present from Aubrey's personal recollections, or from the information he received from friends of the deceased.

AUBREY'S "*BRIEF LIVES*."

THERE is, however, another respect in which these "*Brief Lives*" constitute a precious possession. As a collection of anecdote and gossip, and as a picture of the life of Restoration times, they come immediately after the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn. The pictures are not seldom splendid. Take this, for instance, of Sir John Birkenhead, who, after the Restoration, was "*burghes of Parliament*" at Wilton, in Wiltshire; was Master of the Faculties, and afterwards "*one of the Masters of Requests*." "He was exceedingly confident, witty; not very gratefull to I

¹ Oxford: Clarendon Press.

factors; would lye damnably. He was of middling stature, great goggl eies, not of a sweet aspect." Almost all the amusing stories current concerning Sir William D'Avenant, notoriously his claim to be a son of Shakespeare, rest upon the authority of Aubrey, who, in his life of this worthy, tells from the lips of D'Avenant the sad account of the murder by a servant of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. One paragraph concerning Shakespeare and D'Avenant is crossed out, which may account for its non-appearance in lives of Shakespeare: "I have heard parson Robert [D'Avenant] say that Mr W. Shakespeare haz given him a hundred kisses." Here, too, first appears the story how D'Avenant, having set free two aldermen of York, his prisoners in the Civil War, owed to their intercession his escape from death when on board a French ship in his notable attempted exploit of carrying French weavers to colonise Virginia.

A STRANGE STORY OF AUBREY REPEATED IN MODERN DAYS.

IN an account of Thomas Triplett, a schoolmaster at Hayes, Surrey, Aubrey tells a story too long for quotation concerning a friend of his, George Ent, a son of Sir George Ent. The youth in question sent another with a request for some honey which Triplett was consuming. After giving the applicant a cuff, Triplett asked and was told who had sent him, whereupon "the enraged doctor flies out of his study (he was a very strong man), gives poor George a kick in the breech, and made him fly down a flight of 7 or 8 staires to the landing-place, where his head first came to. He was stunn'd, but 'twas well his neck was not broken. 'Twas a most cruel and inhuman act to use a poor child so." It is some consolation to hear that the father came and withdrew his son, and that the school was almost broken up in consequence of the proceedings taken. I have a special reason for mentioning this, since, incredible as it may seem, I personally witnessed the same punishment inflicted for a trivial offence upon a boy by a certain schoolmaster. The only excuse for the man—if I can call him such—was that he was then on the verge, which was soon to be passed, of madness.

Seventeenth-century literature supplies us with few books more quaint, curious, and readable than this. In some few cases Dr. Clark has been compelled to omit ultra-vivacities, coarsenesses, and obscenities less characteristic of Aubrey than of the age. We have now, however, got in an acceptable form as much of the "Brief Lives" and comments thereon from the letters of Aubrey as the greediest can desire.

THE ENEMIES OF BIRDS.

BIRDS are confessedly the prettiest and in many respects the most interesting objects in the animal creation. The beauty of their form and flight and the rapture of their song have been from the earliest time the chief delight of all peoples raised above the lowest barbarism. Yet the warfare constantly waged against them has already seriously reduced their numbers, and threatens many species with extermination. I am wearying in my crusade against the "naturalist," the worst and most wanton offender of all, who stalks down every strange and lovely visitor to our shores for the purpose of killing it and adding it, Heaven save the mark, to his collection! On the whole, I prefer to this heartless savage the frank ignorance and brutality of the cockney sportsman, who goes out in a boat to shoot the breeding sea-fowl, though their flesh is but carrion and the destruction is as purposeless as it is base. I have not ceased, and may not cease, to protest against the massacre of the birds of most brilliant plumage, that their feathers, or even their carcasses, may add to the armoury of beauty. The majority of women are, alas! at once unteachable and uncompassionate, and words of supplication or protest addressed to them are but wasted breath. All honour to the minority who lead the missionary enterprise against so lamentable slaughter. They are few, however, in number, too few to save from a merited fate the new cities of the plain. They know, too, that their own sex cannot be reached, and that from the highest to the lowest in the land their hearts, when any matter of personal adornment comes into question, are as hard as "the nether millstone."

DESTRUCTION OF BIRD LIFE.

SOLICITATION to women being, as has been said, mere waste, let me try if man is more easy to be reached. It is known that among the Latin races no beauty of plumage, no witchery of song, will save a bird that when cooked will make half a mouthful. In this respect destructiveness or greediness, I know not which, appears to be in the blood. I have no means of access to Italian peasants. I have spoken, however, to cultivated and artistic Italian gentlemen, and have lost my time. "Yes," said one, a man of brilliant name and abilities, with an amiable but half-hearted assent, "yes, very sad, no doubt, but," smacking his lips, "they are delicious." In certain seasons long strings of larks may be seen in the poulterers' shops. A score of these at a private feast, or some hundreds at a public banquet, will supply each guest with, let me say, a couple of

mouthfuls. Let me grant, though only for the sake of argument, that the morsels are tasteful and succulent; what a price have we not to pay that a jaded appetite may be stimulated by a dish in which the sauce is almost everything and the meat itself next to nothing! One would have thought that the song of the skylark was sweet enough, divine enough, to save the vocalist from its fate. "I have never heard," says Shelley,

Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Such is, however, the consumption of larks as food, that the number in the land is perceptibly diminishing. It will be a bad day for England, yet it seems to be approaching, when the lark will be as rare in English meadows as is the buffalo on American prairies. Meanwhile, as if these sources of destruction were not enough, the poulterers use the carcasses of birds, which serve no edible purpose, as decorations for shops, and strings of lovely jays, and even of woodpeckers—now one of the scarcest of birds—are hung up in shops as ornaments. The jay has no friends, and has foes enough in gamekeepers to run a risk of destruction without this absurd and loathsome exhibition. A decoration of the kind mentioned strikes me as worthy only of Benin.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1898.

*THE RESTORATION OF AUNT
ELIZA.*

BY KATHARINE SILVESTER.

For this my son was dead and is alive again ;
He was lost and is found !

"**S**HALL I light the lamp, Miss Eliza ?"
"Not yet, thank you, Ellen. I will ring when it gets darker,"
and Miss Eliza turned to the window as she spoke to hide her
trembling lips from Ellen's gaze. She prayed the servant had not
noticed the quiver in her voice.

The house faced one of the great Bloomsbury squares, and on
the pavement and in the road children, tempted from the neigh-
bouring side streets and alleys by the trees and greenness, screamed
shrilly as they whipped tops and twirled skipping-ropes, fain to be
content, poor little Pans ! to disport themselves outside the gates of
paradise. The air was filled with the vague delight of summer
evenings. From a distant street corner came the strains of a piano
organ, the music, softened by distance, sounding ineffably sad.

Long after Ellen had left the room Eliza still stood by the window,
her hands tightly clasped in front of her, looking into the street with
unseeing eyes, into which as she gazed there seemed to spring a look
of fear. A thing she had long waited for in dread was close upon
her, and her spirit shrank and her flesh crept, as though through the
years she had not watched its coming, and tried to train herself to
meet it, smiling and resigned. Now her doom had been spoken and
there was no room for hope.

At breakfast that morning her brother had appeared with un-
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wonted punctuality, and had eagerly sought among his letters for a small one, sealed with a black seal, and addressed in the straight childish hand of modern womanhood. He had glanced furtively over his glasses at his sister sitting opposite, and a faint blush had overspread his face as their eyes met. As he had torn open the envelope the air had become filled with a faint scent of violets, as grateful to Eliza as incense to a Puritan. Neither had spoken, but Eliza's hand had shaken as she poured out the coffee.

Of course there could be no doubt about it any longer—those frequent visits to Wimbledon, the instinct that had made her hate and fear them had been a true one. Yet it was right and natural and proper for her brother to end his widowerhood, and begin a new chapter of life with youth in it and the love of woman. She had striven, and always with a sense of failure, to fill the gap in his life and household. His maternal needs had been the object of her almost religious care. Undisturbed by any fault or omission on the part of the servants which affected her only, she would blaze out into mild wrath at a crumpled roseleaf where his comfort was concerned. The scraps of news and gossip heard during the day would be carefully treasured up and fired off one by one to light up the silences of the evening meal. On the rare occasions when they went into society together she would watch with trembling his relations to unmarried women; but, baring as it were her neck to the knife, she would always contrive to flutter up to any lady whom her king had delighted to honour, and offer a trembling tribute of talk and friendliness. Sometimes she would crown the sacrifice by an invitation to lunch or dinner, with a sight of little Anthony as *pièce de résistance*. Little Anthony! In his small body were bound up her chief hopes and fears. She had many times lain awake through the night tossing in agony at thought of a possible parting, at giving over the care of him into indifferent hands. All the deep, strong maternity of her nature flowed round and about the little boy who had been her charge from babyhood. She had early dispensed with the services of a nurse—the last one had given notice, on the ground that her post was a sinecure—taking upon herself all the duties of bathing and dressing, which she went through as though performing some sacred rite. She herself made his clothes—strange little suits of many colours, carved out of her old-maiden fancy. She conned over night the lessons she gave him in the morning, and read educational papers and attended educational meetings in the hope of finding a royal road to the three Rs for her boy to travel in her company. Never since the days of little George Osborne had

child been bred in such an atmosphere of devotion and service. And he gave her back good measure of love in return.

And on the morning of this day she had felt that the haunting shadow of her heart's love was close upon her—was taking shape and solidity—on her quivering flesh fell its icy breath with its sickening odour of violets.

While the brother and sister had been sitting at their silent breakfast on the morning in question, little Anthony had rushed into the room with his accustomed noisy greeting, and had drawn up a chair to the table, his red mouth agape for any delicacy which might be offered him. He was a pretty child with long old-fashioned curls falling on either side his delicate cheeks. To-day his father had looked at him critically as he prattled away with the *abandon* of an adored only child.

"Eliza," had said her brother suddenly in a voice that sounded harsh in her sensitive ears, "that boy's manners want looking to. He is too great a chatterbox. And—and I don't like the way you dress him. Take him to Swears & Wells and make him look like other children." Then, avoiding her startled eyes, he had added hastily, as he folded up his newspaper and rose to leave the room: "I may be home early this afternoon, and perhaps I may bring a friend—a lady—in with me. Don't let Anthony go out for his walk; he can play in the square, and I should be obliged if you also would remain at home to receive us." Eliza had bowed her head in silence—she had received her sentence of dismissal.

All the morning her misery had hung about her like a cloud. It had seemed to her as if the secret had got abroad among her household, and that the servants had only paid perfunctory attention to her orders. She had lost her basket of keys early in the day, and without this badge of office she had felt as powerless and as insignificant as a policeman without his truncheon. Even little Anthony had been naughty and rebellious.

The early dinner over, she had felt as a criminal might feel who, having eaten a last meal, had nothing more to look forward to in life but death. Little Anthony had been tearfully forgiven, and taken up to be attired in his best frock and hat. When the child asked her the meaning of these proceedings, she had thought of Abraham being questioned by little Isaac on their journey to the place appointed for the sacrifice. His toilet over and himself despatched to play in the square, according to orders, Eliza had dressed herself with shaking fingers in her flowered silk of state, and had gone down into the drawing-room, there to await the dreaded visit. At least there was

nothing of novelty about her present sensations—she had been through the whole thing so often in her dreams and waking thoughts. Now she sat stiffly upright on one of the high-backed chairs, making no pretence at occupation, straining her ears for the terrible bell which was to ring the knell of her old life.

It had come at last, and the sound had driven the colour from her face and had made her heart beat wildly. She had risen, mechanically steadying herself by the back of her chair, her face, with pale lips parted, turned to the door. First had come her brother's footstep, then a soft silken rustle and an odour of violets, and the room became filled with a golden-haired presence and the musical notes of a girlish voice. It had been as if her brother were speaking to her in a dream. "Eliza—this lady is Eleanor—Miss Vivian—she is going to be my wife." Eliza, still in her dream, had held out a rigid hand, but the presence had bent over her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "We are going to be sisters," she had laughed softly. "I hope we shall like one another very much. Augustine has told me ever so many nice things about you!" and she had given an arch look at her affianced lover, who had stood, silent and nervous, watching the meeting. Then she had put up a long eye-glass and had looked critically around. "What a capital room this is," she burst forth again. "But the furniture and pictures are so Early Victorian. Ugh! That engraving of the 'Sailors Return,' it reminds me of a Brighton lodging-house where I was sent as a child to convalesce after measles. Beneath it by the wall was a little table with a knitted cover and wax flowers under a glass shade. And that gilt clock with the pendants! I believe if I lived in a room with them I should take to wearing a crinoline and playing on a blue ribboned guitar! 'Mais nous allons changer tout cela!' I saw a perfectly lovely overmantel in Bond Street this morning."

All this time Eliza had stood, as at first, with one hand on the back of her chair, but an angry flush had risen to her cheek as she listened to the slighting criticism of objects whose beauty and fitness she had always held beyond question. She had been astonished that her brother had seemed in no wise offended, but had laughed at the sallies of his lady-love, and had told her the room and the whole house were hers to do with as she chose. "But what a heartless stepmother I am!" she again called out. "I have not even asked after little Anthony. Can he not be produced at once? I am really dying to see him."

Then Eliza had rung the bell for the servant to call him in from

the square, and, a few minutes later, he had come bounding up the stairs into the room. The unexpected sight of his father and of the strange lady had brought him to a sudden stop, and he had stood a minute, the doorway framing the quaintly clad little figure, staring in blue-eyed wonder. Neither the brother nor the sister had spoken. Eliza's own consciousness of suffering had been lost in an intensity of watching. For the minute she had been the mere spectator of the development of a dramatic situation. She had seen her boy's look of surprise change into one of delight as the stranger smiled and held out her arms. Then he had made a rush at her and had held up his face to be kissed, and she had taken him on her lap, and had laughed her low musical laugh in response to his. "I have never seen you before," he had said. "But you are like the picture of the queen in my fairy-book. Will you tell me who you are?" Eleanor had given an arch look of entreaty at the child's father, who had stood twining his whiskers and looking with delight at the two making friends. He had crossed the room to them and had laid one hand on her shoulders. "This lady is Mother Nelly, Anthony. She is coming one day to stay with us always. Does not that make you very happy?" At this the little boy had jumped off her knee and had danced about and clapped his hands. "Mother Nelly! Mother Nelly! The beautiful queen is coming out of my book, and is going to live in my house with me!" "What a dear he is," Eleanor had exclaimed, turning to his father. "He'll look sweet in kilts, with his hair cropped French fashion. Those long curls of his are as Early Victorian as the chairs and tables. I shall love taking him with me to pay afternoon calls!"

Eliza, who had stood all this while apart, had seemed to feel already a cold wind of parting blowing between her and them. At the last words a wave of wrathful indignation had passed over her. Her boy's curls to be sacrificed, and he to be trotted about and made a drawing-room puppet, breathing an atmosphere of gossip and folly! The entrance of the servant with the tea, her face twinkling with suppressed curiosity, had produced a diversion in the current of her thoughts. She had poured out tea and had handed tea-cake with something akin to cheerful hospitality; only when Miss Vivian, calling Anthony to her, had begun to feed him with buttered muffin, she had burst out in almost fierce remonstrance: "Please do not give him food of that kind! He is not used to it, and it is bad for him!" Eleanor had lifted surprised eyebrows, little Anthony pouted rebellion, and Augustine had frowned disapproval at sister's interference. She had felt that the battle between

her boy had begun and that she had already been worsted. There had ensued an awkward silence and then Eleanor had risen.

"We must be going now, Miss Eliza," she had said, her voice more tuneful than ever. "I shall often be running in to see you and Anthony before——" and she had given an arch look at Anthony's father. Then she had bent down and had kissed the little boy, and he had clung to her and had begged her to stay. Next she had turned to Eliza and kissed her cool unresponsive cheek, and they had gone together from the house, leaving her alone with her despair.

It was difficult for Eliza on that first evening of her sorrows to realise that all these things had taken place within the last few hours.

Long after the servants had gone to bed she stood by the window trying to adjust her mental attitude to the new conditions. Little Anthony's unfeigned joy at the prospect of the coming change, while it tore her heart, yet helped her to see her way clear. Though she should die of the pain of parting with her treasure, she knew she must leave her old home when the new wife came. Oh! she could never stand by and be silent while another laid down to her darling a law that was not hers, praising perhaps what she would blame, and blaming that which she might hold harmless. She could not be content to accept a mere share of the love and allegiance that had been wholly hers, to be conscious perhaps of a total transference of his affection from herself to the young stepmother. It would be a renewal of the eternal conflict between crabbed age and youth, and she had no heart to take up the struggle. What had she but her love and her tears to oppose to beauty and bright laughter, and the childish passion for change?

This was a terrible thing—to have all the feelings of maternity and none of its rights. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord my God, Who hast not made me a woman!" She had been shocked once by hearing that this blessing was to be found in the daily ritual of an alien creed—the words occurred to her now, and she acknowledged their bitter significance.

If Time trotted hard with her brother's future wife, as it should with a maid between contract and marriage, it galloped with Eliza, and the last days of her rule found her as miserable and unresigned as when the first shock of her calamity was upon her. In spite of her promise at their first meeting, Eliza had seen very little of her future sister-in-law, who she had heard was occupied in rushing about from one end of London to another after wedding clothes and art

furniture. On two or three occasions large expensive boxes of rich sweets had been sent for Anthony, which his aunt, much to his indignation, had confiscated with scarcely concealed anger. Once a present had arrived for herself—a scent case with beautifully cut bottles filled with a delicate perfume, which Eliza had deliberately emptied away, sending out for a disinfectant to remove all trace of the odour.

Workmen and furniture-dealers came in and out the house all day, and changes were made in the arrangement of the rooms. Eliza hated it all bitterly, and generally contrived to be out during her future sister-in-law's hurried visits of superintendence. But Anthony was delighted. A smart new nursery fitted with a swing and gymnastic apparatus was prepared for him at the top of the house, and a French *bonne* was engaged for his service.

In these last preparations Eliza only saw further cause for distress. Had not the old house been her boy's undisputed kingdom—all the household his devoted subjects? And now he was to be shut up in a top room, with a questionable foreigner, a gaoler disguised in a white cap and apron—perhaps only allowed out at stated times. It irritated her that the boy did not realise that the coming changes would deal a blow at his childish liberty. On the contrary, though he wept at intervals at the thought of parting with her, he openly counted the days till father and "Mother Nelly" should come home from the wedding-journey and the new rule should begin.

It arrived at last—the home-coming of the pair with great foreign many-labelled trunks, and shrieks of delight from Anthony in the hall. That same evening Eliza's own box-laden cab stood waiting at the door, destined to carry her to the new little home she had made for herself in a distant suburb. She went up to say a last good bye to little Anthony lying in his bed, and hugging his new toy from Paris.

"Oh, auntie dear!" he cried, sitting up and clinging to her. "Your tears are dropping on my face! Don't cry, dear! You may come and see me every day—not to-morrow, though. I shall want to be all the time helping Mother Nelly unpack her boxes and arrange things—but come the next day and the next."

Eliza had no voice to answer him, but, gently disengaging herself from the little clasping hands, she hurried downstairs past the open dining-room door, whence came a sound of low laughter, and not trusting herself to further speech she jumped into her cab and drove away.

Days and weeks passed and brought no comfort to Eliza in

new home. The house was a pretty little villa in the neighbourhood of Putney, and she had furnished it chiefly with the things that had been turned out in disgrace from her brother's house. She had plenty to do in helping the one little maid to keep the place in order, but, unlike some women, she found no compensation for the loss of human love in polishing brasses and tending chairs and tables.

From visits to her old home she returned more heart-stricken than ever. Anthony welcomed her, indeed, with kisses and shouts of joy, but she found her presence soon ceased to satisfy and interest him. "Mother Nelly" was in the drawing-room, and she had promised to show him her album, or she was just going to take him for a drive in the trim little victoria in which, with childish snob-bishness, he took infinite pride. She would find smart, stranger children playing with him in his nursery—little Pharaohs who knew not Joseph—who looked at her with cold, curious eyes. She detested his shrill voiced French nurse, his cropped head and broad-collared suits from Paris. There was no doubt about the child's content with the new order of things, but that she could no longer minister to his happiness deprived her life of all meaning. Her visits to her boy became rarer and rarer, though the thought of his lost love was ever with her, adding a crown to her sorrow.

Time went on and a baby arrived in the household at Bloomsbury. At first Anthony's joy and excitement knew no bounds. Then, later, it seemed to Eliza that her little boy was more subdued than before. Neither did he look as smart and spruce as he used, and, on the days when he expected her, she would find him standing by the nursery window waiting for her coming. Once, when he had been sitting on her knee, he had had an unaccountable fit of crying, and, when she had risen to leave, had clung to her and begged her not to go. Her visits now were rarely disturbed by his having to keep appointments with "Mother Nelly," nor was he ever sent for to the drawing room, to be shown to callers as in the early days. Their interviews usually took place in the nursery, where they had to whisper their talks, so as not to disturb the eternal slumbers of the baby. The baby was guarded by an ill tempered nurse who seemed to regard the little boy as its natural enemy; and Eliza saw that, ready as he was to love and cherish it, he was not able to find much solace in its company.

On one occasion the baby had woke up when the nurse was absent from the room, and Eliza had lifted the crying little thing out of its cradle, and had walked about with it till it was pacified. Anthony had watched her in delight. It seemed more his baby now

that it was in Aunt Eliza's arms. She had set it up on her knee and Anthony had capered in front of it, making strange noises till it crowed aloud with pleasure. Then he had begged to be allowed to nurse it himself—just this once—and he had placed himself on the nursery-chair, with great solemnity, while Eliza and he held the white bundle between them. As, full of delighted dignity, he sat peering into the tiny face, the door opened with a jerk and Eleanor came in. She stopped short at sight of the little group; then an angry flush mounted to her cheek, and without staying to take Eliza's outstretched hand she snatched up the baby where it lay in Anthony's arms. "Anthony! have I not told you *never* to touch the baby? How dare you take her in your arms, and nurse not by? Ring the bell for her at once, and never do such a thing again!" Poor little Anthony's face flashed and his lip trembled, and he looked appealingly to Eliza, who at once claimed the responsibility of the transgression. Eleanor scarcely answered, but there were two red spots on her cheeks, and she called in Anthony's *bonne* to take him out for a walk at once. Eliza's heart bled for him and his outraged tenderness, but she could say nothing that would not make matters worse. She gathered up her skirts and wished her sister-in-law good bye, the latter recovering sufficiently to proffer feebly an invitation to dinner, which as was expected, was quickly declined.

As she turned the corner of the square she looked up at the nursery window, and caught a glimpse of a sad little face watching her, and kissing her good-bye, and her heart felt ready to break.

It was one afternoon in late autumn. Miss Eliza had been making some purchases in the High Street, and was hastening home through the foggy lamp-lit dusk. It was some weeks since she had called at her brother's home—the family had just returned from the seaside, and though she longed for a sight of her darling's face in its new glory of red and brown, she had put off calling from day to day. Her visits to her former home had always pained her inexpressibly, and now a new element had been added to her distress. Her own deposition had been fraught with enough of sorrow—she could not bear also to be a witness of her Anthony's. The sad little face at the nursery window, which had been the latest glimpse she had had of him, had haunted her dreams.

On this afternoon, as she came up her garden walk, she became conscious through the mist of some object lying or crouching against the front door. She hastened forward, her mild wrath awakened at the thoughts of tramps, and reaching what was indeed a little human heap, bent her short-sighted eyes upon it and began softly pre-

it with an interrogative umbrella. The heap remained motionless, and full of a vague fear she pulled violently at the bell. As the door was opened by her little maid the light from the lamp in the hall fell on the face of the intruder, and Eliza uttered a strange cry. It was Anthony who lay curled up fast asleep on her doorstep—her own little Anthony, dirty and pale; his thin strap shoes trodden into shapelessness, coatless in the chill autumn weather, and wearing a fussy French pinafore, whereof the original hue was scarcely recognisable through the mud splashes. He had run away from his home to her, and a great unreasoning flood of joy, overflowed her heart. Motioning silence to the scared little maid, she put her arms about the little boy and bore him into the warm sitting room, where she sat down with her precious burden in a low chair by the fire. The movement, gentle though it was, awoke him. He sat up with a start, then fell back again with a sigh of weary content when he saw in whose arms he lay.

"Oh, auntie dear! it's a long, long way to your house. I thought I should never reach you." Eliza pressed him to her by way of response. Then she softly called the wondering maid, and bade her bring warm milk and biscuit and a shawl for the little guest. Next she gently pulled off the poor spoilt socks and shoes, and her tears fell on the little ice-cold feet and hands as she chafed them and covered them with passionate kisses. Presently the tired eyes opened again. "I'm always naughty now—too naughty for anyone to love me. Even Mother Nelly doesn't want to see me. I hate Marie—I fought her to-day in the square—and she dragged me home and shut me in father's study, and no one came near me for hours and hours, and at last I came out and opened the street-door and ran away to you, and I'm so glad I've come"—and he flung his arms round her neck with a sigh of happiness.

The arrival of cake and milk still further revived him, and he was soon chattering away to her about the little events of his life, making many unconscious revelations of neglect and misunderstanding; and Eliza, as she listened, could have cried aloud with pity and indignation. He told with pride the story of his long journey through the streets.

In the early days of her married life his stepmother had taken him in her victoria to pay his aunt a visit, and his memory had enabled him to start in the right direction. The rest had been achieved by a clear little inquiring tongue and tireless legs. It did not seem to occur to him that he had in any way offended by acting as he had done. All his ideas of rightful authority were embodied

in Eliza. When she had first left him he had indeed seemed content to accept a new rule, but now that he wanted her, he believed their right in one another to be unquestionable.

She had not courage yet to break to him the real state of the case. First, she rolled him up in a shawl, and put him in an arm-chair while she went to post a telegram to her brother. Her mood was a strange one. Her heart seemed divided between feelings of pity and triumph. Her boy was hers again—hers wholly for to-night and for all time. No golden presence and odour of violets stood now between her love and his. Yet she must part with him—must give him back into the very hands that played so ill on the delicate instrument of his childish heart. But to-night he should be happy, and should believe, as he desired, that they would henceforth be always together. She herself would strive to live only in the present, and for a few hours put away all thought of the morrow.

What an evening they had in that cosy little room! Anthony had given a cry of delight at sight of the old chairs and tables. She roasted him apples on the hob, and he made her toast as he knelt on the hearthrug, a quaint little figure swathed in the shawl. She told him the old tales out of Andersen's fairy book, and he babbled with laughter as they recalled past memories. It was an hour of paradise for her and for him. At bedtime she bore him up in her arms, and put him to bed on the sofa in her own room, and sat holding his hand long after he had gone off to sleep. That night her own dreams were sweeter than they had been for years.

The next morning she bore the little boy, sobered and convinced of his misdeemeanour, back to her brother's house. Augustine was awaiting his sister in the study with Eleanor beside him, but the latter remained rather sulkily silent while the brother and sister took counsel as to the best way of dealing with Anthony. It was finally arranged between them that he should be sent to a country boarding-school, the selection of which Eliza undertook to make. All she bargained for was that some part of the holidays should always be spent with her at her home. Then she took her departure, in the fulness of her content offering, for the first time, to kiss her sister-in-law as she bade her "Good-bye."

Her journey home was a royal progress of the emotions—her eye was bright, her step elastic; the little maid-servant gazed at her in wonder as she let her into the house. She set about her household duties with new interest and vigour. The spirit of her boy's love seemed to hover over her hearth, never again to leave her starved and desolate. Her kingdom was restored to her, and again she could enjoy her own.

THE BIRDS OF WORDSWORTH.

IF frequency of reference may be accepted as deciding the matter, it is the cuckoo that is probably first favourite among the birds of Wordsworth. The "blithe new-comer" he calls "the darling of the spring," and confesses, in mature manhood, that

Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;
The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

With that peculiar love of mystery so characteristic of Wordsworth, we find him still linking the larger outlook of the man's soul within him to the boy's delight in the unseen singer, and lying on the grass until the "golden time" of the past returned and the earth became once more "an unsubstantial fairy place." Elsewhere he advises the sleepless to abjure the repeater and provide themselves with a cuckoo-clock, the sound of which will lead to "composure," if not to sleep, and fill up the darkness with light and summer fancies. "I speak with knowledge,"—always an easy thing for Wordsworth to say,—"of sharp distress, and as one who sometimes tosses on a bed of pain." The mimic notes, he asserted, send "a dear delightful land of verdure, shower, and gleam" into the soul. The "vernal soul" awakes and goes with the sound. It must be added, however, that in his beautiful sonnet "To Sleep" he states that even "the first cuckoo's melancholy cry" failed occasionally to bring sleep, "dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health." In another sonnet he writes that "not the whole warbling grove in concert heard" can fill the breast like the first pulsing note of the cuckoo. It is only when "the still sad music of humanity" comes to him from the "Solitary Reaper" that, in exquisite verse, he is brought to confess that "no such voice was ever heard in spring-time from the cuckoo bird." In "The Cuckoo at Laverna," the poet tells us he heard other birds such as he had been accustomed to hear in many an English grove;

but it was not until the "vagrant voice" sounded that he felt his greeting, in a foreign land, complete, and, as is his wont, he carries the simple double note of his feathered favourite into spiritual relationship with the "voice of one crying amid the wilderness." His love of the cuckoo's "sovereign cry" must indeed have made him feel a pang when, in modernising his selections from Chaucer, he found himself compelled to speak of his pet bird in such terms as "vile cuckoo" and "bird unholy."

As might be expected, the lordly nightingale receives large and honourable mention, but it is not difficult to discern that the song of "full-throated ease," as Keats calls it, is not that kind of music which most takes the contemplative ear of Wordsworth. It may be that the nightingale's singing is of such a nature as to be content with no second place, that is to say, the songs of other birds blended with the pensive reflections of the poet's brain, and helped and refined these rather than extinguished them by persistent strength. This view seems borne out by No. ix. of the "Poems of the Imagination." Once he chided, but at the same time excused himself, for carolling "fancy-free," as if the nightingale had neither heart nor voice for him. Even the nightingale, it may be remembered, was among the birds at Laverna whose vocal presence did not make up for the absence of the cuckoo. It is not to be forgotten, however, that in his ode "To Enterprise" he refers to this bird as "the sweet bird misnamed the melancholy," and that in comparing the song of the solitary highland lass to that of various birds he writes:—

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands.

In another poem he speaks of those who listen to the nightingale as being fancy-cheated into the belief that the bird's song is the outcome of exultant outlook on wood and stream, instead of a steady outpouring into the dark ear of night. He speaks, we must not forget, too, in the "Excursion" of the cessation of a certain human voice being

Regretted like the nightingale's last note.

These passages show withal that he was not insensible to the "anthem" that intoxicated Keats, and many others before and since.

The redbreast is always referred to by Wordsworth in the homely affection.—

Driven by autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,

Brisk robin seeks a kinder home ;
 Not like a beggar is he come,
 But enters as a looked for guest,
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,
 As if it were a natural shield
 Charged with a blazon on the field,
 Due to that good and pious deed
 Of which we in the ballad read.

He lauds robin as the thrice happy creature that in all lands is nurtured by hospitable folks, and offers his whole house as a cage for the bird when winter comes. A redbreast found chasing a butterfly draws from the poet a gentle playful protest, and he exhorts the "pious bird whom man loves best" to love the butterfly, if possible, but leave it alone in any case. In a sonnet he gives us a picture of himself, the grey old man "in still musings bound," with the redbreast fluttering round him, pecking at his nips as though they were those of a lady whose mouth resembled "a half-blown rose." Lining an open-air life, he has not failed to note that the red-breasted songster is the last to sing in the autumn, coming, as he does, close to the roadsides and homesteads to "warble when sweet sounds are rare." The pretty little poem "To a Redbreast (in sickness)," in which the bird is asked to come at the last hour and sing the requiem of the dying,

Nor fail to be the harbinger
 Of everlasting spring,

is, of course, not Wordsworth's composition, but was written by Sara Hutchinson, his sister-in-law. It is interesting to notice that the very last bird written about by Wordsworth is the redbreast. The lines are, it is true, nothing at all in themselves. They were written as late as 1846, and are entitled "I know an aged man constrained to dwell."

"Hark, 'tis the thrush, undaunted, undeprest," is the exultant opening of a sonnet. Here the poet would seem to have been found in a depressed mood—a fireside prisoner, as he calls himself when the wind was roaring outside. The carol of the bird charmed away his cares, and snapped the moody chain, so that at length he also went forth to front the blast and bear the heroic songster company. The sonnet immediately following deals also with the thrush's song. It was the thrush as well as the nightingale that was heard at Laverna; both alike, however, failing to interest supremely until the cuckoo sang, and it is the thrush that is described in one of the "Evening Voluntaries" as receiving from the linnet the signal to stop, which, however, the larger bird paid no attention to, but heed-

lessly sang on. The smile provoking title, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," is associated, nevertheless, with some sweet, natural lines in which the country-born woman, resident in London, is spoken of as being carried, by the song of the thrush hung out at a window in the great city, straight back to her cottage among green pastures :—

'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

If we except the sonnets on the Dunollie Castle eagles, "the lordly eagle race" comes in for only passing mention. The better of the two sonnets is perhaps worth quoting :—

Dishonoured rock and ruin ! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the bird of Jove embarr'd
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing ; stooping, he struck with aim
Man, bird, and beast ; then, with a consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved acery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was the prisoner once, and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles at the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

The dove may generally be counted on, for rhyming purposes, to secure a large share of notice among poetasters. In Wordsworth's case however, there was a genuine liking for the "gentle dove," as he, in commonplace language enough, calls it. Finding, in Italy, a dove perched on an olive branch, he spun an exhortation out of the incident, and it may be remembered that out of the story of the dilatory lady, whose pet dove fluttered at her window for admittance, only to be answered by "Wait, prithee wait," from the disturbed singer, whose fingers strummed her harp, he also emphasised the lesson of taking Time by the forelock—his pigtail, as Mrs. Carlyle phrased it, being so apt to come away in one's hands—for a kite was behind the dove, and devoured it in the presence of its mistress. It is to the mother dove that he likens the poet in his unruly times :—

Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts : his mind, best pleased
While she as docile as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent bird, hath gradings on
That drive her as in trouble through the grove.

Here is his choice between the nightingale and the stock-dove, in which it will be seen that the homelier bird has the greater honour thrust upon it.—

O nightingale ! thou surely art
A creature of a "fery heart"
These notes of thine they pierce and pierce ;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine ;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;
And steady oaks, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.
I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day ;
His voice was burned among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze :
He did not cease ; but cooed and cooed :
And somewhat pensively he wooed :
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending ;
Of serious faith, and inward glee ;
That was the song, the song for me !

In "The Poet and the Caged Turtle-dove," Wordsworth reads a reproof to himself in the cooing that comes from the "osier mansion near."

Coming to the skylark we find him singing of "the blithe spirit"—

There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine,

and in another poem, with its lovely closing couplet :—

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, art heart and eye
Beth with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine :
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !

Another apostrophe to the same bird may be found in "A Morning Exercise," the last five stanzas of which Wordsworth has asked us to read along with the foregoing.

The movements of the green-linnet are felicitously described thus :

There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings.

The hawk is anything but respectfully treated in a "Hint from the Mountains : for certain Political Pretenders," and little better can be said of the parrot—too artificial a creature, as we know it in these civilised countries at least, to catch Wordsworth's love, although he manages to finely describe its handsome exterior :—

Like beads of glossy jet his eyes ;
And smoothed by nature's skill,
With pearl of gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Still, her powers are "tutored." She is—

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired ;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired !

The contrast between this painted beauty and the small brown wren—alert in movement as in song—works out very much, in the poet's eyes, in favour of the tiny occupant of the nest in a moss-lined shed :—

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain ;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Then he turns to his daughter and asks :—

Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favoured pair,
Which would you be—the bird of the saloon,
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caresed, applauded, upon dauntica fed,
Or Nature's darling of this mossy shed ?

The wren is, indeed, a particular favourite with Wordsworth. A pile of peat half a century old, standing by the wayside between Preston and Liverpool, left there and annually repaired by a pious son in memory of the father whose toil had reared it near the cottage in which he died, brought forth a sonnet. Such a subject always impressed Wordsworth, and it is interesting to note that the one softening feature about the rude mausoleum lies in the fact that wrens nestle there and redbreasts warble. The dor-hawk is described in

the beginning of "The Waggoner," and in the same poem we may find reference made to the "screeching owl":—

You owl! pray God that all be well!

It was the owl, by-the-by, that the much-derided "Idiot Boy" mistook for the cock when he summed up the story of his wanderings in these words:—

The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold.

It is not usual to have any good said of the owl, but Wordsworth had what might be called a remote friendliness for the bird, otherwise he could not have written these words:—

Grave creature! whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
Or spied where thou sitst at moping in thy mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts,
May the night never come, nor day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice, or mock thy mien!

Water birds—as well became a "Laker"—were to him an interesting study. "Let me be allowed," asks he, in his *Guide to the Lakes*, "the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform on a fine day, towards the close of winter." Devout Wordsworthian though the present writer is, he is bound to say that the lines descriptive of "Water-fowl," following this announcement, are not easily to be distinguished from prose, and that the "aid" of such sort of verse is of a very questionable quality indeed. Some readers may be glad to have the sonnet on "The Wild Duck's Nest" reproduced here. It is not among the better known verse of Wordsworth:—

The imperial consort of the fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing sew-ree bough,
And dimly-gleaming nest, a hollow cran.

Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow ;
I gazed, and self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride :

It was from such a home, no doubt, that the fated bird rose while
the poet watched—

The fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast,
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar.

To the rooks is relegated the place of disturbers. When other
birds one would fain listen to are singing, the rooks are said to behave
in this manner, which is surely a direct transcript from nature :—

The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of many hoverings
Around their ancient grove), with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's symphonic.

And what a touch of nature also is the line in which the farmer
of Tilbury Vale, on his arrival in London, is described :—

As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands !

Among references to rarer birds, the buzzard's flight is mentioned
as "deliberate and slow" ; while the Bird of Paradise is only spoken
of in two poems of an excessively tame order, written a few years
before Wordsworth's death. Wordsworth had lived with nature, and
the lines were suggested by a picture of the bird, which pleased him
not.

The commonest of all birds—the sparrow—is held in loving
remembrance, and the little poem known as "The Sparrow's Nest"
will be remembered if for nothing else than the lovely tribute to the
poet's sister at its close :—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love, and thought, and joy.

This poem, written in 1801, was composed in the orchard, Town
End, Grasmere, but refers in the second stanza to a nest on a low
terrace wall beside Wordsworth's father's house at Cockermouth. One
year later he, with his sister, bade good-bye for a time to the little
garden at Grasmere, in order to fetch his bride from Gallow Hill, near
Scarborough. In this "Farewell" he refers to the poem, "T"

Sparrow's Nest," with fine yet surprising confidence in the future of his own verse:—

And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not do.

On landing at Dover from France, one of the first things that forcibly persuades him he is once again in his own country is "the cock that crows," and admirable in all respects is the wave of patriotism that thrills him at the thought:—

The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;
All, all are English.

Enough has been written to show how attentive to the feathered songsters Wordsworth was. One passage perhaps most familiar of all has not been referred to, but it is surely worth double emphasis in these days when most men are ashamed if they are not known to be what are called "bookmen":—

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodlark linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.
And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

As his faith was that every flower enjoys the air it breathes, so his belief was that the least motion of the birds was accompanied by a thrill of pleasure.

This paper may very fitly close with a passage from "The Prelude," which, no doubt, has more than surface-meaning—one of those exquisite confessions of the poet's great indebtedness to his sister —

But for thee, dear friend!
My soul, too reckless of itself, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favourite with the stars:
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that winkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers.

YOUNG HOBSEN.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

My wishes and my plan were to make you shine and distinguish yourself equally in the learned and the polite world. — *Chesterfield*.

“CHESTERFIELD was one of the most shining characters of the age” is a dictum which has become a proverb. There is a literal justice in the eulogy, and with the admission one might be content that it should pass in a mere gallery of traditionary portraits.

But the theory upon which it was based, the system according to which it was formed, have been elaborately unfolded by Lord Chesterfield himself with epistolary art; and although he never designed publicly to advocate them, yet the fact that his letters have been for many years considered a manual of deportment, and his name a synonym for attractive elegance, is sufficient reason for applying to him and the school he represents the test of that impartial scrutiny challenged by whatever practically acts upon society and exercises more or less prescriptive influence.

His name is almost exclusively associated with his letters to his natural son—letters written in the most entire parental confidence, and with the vain hope of converting by specific instructions an awkward and apparently honest-hearted and sensible fellow into an accomplished and shrewd man of the world. It has been urged in excuse for the importance attached to external qualities in these letters, that the youth to whom they were addressed was lamentably deficient in these respects. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that they form the most genuine expression of Chesterfield’s mind, the more so that they were never intended for the public eye.

By a not uncommon fortune in literary venture, these estrays and waifs of private correspondence alone keep alive the name and perpetuate the views of Lord Chesterfield.

It would be unjust not to ascribe the worldly spirit and absence of natural enthusiasm in those epistles in a degree to the period that gave them birth. It was an age when intrigue flourished, and wit rather than sentiment was in vogue. There was a league between letters and politics based wholly on party interests. It was the ag

of Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke. The Queen governed George II., Lady Yarmouth governed the Queen, and Chesterfield, for a time, Lady Yarmouth. Agreeable conversation, an insinuating manner, and subtlety of observation were then very efficient weapons. High finish, point, verbal felicity, the costume rather than the soul of literature, won the day. Neither the frankness and undisguised overflow of thought and feeling that distinguished the Shakespearean era, nor the earnest utterance and return to truth ushered in by the first French Revolution existed; but, on the contrary, that neutral ground between the two periods, whereon there was the requisite space, leisure and absence of lofty purpose to give full scope to the courtier, the wit, and the intrigante. It was comparatively a timid, partisan, and showy epoch. The spirit of the times is caught up and transmitted in Horace Walpole's letters, and quite as significantly embodied, in a less versatile manner, in those of Lord Chesterfield.

Instead, therefore, of regarding courteous manners as a mere necessary adjunct to a man's character—desirable in itself—Chesterfield attempts to elevate them into the highest practical significance. This is emphasised by him throughout his letters, where he invariably applies the word "shining" to oratory, character, and manners with an obvious relish; this suggests the nature of his philosophy of life. It may be a fanciful idea, but it is frequently confirmed by experience, that the constant use of the word designating a quality is an instinctive sign of its predominance in character.

Chesterfield's idea of excellence was essentially superficial, for his praise of solid acquirement and genuine principles is always coupled with the assertion of their entire inutility if unaccompanied by grace, external polish, and an agreeable manifestation. He omits all consideration of their intrinsic worth and absolute dignity; their value to the individual, according to him, is wholly proportioned to his skill in using them in a social form. In one of his earlier letters to Philip Stanhope he writes: "What an advantage has a graceful speaker with genteel motions, a handsome figure, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but who is destitute of these ornaments! In business how prevalent are the graces! how detrimental is the want of them! If you should not acquire manners, *all the rest will be of little use to you.* By manners I mean engaging, insinuating, shining manners, a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address, a superior gracefulness in all you say and do." He would have manners overlay individuality, and goes so far as to declare that a soldier is a brute, a scholar a pedant, and a philosopher a cynic without good breeding.

"Moral virtues are the foundation of society in general, and of friendship in particular, but attentions, manners and graces both adorn and strengthen them. I cannot help recommending to you the utmost attention and care to acquire *les manières, la tournure et les grâces d'un galant homme et d'un homme de cour*. They should appear in every look, in every action, in your address, if you would please or rise in the world. The understanding is the voiture of life;" and Lord Chesterfield apparently insists that it shall be put at random on any track and made to move at any speed which the will of an elegant majority dictate—an axiom wholly at variance with that true independence which has been declared to be the positive test of a gentleman. His conceit of knowledge of human nature was based upon most inadequate and one-sided observation.

Associating chiefly with women of fashion and men of State, he saw only the calculating and vain, not the impulsive and unconventional play of character. Character may be divided into two great classes, the one based upon details, and the other upon general principle. The philosopher differs from the *petit maitre* and the poet from the *dilettante* by virtue of the same law—the view of the one being comprehensive and the other minute. In art also we recognise true efficiency only where general effects are aptly seized and justly embodied; the artist of mere detail ranks only as a mechanician in form and colour. But the most striking truth involved in these distinctions is that the greater includes the less; the man of sound general principles in literature, art, or life, is in point of fact master of all essential details; he combines them at a glance, or rather they insensibly arrange themselves at his will; he can afford to let them take care of themselves. The great sculptors and painters busied themselves only about the design and finish of their work, the intermediate details were wrought by their pupils. If we apply this principle to social life, the sphere which Chesterfield regarded as the most important, a like result is obvious. No one even in that artificial world called Society ever achieved a satisfactory triumph by exclusive mastery of details.

All that is involved in the term "manners" is demonstrative, symbolic; and only when this outward manifestation springs from an inward source, when it is a natural product and not a graft, does it sustain any real significance. Hence the absurdity of the experiment of Chesterfield to inculcate a graceful address by maxims, secure a winsome behaviour by formal minute directions, as if to learn how to enter a room, bow well, dispose of unoccupied hands, and go inoffensively through the other external details of social intercourse,

were to ensure the realisation of a gentleman. That character, as it was understood in chivalry by the old dramatists, and according to the intelligent sentiment of mankind everywhere, is as much the product of nature as any other species of human development. Art modifies only its technical details; its spirit comes from blood more than breeding, and its formula, attached by prescription to the body without analogous inspiration of the soul, is as awkward and inefficient as would be proficiency in military tactics to a coward, or great philological acquisitions to an idiot. Yet Lord Chesterfield, with the obstinacy that belongs to the "artificial" race of men, persisted in his faith in detail, and apparently lived and died in the belief that the "art of pleasing" was the greatest interest of life. He writes: "I expect a gracefulness in all your motions and something particularly engaging in your address. A distinguished politeness of manners, a genteel carriage with the air of a man of fashion. When I was of your age I desired to shine as far as I was able in every part of life, and was as attentive to my *Manner*, my *Dress*, and my *Air* in company as to my books and my tutor. A young fellow should be ambitious to shine in everything, and of the two always rather overdo than underdo. For God's sake, therefore, now, think of nothing but *shining* and distinguishing yourself in the most polite courts by your air, your address, your manners, your politeness, your graces!"

All his views, habits, and career were impregnated with this artificial creed. Phrenologically speaking, he was an incarnation of approbateness, and his zest of life came through this his predominant organ. Everywhere and always he consulted explicitly the oracle of public opinion, and conformed to it with a fanaticism unworthy his intelligence. He confesses to the very son whom he strove with such zeal to make the "glass of fashion" that in college he was an absolute pedant, and thought great classical knowledge the test of all excellence; that emancipated from the atmosphere of learning and thrown among young men of fashion, he led a life of slavery by conforming to habits which were alien not only to his constitution and tastes but even to his desires, and that in mature years the requisitions of the *beau monde* held him in equal vassalage, while his old age "was cheerless and desolate."

It is not too much to say that in the case of Lord Chesterfield the artificial was deliberately advocated as a general principle; it influenced not only his theory of manners but his literary taste, political opinions, and entire philosophy. Writing to his son at Venice, he says: "*Les manières nobles et astées, la tournure d'un homme de*

condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les grâces, le je ne sais quoi qui plait, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge, as the polish is to the diamond." Thus he laid aside the robust temper of the Anglo-Saxon, and studied so completely French manners and superficiality, that in Paris he was considered as one of themselves, and prides himself upon the distinction. "It may be objected that I am now recommending dissimulation to you. I both own and justify it. It has been long said *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*. I go still further, and say that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on. Dissimulation introduced the habit of politeness, which distinguishes the courtier from the country gentleman."

In literature the only branch which he thoroughly appreciated was oratory. Not as a noble inspiration founded on loyalty to instinctive sentiment, or aimed at the cause of humanity, but as an elegant accomplishment whereby to exercise influence and gain applause, did Lord Chesterfield cultivate oratory. It seems perfectly natural that he should excel in its studied graces, and equally so that such a cold *virtuoso* as Horace Walpole should have preferred him to Pitt. It is not less characteristic of such a man that he should choose diplomacy as a profession. Believing as he did only in elegance, in politic self-control, veiled with agreeableness, the "smooth barbarity of courts" was admirably fitted at once to employ his ingenuity and gratify his refined selfishness. Thus, devoid of earnestness on the one hand, and wedded to artificial graces on the other, we cannot wonder that in his view Dante, the most intensely picturesque of poets, could not think clearly; and that Petrarch, the beautiful expositor of sentiment, would appear only a love-sick rhymers; nor can we reasonably feel surprise that he quoted Rochefoucauld and Cardinal de Retz with emphatic respect, while he could be only facetious in his allusions to Milton and Tasso. Nature to him was but a spectacle, as life itself was a melodrama. He distrusted the motives of Fénelon, and thought Bolingbroke admirable. Even in more highly-prized classical attainments, which one would imagine were endeared by personal taste, the same reference to external motive appears. In his view the process of culture, instead of an end, was a means, not to perfect or enrich the individual character, but to obtain the requisites of social advancement. Thus he writes: "Continue to desire and to deserve praise and you will certainly find it. Knowledge adorned by manners will infallibly procure it. '*Manières et les grâces*' are no immaterial parts of that work, and I beg that you will give as much attention to them as to your books. *Everything depends upon them.* 'Senza di noi ogni fatica è vana.'"

In accordance with his faith in the details of outward conduct, and obtuseness to the influence of the great natural laws of character in their social agency, Lord Chesterfield advocated power over others as the lever by which to move away the impediments to personal success, not that legitimate power decreed by original superiority, and as certain in the end to regulate society as gravitation the planets, but a studious, politic, and artificial empire won by dissimulation and attractiveness. In urging this favourite theory upon his son he seems to have been unconscious of the painful discipline involved in the process, the long and weary masquerade, and the incessant danger of losing in a moment the influence gained by months of sycophancy. He recommends the study of character, in order to discover the ruling passion, and then a skilful use of his key note so as to play upon the whole for private benefit, forgetting that a suspicion of such base friendship will lead to scorn and rejection. The temper, the opinions, the tastes, and even the most noble sentiments are to be kept in uniform abeyance; self-possession and adroit flattery are, in his view, the two prime requisites for success in life; distrust in others the guarantee of personal safety, and the art of pleasing the science of the world.

History and the prevailing instincts of enlightened humanity teach another lesson. These maxims, so often quoted as sagacious, are in fact extremely shallow, and Chesterfield, instead of penetrating the depths of human nature, saw only its superficial action. If there was no sphere for character but promiscuously filed elegant drawing-rooms, no more stable law operating on society than fashion, and no method of acting on human affairs but that of diplomacy, such advice would have a higher degree of significance. Precepts like these, even when true, are essentially temporary and occasional, and utterly false when elevated into principles of action. Hence the easy denial of Dr. Johnson's assertion that "setting aside the immorality of Chesterfield's letters, they form the best manual for gentlemen"! The elements of character are no more to be "set in a note-book" than the spirit of honour or the inspiration of art. Lord Chesterfield's views, carried into practice, would make a pedantic courtier or a courteous pedant; they trench too much upon the absolute qualities of manhood to leave substance enough in character upon which to rear enduring graces; they omit frankness and moral courage, and substitute an elegant chicanery incompatible with self-respect, upon which the highest grace of manner rests; their logic is that of intrigue, not of reason. Their relation to a true philosophy of life is no more intimate than the conceits of the Yakuza to the

highest poetry, or the scenery of a theatre to that of nature ; for to cultivate grace of manner is not to supersede, but only to give expression to nature in a certain way ; it is not imitation from without, but development from within. "For God's sake," writes Chesterfield, "sacrifice to the graces ; keep out of all scrapes and quarrels ; know all ceremonies ; maintain a seeming frankness, but a real reserve ; have address enough to refuse without offending ; some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing." By his own statement this course secured him only a life of refined servitude and a desolate old age, for the official dignity he enjoyed was pettishly abandoned from disappointment as to its incidental benefits.

Regarding his doctrine from a philosophical point of view, its real effects are narrowness, the exaggeration of certain principles of action, an inharmonious view of the relation between character and behaviour, in short, an artificial system in absolute contradiction to prevalent natural laws ; and it is chiefly worthy of refutation, because instead of being advanced as a judicious formula in specific instances or details of conduct to be acquired once and habitually exercised afterwards, it is presented as a great leading principle, and a regular system altogether expedient and universally applicable, which can be true of no theory either in literature, art, or life, which is based on mere dexterity and address, for Jesuitism can no more permanently advance the interests of society than it can those of religion, science, or any real branch of human welfare. It is a barrenness of soul, an absence of manly enthusiasm, and fanatical reliance on the technical facilities of society, that has deprived both the career and the precepts of Lord Chesterfield of all claim to cordial recognition. A friend may have spoken of him with literal truth when he declared that he possessed "a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and hand to execute" in a masterly style what he attempted ; but the beauty and desirableness of these endowments are much lessened when we perceive that the exquisite machinery was set in motion by motives so entirely selfish, and its action regulated by views destitute of intellectual scope and generous sympathies, when we hear a man thus gifted declare that "a never-failing desire to please" is the great incentive of his mind, and that the finest mental and moral qualities cannot win his love to one who is awkward or ill-formed.

Lord Chesterfield, like all votaries of detail, repeats himself continually ; he announces with oracular emphasis in nearly every letter proverbs of worldly wisdom and economical shrewdness, with entire

confidence in their sufficiency. Conformity and adaptation were his avowed means of success, the alpha and omega of his creed—both useful and sometimes necessary alternatives in social intercourse; but always inferior and secondary—never primal and enduring. But Chesterfield's disloyalty to nature and devotion to artifice are more signally betrayed in his views of the two great sources of actual adornment in social life—music and women. The first may be considered as the natural language of the soul, the cultivation of which is one of the most available means of acquiring that harmonious development and sense of the beautiful which round her angles, and elicit the pure influence of human intercourse. Lord Chesterfield peremptorily forbade his son to cultivate them, at the same time that he strove to preach harshness out of him by rules of breeding—a process which might have been vastly facilitated by the study of any one of the fine arts for which he had the least tendency. But even in thus designating his views of the relation of the sexes, even in that which owes its zest and utility to gratified sympathies, he leans on the broken reed of prescription and expediency, counselling his son to choose a companion, not as a being to inspire, through natural affinity, his sentiments and conduct, but as an approved model and guide in fashionable life. How little did this shrewd man of the world know of the benefit, even in manners of an intelligent youth, derivable from one reality in his social relations. Indeed, from the affectionate disposition that appears to have belonged to Philip Stanhope—his good sense and general acquirements—the only chance for him to have realised his father's hopes in point of expression, bearing, costume, address, and all the externals of character, would seem to have been a genuine attachment. He was so organised as to be unable to attach that importance to the graces his father adored which would lead him to court their favours, for this he needed the stimulus of a powerful motive, and such a one would have been naturally supplied by a real devotion to some one worthy of his love.

Nature is apt to vindicate herself upon the ultra-conventional by entailing disappointment upon their dearest hopes. Her laws are as inexorable as they are benign. Lord Chesterfield seems to have been more in earnest in the education of his son than in any other object in life; but true parental affection had little to do with this assiduity; he constantly reminds him that he has no weak attachment to his person, that his pecuniary supplies depend upon the respect paid to the instruction he receives, and that the estimation he will hereafter enjoy from his father will depend upon the degree in

which he realises the expectations formed of him. In all this we see only a modification of self-love, but no genuine parental feeling. The object of all this solicitude well repaid the care lavished upon his mental cultivation, but he never became either elegant or fascinating; his good qualities were solid, not shining, and his advancement was due to his father's personal influence.

Lord Chesterfield's "will" is characteristic; there is a provision in it that if his son ever engages in the vulgar amusement of horse-racing he shall forfeit £5,000 to the Dean of Westminster, who is satirised in the compliment, for Chesterfield thought himself overcharged by him in a pecuniary transaction, and wished to leave this evidence of his reliance upon a grasping disposition.

During his life a high position and good sense enabled Lord Chesterfield to reap advantages from polished and sagacious urbanity, which naturally led to an exaggerated estimate of its value under less auspicious circumstances. Having studied with marked success at Cambridge, through the influence of a relative he was appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards elected to Parliament by the Cornish borough of St. Germain. His first speech established a reputation for oratory, and is described as quite as remarkable for its able reasoning as for its elegant diction.

He succeeded to his father's seat in the House of Lords, and his judicious management while Ambassador to Holland in 1728 saved Hanover from a war. For this service he was made a K.G. He subsequently filled the offices of Lord Steward of the Household in George II.'s reign, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Secretary of State. Upon resigning his seals he retired from public life, and deafness soon confined him to books and a small circle of acquaintances.

PHILIP BERESFORD EAGLE.

ANNALS OF EASTBOURNE.¹

MEDIAEVAL records, written in abbreviated dog Latin, are trying alike to the eyesight and temper, and make but dull reading after all, and so I will content myself with quoting one or two extracts from those records translated into the vulgar tongue. My object in so doing is to convince the reader that Eastbourne is not such a brand new place as some people would have us believe, but that it does indeed possess some history of its own, obscure though its annals may be. In the reign of King John the manor of Eastbourne belonged to Roger de Coningsby, and was granted by Henry III. in the forty sixth year of his reign, to Peter de Savoy (Burrell MSS.) This Peter de Savoy was uncle of the Queen, and from him the Savoy Palace in London received its name. He had for some years previously been Lord of Pevensy.

The "Testa de Nevill," or book of fees in the Court of Exchequer during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., contains the following entries which appear to relate to Eastbourne:—

The heirs of Gilbert Frank hold a third part of a knight's fee in Burne, of the honour of Mortain, as tenants in chief of our lord the king in the county of Sussex (p. 224).

Folk de Cantelupe holds the manor of Burne of our lord the king, as did the ancestors of Alard the Fleming, by the service of one knight's fee (p. 229).

Roger de Wolping, who is dead, held a sergeantry in the hundred of Esthorne, which is worth ten marks per annum, by the service of carrying the standard of the foot in the army of our lord the king (p. 229).

A "knight's fee" was the normal "tenement" or holding of a knight during the Middle Ages, and consisted of land sufficient in quantity to equip him for service in the field, whenever his feudal lord required it. But we often meet with fractions of a knight's fee, and the tenants of these small properties probably contributed to the maintenance of a knight. The estates of the greater "tenants-in-chief," that is to say, vassals who held their land by direct grant from the king, and not from any intermediate lord, were called "honours."

¹ See also "Old Eastbourne" in *Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1897.

The "honour of Mortain" was that which had originally belonged to the Earl of Mortain, a half-brother of the Conqueror.

Grand serjeantry was a mode of holding land, by which the tenant-in-chief was bound to perform some special honorary service to the sovereign instead of serving him generally in time of war.

It must be borne in mind that the name "Burne" may apply to the manor of Westbourne, and "Estburne" to the hundred of Easebourne in the west of the county; but concerning the next extract there can be no such doubt:—

In the fourth year of Edward II., Philip Brode held lands and tenements in the vills of Suthre (South) and Bourne from the king, as of the honour of Aquila, by serjeantry, and by the service of guarding the outer gate of the castle of Pevensey. (Harleian MSS. 708.)

The "honour of Aquila" was the great estate once held by the family of de Aquila, lords of Pevensey, and sometimes known as the "honour of the eagle," because *aquila* is the Latin name for that bird. The family of Brode gave their name to the estate called "the Broad" at Hellingly, which belonged in more recent times to the Calverleys.

Bartholomew de Baddlesmere obtained the manor of Eastbourne in the seventh year of Edward II. in exchange for that of Thundersleigh in Essex, and held it by the service of rendering annually "unum par clavium caryophili." Two years later he received a charter empowering him to hold a market at Eastbourne on Monday and Thursday of every week, and a fair on the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, and also a grant of free warren in the same lordship. He was hanged for rebellion in the fifteenth year of the same reign, and the manor of Eastbourne passed to his son, Giles de Baddlesmere. (Burrell MSS.) In recent times there were two fairs held annually at Eastbourne, one at the Old Town on October 11, the other at Stocks Bank on March 11.

Those who care to pursue the subsequent history of the town in detail may glean many interesting particulars from the valuable collection of manuscripts relating to the history of Sussex which were bequeathed by Sir William Burrell to the British Museum. A great deal of information about persons and places may also be gathered from the contents of the old title deeds of the district. But there are two obstacles in the way of obtaining it from the last-named source—one is the jealous care with which owners of land guard even obsolete muniments of title relating to their property, the other is the difficulty which anyone but a trained lawyer experiences in reading an ordinary indenture of conveyance.

The Commissioners, appointed in 1728 to survey the coasts of Great Britain, make the following mention of Eastbourne in their report to the Admiralty, contained in a massive folio entitled "*Atlas Maritimus*":—

From Hastings the shore lies east and west, with a long ridge of beach, and a hard sand which we travel on for near twenty miles to Bourn, a small village near the shore. The high ridge of beach runs on, to a point of land a few miles beyond Bourn, West, and there ends; which point, for that very reason, is called Beach Head or Beachy Head.

It was hardly necessary to appoint commissioners in order to obtain such information as the above. I have purposely omitted their reference to the landing of William the Conqueror at Pevensey, for the whole report is written in the style of a schoolboy's essay. They were mistaken, moreover, in their derivation of the name of the great southern promontory. There is comparatively little beach around the base of Beachy Head, and its name is much more likely to be a corruption of a Norman epithet, *Beau-chef*, "the fine Head," and especially so, because the adjoining cliff, upon which the lighthouse stands, is called by the obviously Norman name of *Bel-tout*. The English pronunciation of the analogous name Beauchamp as "Beacham," explains how *Beau-chef* may have been corrupted into Beachy. The above theory is confirmed by the fact that in the third year of Henry IV. the Commissioners of Sewers were directed to view the banks of Pevensey Marsh lying between Bixle and Bechuef, or, as we should say, between Bexhill and Beachy Head. ("Dugdale on Fens," p. 94.) In Norden's old map of Sussex the headland is called *Beai-Chiffe*. The lighthouse, which was first lighted on the night of October 1, 1828, is built upon a comparatively low part of the cliff at Bel-tout, where it is less likely to be obscured by fog than it would be at Beachy Head summit. The rapid falling away of the chalk cliffs will very soon necessitate the removal of the structure.

Bel-tout cliff exhibits a section of what was once upon a time a rounded hill girdled by an ancient entrenchment, one of those eminences to which our forefathers applied the term "tot hill" or "toot." The compiler of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, written in the year 1440, defines "totehyll" as "hey place of lokynge," and evidently connects it with the obsolete English word *toot*—to spy or peer about, and his opinion is followed by the modern etymologists. But I venture to suggest that its origin is to be found in the Old Norse word *tota* or *tuta*, meaning "a gently swelling prominence," which may well have been familiar to Normans and English alike, for

both nations hailed originally from the far north. Bel tout therefore appears to signify the fair toot or mound.

The author of a description of the Sussex coast, written in 1833, says :—

The keen and ethereal air of this exalted spot would seem almost capable, with the permission of the presiding and conservative spirit, of restoring vigour to the dying.

And then gravely adds :—

Strange as the discrepancy of situation may appear, the nearest approach to the purity and freshness of the atmosphere on Beachy Head, in the southern or midland part of the kingdom, appeared to us to be the summit of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park. (Farry, p. 211.)

What a sudden drop from the sublime to the ridiculous !

The following list of "gaps," or passes from the sea-shore to the top of the cliff, is taken from an old book of sketches made at Eastbourne in 1832 :—Marun's Pit, the Chains, Holywell Gap, Whitebread Hole (no path), Punchsticks, Cow Gap, Gungarden on Beachy Head, and Birling Gap.

The plough land lying behind Cow Gap was known as "France," and the name of "France Barn" is still applied to the old farm building which stands there. Meads for an equally inscrutable reason was formerly designated by the natives "Turkey." The nicknames may possibly have some reference to the days when smuggling prevailed here. The valley at the back of Meads was known as "Well Combe," and the field attached to the farmhouse (which now forms part of Mr. Brown's school) was called "The Coitstocks." The hill above Paradise, on which are the ruins of an old windmill, is called "St. Gregory's" in a sketch-book of the year 1813, but whether it is the site of the ancient chapel of the same name I am unable to ascertain.

I should like to say a few words concerning the old houses of Eastbourne. Most of them have already been swept away, and, alas ! even as I write these words, several of those remaining are doomed to speedy destruction. "Old Susans," in Seaside Road, which bears the date 1714, is a massively constructed building, some of its *internal* walls being two feet in thickness.

In the year 1778, Mr. James Royce, of Hanover Square, Middlesex, formerly page to King George II., purchased the site of the adjoining house known as "The Elms," then described as "a piece of land behind the barn and close at Susans in Eastbourn, together with a building called the Hog house, and a little building at the end thereof, which said piece of land was theretofore parcel

of the estate of Joseph Picknall, deceased, who about the year 1714 erected thereon the said building called the Hog house, &c." On this spot Mr. Royer built a summer residence, and bestowed upon it the name of "New Susans." He was perhaps the first person who attempted to draw public attention to the charms of this seaside village, and to induce visitors to resort to it for the benefit of their health, for he built several other houses at Eastbourne and published a guide-book to the neighbourhood. In 1823, "New Susans" was purchased by Mr. John Graham, who made large additions to the house and subsequently gave it the name of "The Elms," in allusion to the old trees which shade its grounds. The Prince of Capua stayed at "The Elms" in the summer of 1852.

Mr. Royer also built "The Grove" in Grove Road, and thereby hangs a tale; for the architect whom he employed to erect this building happened to attract the notice of Sir Arthur Pigott, afterwards Attorney-General, who lived close by at Rose Cottage. Sir Arthur advised the architect to throw up his profession and to embrace the law, and the result proved the soundness of the advice, for the quondam architect was admitted a student of the Inner Temple in 1785, and subsequently became known to the world as Sir John Leach, Master of the Rolls. Another legal luminary, Lord Thurlow, lived for a short time at "Thurlow House" in Grove Road ("Eastbourne Recollections," p. 5). A house of a character similar to the Grove, called "Larksfield," was built by Mr. Royer on the "Leet Road," which ran from the Wish to Prentice Street, and it was the occasional residence of Lady Lismore and her daughter, Miss O'Callaghan. Mr. William Cavendish, the eldest son of Lord George Cavendish, married Miss O'Callaghan, and Lord George purchased "Larksfield," and pulled it down, in order to improve the view from his grounds at Compton Place. All that now remains of the Leet Road is the thoroughfare which skirts the southern side of the Eastbourne College cricket ground. The locality known as the Wish is now comprised within Mr. William Wallis's grounds, and the site of Prentice or Prentis Street within those of Sir Alfred Dent.

The "Larksfield" just mentioned must not be confused with another house of the same name which was afterwards built by Mr. Rawdon, and which is now incorporated in the buildings of the Eastbourne College. Mr. Royer's Larksfield stood nearer to Prentice Street than the latter.

From the Wish, the old road led across what is now the Devonshire Park. A grove of trees which still flourishes in that modern paradise

marks the site of a cottage which stood on the left hand side of the highway; while on the right lay the "Shomer dyke," which flowed into the sea close to where the Wish Tower stands. From the edge of the Devonshire Park a portion of the thoroughfare still bears the name of "Old Wish Road."

Major Nicholas Willard, who lived at Eastbourne at the beginning of this century, and was a member of one of the old resident families, possessed a great store of interesting information on the subject of local history. A few of his reminiscences have happily been preserved in writing, and I shall frequently have occasion to refer to him as an authority for my statements. Until the year 1840 there stood upon the shore, opposite to the end of Carlisle Road, a good-sized cottage, called the "Hounds House," with a garden between it and the sea, but about that date it was swallowed up by the waves. Major Willard could recollect two other houses with gardens between the Hounds House and the edge of the cliff, which had disappeared in a similar manner. All these buildings belonged to Mr. Royer, who used to keep a boat in a boathouse attached to the Hounds House. A little to the eastward of the last-mentioned building stood "Cliff Cottage," which was erected during the time that Lord George Cavendish lived at Compton Place. Lord George, unlike his successors in title, always discouraged new buildings at Eastbourne. When Cliff Cottage was being built he would not allow the materials to be carted across his land, and so they had all to be carried on men's shoulders. Mr. Edgeworth, brother of the authoress, was one of the residents in this "cottage by the sea." Another was Mr. Thomas Haynes Bailey, commonly known as "Butterfly Bailey," because he was the writer of the once popular song, "I'd be a Butterfly" ("Eastbourne Recollections," p. 23). Close to the Cliff Cottage stood a good-sized house, called Mount Pleasant.

Immediately to the east of the pier was a most remarkable building, known as the "Round House." Within Major Willard's recollection it was a horizontal windmill, but it was subsequently converted into a dwelling-house, and when Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, visited Eastbourne in the year 1780, he stayed for several months at the Round House. About the year 1840 the building was destroyed by encroachments of the sea.

The following memorandum refers to its then recent disappearance:—

"Mr. Somerset, in 1844, conveyed to the Earl of Burlington, *inter alia*, a parcel of land, with a private road thereto, whereon a

windmill was formerly erected, lately called the Round House, abutting south-east on the sea-shore, subject to a lease granted in 1757 for 99 years at ten shillings rent."

Eastward of the Round House, and separated from it by a footpath, stood the "Field House," within a green paddock. The position of the footpath was until recently marked by the flight of steps which descended to Splash Point, a characteristic feature of the Eastbourne Parade, which has just been improved out of existence. At the beginning of this century, the road leading from the cliff to "Sea Houses" passed between these two old houses and the sea, and the ground sloped gently towards the beach.

A Roman bath and a tessellated pavement of brown and white tiles were discovered near the spot in 1717, on the site of what is now Cavendish Place, and the writer, who gives an account of it, incidentally describes the appearance of "Sea Houses" at that period:

The meadow in which the greatest part of the pavement lies is near a mile and a half south-east of Bourne. It contains about four acres, and is of a triangular form. The southern side is against the sea. Only a few fishers' cottages, and a small public house or two lying between that and the sea. On the northern side of the meadow is a highway which leads from Bourne to Pevensey. The west side is by a fence of posts and rails, separated from a large cornfield in common belonging to the parish. About the middle of this fence is the pavement, distant from high-water mark a furlong. In former times it might have been somewhat more, because, from this point to the westward, the sea is always gaining upon the land.

More than four years since, viz. in the summer of 1712, when the fence was repaired, the workman, sinking a hole to fix a post in, was hindered by something solid; but, casting out the earth clean, found the obstacle to be artificial. Mr. Thomas Willard, of Bourne, owner of the meadow, being informed of the novelty, gave order that it should be uncovered, and sent also to Hermitage for one Purcell, an ingenious engineer, who formerly had been employed in the mines in the northern counties. He, with his instruments, bored through the pavement, and in many places of the ground about it, which he found to be full of foundations, but this his discovery of those foundations was only a confirmation of what the inhabitants there had always observed, as well in ploughing as in the growth of their corn and grass, for in the common cornfield west of the meadow, to the distance of near half a mile, they often raise bits of foundations with their ploughs, and, in dry summers, by the different growth of the corn, they can plainly perceive all that part of ground to be full of foundations. (*"Philosophical Transactions,"* 1717.)

Many red tiles of Roman manufacture have also been found at "The Elms." The spot which is described in the above account as being a furlong distant from high-water mark is now not 100 yards removed from that point.

An old inhabitant informs me that there was once a building

attached to the church tower, which was used, amongst other purposes, as the village school. His father received his education there in the last century, and as no pens and ink were provided, the boys were taught to write by tracing letters with their fingers or with a stick in some sand sprinkled upon the floor. Some marks of this old structure are still to be seen upon the exterior wall of the tower.

The old vicarage stood in Church Street, opposite to the churchyard. Its site is marked by "Vicarage Terrace," where some old walling remains *in situ*. Beneath the vicarage lawn, it is said, there was a curious vaulted cellar, similar to the one which still exists at the "Lamb" inn. ("Knight's Guide to Eastbourne," 1856.)

Dr. Lushington, who was vicar for forty-four years, lived at this house. He had a son who was one of the survivors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, but was afterwards treacherously murdered in India, and a handsome marble monument recording these events will be found in the church. The vicar succeeded to a considerable fortune at his son's death, and purchased the ground upon which the present manor house stands. In 1763 he erected a house upon it, but died the following year, and the property, consisting of the mansion, seventeen acres of land and nine cottages, was purchased by Mr. Nicholas Gilbert, of Lewes, for £2,000, a price which seems amazingly small when compared to the present value of land at Eastbourne. Gildredge Farm House was formerly the mansion of the old Eastbourne family of Gildredge or Gildndge, lords of the manor of "Eastbourne-Gildredge." Close to this house, and between it and the Old Town, was a Roman Catholic chapel fronting the roadway, as Major Willard could remember. A cross was dug up at this spot in 1830, and was affixed by order of Mrs. Gilbert to the wall at the roadside.

Across the road lay the green field known as the "Moat Croft," and on the further side of this field was a mansion occupied by Mr. Thoyer. This house, which has since been known as "Marchant's," from the name of the family who resided there, had been considerably diminished in size within Major Willard's recollection, but it still stands half-hidden by creeping foliage, and presents a pleasing contrast to the modern buildings which surround it.

Mr. Gildredge and Mr. Thoyer jointly planted the old trees which line the highway and surround the remains of the mill pond.

The Parsonage farmhouse at the back of the church is a very ancient structure, now converted into cottages. Horsfield conjectured that it had once formed part of a monastery, but there is no direct evidence of there ever having been any monastery at Eastbourne.

An old house, called "Gore Place," formerly stood on the site of "The Gore," late the residence of the Brodie family, and recently demolished.

Major Willard used to say that he had no doubt that a good house had formerly existed at Rodmill, though as to that he did not speak from personal recollection. The present farmhouse is a comparatively new building erected upon the site of an older one. He also believed that a mansion stood close to the bridle path called "Green Street," where there is now a barn and several large trees. He could not remember the house, but could recollect the existence of other trees which helped to form an avenue. He had also seen walls and other remains of old buildings in the cornfield through which the bridle path ran whenever the ground was disturbed by the plough. A new street which is being laid out follows the course of the ancient Green Street for a considerable distance.

The house now called "The Lawn" was the residence of the Willards, and to the same family belonged "The Greys" in Borough Lane. The name of that street belongs to a date anterior to the incorporation of Eastbourne, and may possibly be a very old one. It was originally applied to the land adjoining what is now called "Love Lane." There used to be allotment gardens at two places on the outskirts of the Old Town, viz. Borough Lane and Sparrow's Lane, at Ockling, and I have reason to think that both localities derive their names from the fact that they were formerly *laines* or arable fields held in common. An amusing story is told of a member of the Willard family:—

At the quarter sessions for the liberty of Pevensey, some years back, a man was brought to the bar charged with stealing a pair of buckskin breeches, which charge was fully proved. He was found guilty by the jury, but when the court was informed that the offence was a capital one, and that they must proceed to pass sentence, they were so much alarmed that they wished to reverse the verdict and give a fresh one in such words as to make the consequence less than death. They, therefore, adjourned the court, and despatched a messenger to Thomas Willard, Esq., of Eastbourne, the then town clerk, whose deputy was on that day attending, to beg his opinion, whether it was possible to reverse the present verdict, and receive a fresh one, together with his instructions how to proceed. It happened that Lord Wilmington, to whom this place (Eastbourne) at that time belonged, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer were at dinner with Mr. Willard when this curious application arrived. Mr. Willard having reported the contents, the Chief Baron jocosely said: "Instruct them to reverse the present verdict, and bring it in manslaughter." Lord Wilmington consenting, Mr. Willard advised accordingly, and a new verdict to that effect was the consequence. (*Koger's "Eastbourne," 1787.*)

At the foot of the hill on which Mr. Willard's house stood the Bourne stream flowed across the road. Pedestrians were able to

cross it by means of a foot-bridge, but vehicles were obliged to pass through the water. A stone built into the adjacent wall bears the date 1808, when a culvert was placed under the roadway. A toll bar stood at this point. There was a muddy ford across the stream in Star Lane near "Marchant's," which was known as "Puddle Dock."

At Meads stood the house in which lived Mr. Caldecott, a local geologist, whose large collection of fossils is still preserved at what is known as the "Caldecott Museum." His dwelling has been dismantled, but his quaint garden thickly embowered in trees and ever greens remains in its original condition, and now belongs to the Convalescent Hospital. The same gentleman began to make a similar garden on Beachy Head. While speaking of fossils, I may mention a singular "find" which was made in 1842, during the course of some excavations at No. 1 South Street. It consisted of teeth and bones of the elephant, hippopotamus, wild horse, and deer. I am told that a similar discovery was made in digging the foundations of the Town Hall, which stands close by. Some teeth were also found in 1835 at the corner of Victoria Place, where Mr. Earnshaw's shop stands. As such remains are very unusual in this district, it is conjectured that in some far distant age there flowed across the site of Eastbourne an ancient river, in whose waters these bones were swept along until they found a last resting-place in the bed of its channel.

"Southfield Lodge" was built by Mr. Dobree, one of the local magistrates, and the property was purchased in 1837 by Sir William Domville, Bart. Its site is now occupied by "St. Winifred's" school.

A picturesque dwelling-house called "Rose Cottage," opposite the "Sheep Wash," in Grove Road, was for a number of years the residence of Lady Pigott, widow of Sir Arthur Pigott, who was appointed Attorney-General in 1806, and died at Eastbourne in 1819. It afterwards belonged to the Grahams, and was reputed to be haunted. A former resident in the house used to tell how he had heard upon the stairs the rustle of the silk gown worn by the ghostly occupant. Appurtenant to this property was a small triangular house on the old Parade called "The Wedge" (now No. 9 Marine Parade), used as a "tea house" by the inhabitants of Rose Cottage (*"Eastbourne Recollections,"* p. 24). Mrs. Elizabeth Crundling, of "Mount Pleasant," could remember Rose Cottage as far back as 1777, when it was known as "Sheep Wash Cottage," and its garden was a green field surrounded by a rough wide hedge.

Opposite to "The Grove" stood the parish workhouse, a tenement divided into six dwellings, with a garden attached to it. The present workhouse at Upwick was originally intended for cavalry barracks, and was built at the time of the threatened French invasion.

Mr. Turner's shop, which stood at Stocksbank, was the residence of the Rev. Samuel Warneford, LL.D., who inherited considerable property at Eastbourne from his maternal grandfather, Mr. Samuel Calverley, and made a munificent gift of land at Hellingly to the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford. It would be interesting to know whether the original map of the Calverley estate at Eastbourne, dated 1758, is still in existence. I have only seen a very rough copy of part of it.

"Oak Cottage," in Terminus Road, was the property of the Penderells, descendants of the preserver of King Charles II.

Among the institutions of Old Eastbourne may be reckoned the "Library," formerly Heatherley's, now Gowlands. At the beginning of the century it was the best lodging-house at Sea Houses. There was no sea-wall in those days, but a tract of shingle lay in front of the Library, and on it the fishing boats were beached. The shingle has been washed away by the sea, and the extension of the Parade has driven the fishermen far to the eastward of the town. The Library once possessed a ghost of its own; but like the other old buildings at Eastbourne, it is about to give place to a modern structure. The "neat theatre," which Horsfield mentions as existing in 1835, was a long wooden building, in South Street, recently used as a workshop.

About the year 1851 the house at the corner of South Street and Grove Road was known as the "Eastbourne Mechanics' Institution," and its object was "the diffusion of knowledge (except polemical divinity and politics) by means of a library of useful works, the establishment of a reading room, the collection of models, the delivery of lectures on various branches of the arts and sciences, and by such other means as the committee of management should from time to time deem expedient." The programme does not sound very attractive, and, had polemical divinity or polemical politics been included in the list of subjects, a little more spirit might have been infused into the dreary proceedings of this Institution.

The old lists of Parliamentary voters are interesting, because they mention the names of many old localities which are nearly forgotten. In the Sussex Poll-book for 1837 I find references to High Wormey, Radmell, Goosemarsh, Inner Chawbrook, Upwick, Sparrow's Lane, Eastbourne Town, and the Goffs. And in the list for 1840

occur the names of Pillory, Bay Pond, and Burnt House near the Town.

"High Wormey" is a garden near the old drift-way at Seaside, formerly known as Chapel Drove and now as Lower Drove.

"Radmell" is now usually, but I think incorrectly, spelt "Rodmill."

"Goosemarsh" and "Inner Chawbrook" are fields in Bourne Level. "Gosebrook" is shown on the Calverley Estate Map of 1758, and Chawbrook is mentioned as early as 1716.

"Upwick" is the farm building on the right side of the road leading to Eastdean, a little above the workhouse. The name, I think, was originally "The Wick," for people spoke of going "Up Wick," just as they did of going "Up Town," *i.e.* to the Old Town.

"Sparrow's Lane" was the land abutting on the footpath leading from the steps at the foot of the Cemetery Hill towards St. John's Mill Road.

"The Goffs" was a cottage in two tenements which stood facing the South Fields at the top of Water Lane. It was originally a poor-house. The name of the Goffs has recently been transferred to a considerable portion of the thoroughfare. The house numbered 8 occupies, roughly speaking, the site of the old Goffs.

"The Pillory" stood on Pillory Bank in the field adjoining Church Street and opposite the end of Vicarage Road. "Pillory Place" now occupies its site.

"Bay Pond" was a pool of water low down in the hollow where the Bourne stream rises, and was approached by the lane which bears its name.

"Burnt House" is a cottage at Upwick which bears an inscription to commemorate its destruction by fire. It is described as "near the Town," to distinguish it from another Burnt House near Beachy Head.

In a deed of 1731 I find a holding described by reference to the latter locality, for Joseph Picknall thereby granted "all those his four acres of freehold land lying in the South Lanes of Eastbourne, called Burnthouse Land, and holden of the manor of Eastbourne-Parker." This allusion to "acres" in the lanes or common corn-fields shows that the open field system of cultivation was still prevalent at Eastbourne, and evidence to the same effect is afforded by another deed, dated 1777, by which Henry Burtenshaw conveyed eight acres of land lying *dispersed* in the south part of Eastbourne, and all that meadow pasture or fresh marsh land in Eastbourne containing four acres, and called "Birling Spot."

Langney, which lies just over the Borough boundary, will soon become a suburb of Eastbourne, and therefore deserves some notice. The old farmhouse, which stands near the road, was in former times a Grange belonging to Lewes Priory, and some portions of the ancient structure, including a chapel, are still to be seen there. It appears from the chartulary of Lewes Priory that the monks of that religious house paid to Richard, the gate-keeper of Pevensey, a rent of twelve pence per annum, in consideration of his allowing the sea-water to pass through his marsh to their mill at Langney, and the Prior paid a mark of silver to the gate-keeper, and three marks of gold to his wife, and stipulated that whenever the former sent corn to the mill it should be ground immediately after that which happened at the moment to be lying there, provided he paid the same price as other people (*"Suss. Arch. Coll."* 2, 15). Langney Cliff (*salesia*) is mentioned by the same chartulary as one of the southern boundaries of a tract of land given to the Priory in 1241 by Peter de Savoy. It is curious to find the name of this cliff, once washed by tidal water, cropping up again in 1624, for the lease of Langney farm granted in that year enumerates the following field names, some of which still survive: "The Cliffe, the horse land, the piece called St. Anthony's hill, the Hydneye hoth, the piece by the pidgeon house, and the great Rhyes." (*"Suss. Arch. Coll."* 19, 31.)

The Cliffe, which hardly deserves the name, is the steep bank facing the Crumbles. Travellers by railway will have remarked two remarkable "eyes" near Lewes, which stand out prominently above the surrounding level. They are known as the Rhyes, Ryes, or Rise, and once formed the rabbit-warren belonging to Lewes Priory (*Ibid.* 10, 99), and so it is not improbable that the monks transferred to Langney the names of familiar landmarks at their old home—the Cliffe and the Rhyes. As regards the derivation of the last name I would suggest that just as the Anglo-Saxon word *ig*, an island, has become softened into *eye*, so *aricg*, a back or ridge, has by analogy assumed the form of *rye*.

The termination of the name Langney is not to be referred to the Anglo-Saxon *eye*, an island, but rather to *ness*, which signifies in the same language a nose or promontory. The French use the corresponding term *nez* in the same sense, as, for example, in Cape Griznez. Langney therefore means "longness." But the *ness* here indicated is not, as the reader might naturally suppose, the promontory, formed of loose shingle, and named Langney Point, which runs into the sea a mile to the south-east of the old farmhouse. The shape of Langney Point may indeed have undergone great alter-

tions in days gone by, but after all it is an insignificant projection of the foreshore, and has probably never deserved the title of Longness. In order to arrive at the true origin of the name of Langney, we must carry our thoughts back to a period, not very remote, when all the adjacent levels were under water, and really formed a marsh in fact as well as in name. If the reader will glance at the map of Sussex, made from an actual survey in 1824 by Mr. William Figg, and corrected to 1861—a map which in point of detail is superior to the Ordnance Survey—he will notice that the comparatively high ground, intervening between Eastbourne and Pevensey, and forming part of Westham parish, consists of a group of narrow ridges, which radiate in various directions from a centre at Stone Cross. One of the longest of these ridges extends westward, and along it runs the road from Stone Cross to Polegate. Another projects far into the marshes towards the south-east, and along it runs the road from Stone Cross to Eastbourne, while at its extremity is situate Langney farmhouse. At the end of a third and shorter ridge, which passes northward through Hankham Street (not Handcomb Street, as some spell it), is a locality called Rickney, while upon a fourth, extending towards the north-west, stands the little hamlet of Blackness, corruptly pronounced Blackneat by the natives. Did ever folk make such a hash of local names as the people of Sussex? The last-named place, though not shown on the Ordnance map, consists of a small collection of houses and a blacksmith's shop. Lastly, two more short spurs of land point eastward, and abut on what is known as Mountney Level.

Now at the time when the marshes were submerged, the higher ground which has just been described must have appeared to rise abruptly from the surrounding waste of water, while at each of the localities situate at the extremities of the upland, and known as Langney, Mountney, Rickney, and Blackness, there must have been a ness projecting into the bosom of the neighbouring swamp.

The name "Langney," then, as applied to the maritime point, is not original but secondary, and borrowed from a locality which now lies inland.

Pevensey is sometimes spelt in old records Peve-nese by a false analogy to Lang-nese. The country people perversely call the latter locality Langley, as did their ancestors eight hundred years ago, when they furnished particulars of land at "Langelic" to the compilers of the Domesday Book.

THE CLEAN-SHIRT MINISTRY.

IN the course of my last visit to Australia, I had the pleasure, while sojourning in Sydney, of making the acquaintance of a venerable octogenarian colonist who has had a remarkable and eventful career, viz. the Rev. Thomas Spencer Forsaith, old Londoner, sailor, pioneer colonist, Congregationalist minister, and Premier of the Clean-Shirt Ministry. It is possible that to many minds this latter peculiar phrase will convey no very definite or intelligible meaning. It will strike them as a novel and amusing political conundrum. The late Rev. Dr. Brewer's very useful "*Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*," and the other handy works of reference of the like character, to which people hasten for further information about something interesting of which they have heard for the first time, will be searched in vain for a clue to the mystery of the "Clean-Shirt Ministry." I question very much whether even my right hon. friend, Professor Bryce, M.P., whom we all regard as a walking cyclopædia of constitutional history and legislative lore, could supply any information on the subject off hand. I fancy if he were to be suddenly confronted with the question, when and where the Clean-Shirt Ministry lived, and moved, and had its being, he would be momentarily staggered, and on recovering would feebly request the favour of five minutes to collect his scattered thoughts. But all this argues nothing save the large and lamentable lack of knowledge that still prevails among Britons at home with respect to the political history of their countrymen beyond the seas. The Clean-Shirt Ministry was the second effort in the direction of organising a responsible Government in New Zealand. The last day of August and the first day of September 1854 constituted the period of its ephemeral activity, for it was born, flourished, and died within the brief space of forty-eight hours. It is, indeed, the shortest ministry on record in the annals of the British Empire, and this circumstance makes the widespread ignorance concerning it all the more strange and difficult to understand, for one would imagine that people ought to be as inquisitive about the shortest of the ministries

as they notoriously are about the longest. Before recalling and surveying the circumstances that called the Clean Shirt Ministry into existence, and wrought its overthrow with such unprecedented celerity, it will be well to give some account of its Premier, who, at the advanced age of eighty four, is as fluent, keen eyed, active, and mentally vigorous as many men who are thirty years his junior. There is an astonishing briskness and juvenility about him, and he impresses you with the conviction that to have knocked about the world a good deal, endured all the hardships incidental to the lot of the pioneer colonist, and gone through a succession of varied vicissitudes, is a contribution and an apprenticeship, rather than a drawback or an impediment, to the enjoyment of a hale and hearty old age. Mr. Forsaith is now calmly spending the evening of life in the midst of the orange groves of Parramatta, a few miles outside the busy and bustling city of Sydney. So very few of us can ever hope to become Prime Ministers, that to have been one for even the short space of forty-eight hours is a striking and noteworthy achievement, but it will be seen that Mr. Forsaith has other and perhaps stronger claims to notice and commemoration than his having been for a couple of tempestuous days at the head of the Government of the "Greater Britain of the South."

Mr. Forsaith is one of the very few men now living who can recall the London of the second decade of our century. His father, Samuel Forsaith, was a native of Brantree, Essex, and for many years was the proprietor of a haberdasher and hosier's shop at Shoreditch. In the early years of the century the old-fashioned shop signs still lingered in some quarters of London, and the Forsaith establishment was known as "The Little Black Doll," from the effigy of an Ethiopian infant exhibited on its first elevation. The inclusion of the apparently unnecessary adjective "little" in the title was due to the fact that there was another establishment of larger dimensions close by in Norton Folgate called "The Black Doll." Mr. Forsaith says that in his youth business in London was conducted in a quiet, regular, and leisurely fashion. The novelties and artifices of keen competition were almost unknown, and were only practised by an establishment here and there that was considered more eccentric than reputable. Every Monday morning the "little black doll" was taken down and attired in a clean frock, which, to produce a striking effect, was always of some white material. "Ah me!" exclaims the octogenarian minister, "what changes in a few years! How the London beges would stare to see such a sign suspended over a haberdasher's shop nowadays!"

Among the incidents of Mr. Forsaith's boyhood in Shoreditch was a visit to the Pavilion Theatre, where he witnessed a performance of "Black-eyed Susan," with the celebrated T. P. Cooke in the character of William. The elder Mr. Forsaith was one of the deacons of Whitfield's Tabernacle, Moorfields, and was fond of exercising hospitality, his house being open to good men of all denominations, especially to clergymen and deserving youths. One of the latter class, Thomas Spencer, had been indentured to a mercer in the city, and usually spent his Sundays at the Forsaith establishment. Mr. Forsaith, senior, was so impressed by his talents that he recommended young Spencer to study for the ministry. The Rev. Matthew Wilkes, the then resident minister of Whitfield's Tabernacle, after hearing young Spencer conduct a family service one Sunday afternoon in the Forsaith establishment, endorsed the recommendation, exclaiming, "Young man, I believe God never intended you to sell buttons." The result was that Spencer's indentures were cancelled; he was sent to college, ordained, and settled at Liverpool, where he developed into a popular and powerful Nonconformist preacher. His name was given in baptism to the future Premier of the Clean-Shirt Ministry at the Moorfields Tabernacle.

After having gone through the prescribed course of studies at the Rev. Thomas Fancourt's academy in Hoxton Square, young Thomas Spencer Forsaith was placed in the shop of a draper who was a friend of his father, where he acquired a practical knowledge of business life. But after awhile he became dissatisfied with his position and prospects. He was a voracious reader with a remarkably retentive memory, and volume after volume of voyages, travels, discoveries, adventures, and romantic biographies, he made his own. But he also took peculiar pleasure in perusing theological treatises and books on controversial divinity, and by the time he had attained his majority he was almost as deeply versed in systematic theology as most divinity students on leaving college.

His general aspirations towards a seafaring life became a particular determination on the return of an erstwhile brother apprentice from a first voyage. This adventurous youth came to see his old companions of the yardstick, and fired their imaginations with eloquent descriptions of his adventures and of the glorious life of a sailor. "Thank goodness," he exclaimed with a sounding blow on the counter, "I am no longer a rag merchant and a counter-jumper." As an immediate result of this incident young Forsaith ran away from home, and, after a period of privation around the London docks—a street-arab having seized his little bundle, darted up an alley and

disappeared — was allowed to go on board a brig lying off Shadwell dock, where he was engaged in shovelling ballast, when a reverend friend of his father's arrived and escorted him back to the parental roof. But as he continued resolved to go to sea, his parents permitted him to undertake an experimental voyage to Sunderland as cabin-boy on a collier. On returning to London he was asked, "Well, Tom, have you had enough of the sea?" His reply was: "I like the sea, but I do not wish to go again in a collier." His nautical tastes were then gratified by a voyage in a merchantman from Liverpool to Bombay, occupying four months and six days. Off the island of Ascension he was for awhile in close proximity to a pirate, and at Bombay he had the unwonted experience, for an English lad, of sleeping during Christmas night on the deck in his clothes owing to the intensity of the heat. On the voyage, too, he had a narrow escape from losing his life. One night he was engaged with other sailors in taking in the lower studding sail. While it was being hauled inboard it got caught by some obstruction. Young Forsaith stepped out on the boom to clear it, slipped, lost his footing, and dropped into the sea. It was very dark at the time, but he had the presence of mind to shout out "A man overboard!" The man at the wheel heard the cry, and promptly threw a life-buoy over the taffrail. Young Forsaith heard the splash of the buoy, and being a good swimmer made for the spot immediately, and secured the life preserver. His thoughts, he says, were centred at the time on sharks. Every moment he feared that his legs would be snapped off by one of these voracious monsters of the deep. It was close on midnight, the ship had passed out of sight, he could perceive nothing but the rolling waves around him, although he could distinctly hear and understand all that transpired on board. He caught the sharp tones of the captain's voice, heard the creaking of the yards and the blocks as the ship was hove to the wind, and distinguished from all the other sounds the welcome noise of the falls as one of the quarter-boats was being lowered for his rescue. The boat's crew had some difficulty in determining his whereabouts in the darkness, and he began to abandon hope. "They will never find me. I am doomed to die a lingering death on the mighty ocean. I thought of Peter, and cried, 'Lord, save me or I perish.' Then I began to shout with all my energy, the energy of hope struggling with despair. After several minutes the rattle of the rowlocks ceased, the men were resting on their oars listening. I shouted again with renewed energy. They caught the direction of the sound, and answered by a shout. Again the oars were plied with rapid strokes; now and again there was a

momentary intermission, answered by a shout that they were pulling in the right direction. They drew nearer, they caught sight of the white buoy—I was rescued from a watery grave!" Such a harrowing experience as this naturally made a vivid impression on the mind of the thoughtful youth. Mr. Forsaith describes it as constituting an epoch in his spiritual history.

A second voyage from Liverpool to Bombay made young Forsaith a smart and promising sailor. He achieved the reputation of being the smartest helmsman on board; he made progress in the art of navigation, and assisted the captain in taking observations. During this second sojourn in Bombay he had the misfortune to fall down the hold, luckily escaping with a severely crushed foot, which necessitated his detention in a hospital until the ship was starting on the return voyage to Liverpool. A third trip to Bombay found this Indian port under the pall of a hideous epidemic. Every soul on board was attacked, and when the ship left after a stay of forty days, only the captain, an apprentice, and young Forsaith, who had to act as cook, were in a healthy condition.

Having thus served an apprenticeship to the seafaring life, Mr. Forsaith found himself on July 18, 1834, his twentieth birthday, the duly-appointed fourth mate of the *Hooghly*, a ship chartered by the Imperial Government to convey convicts to Sydney. Two hundred and sixty prisoners of various ages and convicted of a variety of offences, under a military guard commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Woodhouse, were brought on board. Mr. Forsaith was specially deputed to assist the Surgeon-Superintendent, Dr. Rutherford, and was almost continuously between decks amongst the convicts. They were brought on board at Spithead, and it became Mr. Forsaith's duty to attach a number to each prisoner in succession. One young prisoner looked keenly at him and coloured deeply. Nothing was said at the time, but next day one of the prisoners' boatswains approached Mr. Forsaith, and, touching his cap, said: "Excuse me, sir, but were you not educated at the Rev. Mr. Fancourt's, Hoxton Square?" "Yes, but why do you ask?" "Because there is a young man here who says he recollects your face at school." Mr. Forsaith sent for the young prisoner and recognised in him an old school mate, for whom he subsequently secured a good situation in Sydney. Another prisoner of high attainments and considerable erudition, who had been sentenced to transportation for life, was wont to pace the decks, grind his teeth, and rage in this manner: "I will not be chained up for life like a dog. Society in New South Wales shall know ere long that I am a man who might be useful if treated like a man, but

who will stick at nothing rather than endure the degradation of perpetual bonds. I will be free or die, and if I die, I shall not die alone." On Mr. Forsaith reminding him that it had been declared on the highest of authorities that the way of transgressors was hard, he rejoined: "I know it, and have proved it to be so. I have made my bed and am prepared to find it a hard one, but I deny the right of human authority to make it iron." Mr. Forsaith believes that this desperate man of education was afterwards identical with one of those outlawed and bloodthirsty bushrangers that terrorised the interior of New South Wales for several years.

The voyage of the convict ship was not without strange and exciting incidents, the most prominent and painful of which was the insanity of Colonel Woodhouse, commandant of the military guard. It was evidently a case of religious mania. He rushed out of his cabin one afternoon and ran forward to address the prisoners on the wrath to come. He then threatened to throw himself overboard if he were not allowed to fulfil his mission. With an open prayer-book in his hand he tried to harangue the prisoners and had to be stopped by the sentries. Finally he jumped overboard, was rescued, and confined in his cabin for the rest of the voyage. Thus, by the irony of fate, the officer appointed to command the military guard over the prisoners became a much more severely guarded prisoner himself than the bulk of the convicts.

On arriving in Sydney Harbour, the *Hooghly* was boarded by the Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Deas-Thomson, and other Government officials, who took delivery of the convicts in due form. Mr. Forsaith says he learned one lesson from his experiences on board the *Hooghly*—the truth that no man is so utterly bad but that the eye of charity may discover some lines of good in his character. And, as a matter of fact, in after years he recognised in certain prosperous colonial citizens leading honest and edifying lives some of the erstwhile transported British convicts whom he had accompanied to Australia.

After discharging her living cargo in Sydney, the *Hooghly* proceeded on to China, making calls at Batavia and Samarang. At Canton she cast anchor in the midst of a teeming floating population. Mr. Forsaith made a thorough exploration of Canton and its environs some twenty years before the war, which he characterises as "that nationally disgraceful raid of England in support, or rather enforcement, of the iniquitous opium trade in opposition to the laws and intentions of China and her best friends." The *Hooghly* sailed away from Canton to London with a cargo of tea,

and after a brief holiday ashore with his friends and relatives, Mr. Forsaith found himself once more afloat, this time as second officer of the *Lord Goderich*, bound for Sydney with a general cargo. Amongst her passengers was Mr. Knowles, an English actor of repute, who was one of the pioneers of the Shakespearean drama in the colonies. It was on the return voyage of the *Lord Goderich* to England that Mr. Forsaith first made the acquaintance of the colony of which he was destined to be Prime Minister for forty eight hours and a citizen of many years' standing. At the port of Hokianga, on the north west coast of New Zealand, the *Lord Goderich* took in a cargo of timber and sailed away for London via Rio Janeiro. During the temporary absence of the captain at Rio Janeiro, the chief officer maddened himself with liquor, appeared on deck with a pistol, and tried to shoot Mr. Forsaith. He was overcome after a violent struggle, manacled, and locked up in his cabin. On the return of the captain next day, the chief officer was summarily dismissed and Mr. Forsaith promoted to the vacant post. When the *Lord Goderich* arrived in London, and her owner was informed of what had occurred during the voyage, he expressed himself as much pleased with Mr. Forsaith's conduct under trying circumstances, and promised him the command of a new ship that was then in process of building. But this handsome offer he declined, for he had formed other plans for the future. Influenced largely by the advice and suggestions of a passenger who had boarded the *Lord Goderich* at Hokianga, New Zealand, and had accompanied the vessel to London, Mr. Forsaith resolved on entering into the business of the exportation of timber from that port and becoming a settler in New Zealand. But before setting out to establish himself as a permanent resident at the Antipodes, he was happily married, the ceremony being performed at the Broad Street Chapel on May 17, 1838, by the Rev. Edward Mannering, the pastor and an old friend of the Forsaith family. This was one of the first if not the first—marriages performed under the Act legalising marriages solemnised in Nonconformist places of worship. In pursuance of his new plans, Mr. Forsaith chartered the *Coromandel*, a large ship just about to start for Sydney with emigrants, to proceed from Sydney to Hokianga and take in a cargo of timber for London, he and his wife accompanying the vessel. Mr. Forsaith assisted in the navigation of the ship, and also held religious services amongst the emigrants. Mr. Forsaith sojourned in Sydney for a season while the *Coromandel* was discharging her cargo. On the first Sunday after his arrival he attended at the School of Arts Hall, where the public services of the comparatively few Congregationalists then

resident in Sydney were held. The officiating minister on the occasion was the Rev. John Williams, afterwards the martyred missionary of Erromanga. Mr. Williams, with a band of devoted helpers, had called at Sydney in the brig *Camden* on their way to the New Hebrides. It was at this service, too, that Mr. Forsaith made the acquaintance of a gentleman, who became one of the founders of the Australian press and a life-long friend of his own. Mr. John Fairfax, who had failed as a printer and newspaper proprietor in Leamington, Warwickshire, arrived in Sydney almost simultaneously with Mr. Forsaith. He found temporary employment in the Australian Library, but soon acquired an interest in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, of which he ultimately became sole proprietor, raising it into the first rank of the great daily journals of the world, and building it up into a most valuable property. Revisiting Leamington, he invited all his former creditors to dinner, and each guest found under his plate an envelope containing a cheque for the amount due by the host at the time of failure, with interest up to date.

Mr. Forsaith accompanied the Rev. John Williams and party to Sydney Heads. Mr. Williams had expressed a hope that some day he might visit the Forsaiths in New Zealand, and Mr. Forsaith was in the act of drawing a rough outline sketch of the coast at Hokianga for his information when the order was given to cast off, and he shook hands for the last time with the intrepid missionary whose life was sacrificed a few months later to his evangelistic zeal. Having discharged cargo and taken in stores at Sydney, the *Coromandel* resumed her voyage to Hokianga, and arrived there early in December, 1838, the year before the Queen's sovereignty over New Zealand was officially proclaimed. There was nothing then in the nature of a central or settled government. The Maori chiefs were independent of each other and frequently at war, but a wholesome fear of their power and displeasure served as a restraint upon the lawless Europeans—runaway sailors, escaped convicts, &c—who were scattered along the coast. There were a few missionaries and respectable European settlers in the country who exercised a healthy moral and social influence in their respective localities. Hokianga was the site of an important Wesleyan mission station, so that Mr. and Mrs. Forsaith were not wholly without congenial society in their out-of-the-way new home.

Having established himself at Hokianga, Mr. Forsaith acquired some hundreds of acres of land in the district, and combined farming with trading in timber. Early in November, 1841, he was the victim of a raid by a band of infuriated Maories, under the impression that

he had desecrated one of their burial-grounds. It seems that some Maories, while traversing Mr. Forsaith's estate discovered a human skull, and at once jumped to the conclusion that it must have been obtained from one of their sacred places in the neighbourhood. The peculiar reverence with which the Maories regarded their burial-grounds, and a report that had found widespread credence amongst them to the effect that the white men used the bones of the dead for medicinal purposes, suffice to explain the fanatical fury into which the Maories of the district worked themselves when the news of the discovery on Mr. Forsaith's property was circulated amongst them. A notorious cannibal named Weinga fanned the flames by an exciting appeal to their superstitious fears, and by declaiming an old heathen war ode, at the end of which in a condition of frenzy they jumped into their canoes, pulled up the river to Mr. Forsaith's estate, reduced his house to a perfect wreck, and carried away everything portable. Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Forsaith were absent at the time ensuing around the coast. The Rev James Buller, who was then a Wesleyan missionary at Hokianga, and who records the incident in the eleventh chapter of his "Forty Years in New Zealand" (Hodder & Stoughton), exerted all his personal influence to calm the passions of the angry Maories, but with little success, as after destroying Mr. Forsaith's house, they visited and plundered the houses of seven other pioneer settlers in the district. The upshot of the episode was a Government investigation on the spot, which resulted in the Maories ceding a block of land by way of restitution and in Mr. Forsaith's being refunded by the Government to the amount of his loss. Removing to the then metropolis, Auckland, Mr. Forsaith entered into business as a storekeeper in the principal street and prospered with the growth of the city.

Early in 1854 New Zealand ceased to be a Crown colony, and commenced its career of representative Government in accordance with an Act passed by the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Forsaith, who had by this time become one of the best known and respected citizens of Auckland, entered the first New Zealand House of Representatives as member for the northern division. The period of transition, when a colony is passing from the paternal rule of the delegate of Downing Street into the hands of the elected representatives of the colonists, is nearly always a crucial and tempestuous interval, but in the case of New Zealand the risk and the danger were intensified by a combination of unfortunate accidents. In the first place, the able, well-informed, and long-experienced Governor, Sir George Grey, who had played a prominent part in the framing

of the new constitution, departed for England at the end of 1853, leaving the commander of the Imperial forces, Major-General Wynyard—a good soldier, but no statesman—to represent the Queen and start the new legislative machinery. Then no provision was made in the new system for the representation or the government of the high-spirited Maories—the numerous native inhabitants of the colony—an oversight that was destined to have far-reaching and very serious consequences in the years to come. As the Hon. William Gishorne truly says: "Personal government had been to the native race a valuable boon. It was in conformity with native usage; and it enabled a native to get personal access to the Governor, a patient hearing, and often immediate satisfaction. The natives understood, appreciated, and sensibly profited by the personal rule of the Governor. But a sudden and complete change came when the representative system displaced that personal rule. They could not understand why the Governor, who had hitherto been supreme, should at once become practically subordinate. They quickly found out that he could not give his own decision, but that he must consult and defer to the opinion of others. This reduction of the Governor to a constitutional cipher was unintelligible to them, degraded him in their eyes, and was fraught in their case with dangerous elements."

But the defect in the new constitution which produced the most immediate trouble and dissatisfaction, and which culminated in the formation of the Clean-Shirt Ministry, was the absence of the now invariable provision by which the high Government officials under the old Imperial *régime* retire on the initiation of representative Government. For some time after the first New Zealand House of Representatives had been in session, the Chief Secretary, the Treasurer, the Attorney-General, &c., appointed by Downing Street in the old days, continued to exercise their functions, although not members of the representative chamber, and, as was inevitable under such circumstances, a series of unpleasant collisions and a great deal of excited acrimonious controversy ensued. There occurred at this time perhaps the most extraordinary and undignified scene recorded in modern Parliamentary annals, when a section of the House of Representatives, objecting to the suspension of the standing orders, and finding the doors locked for a division on the question, clambered into the strangers' gallery in the hope that the prescribed number of members would not be left on the floor to carry the suspension. Major-General Wynyard endeavoured to harmonise the conflicting elements of the situation by organising a mixed Government, composed of the old Imperial heads of departments and four leading members of the legislature. Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald assumed

the *role* of Premier. He was a brilliant orator and an early friend of Mr. Gladstone, who, it will be remembered, read a striking communication from Mr. Fitzgerald in the course of his speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill in 1893. Sir Frederick Weld, a cadet of an old English Catholic family, who afterwards became Governor of Western Australia, Tasmania, and the Straits Settlements; Sir Francis Dillon Bell, who afterwards represented the colony in London for several years as Agent-General; and Mr. Henry Sewell, an English solicitor who had taken an active part in establishing the Church of England settlement at Canterbury in the southern portion of New Zealand, were the other members who joined in this Ministerial experiment. But these gentlemen, although commanding the confidence of the majority of their fellow-members, soon found themselves unable to make any satisfactory progress with public business while they were tied to irresponsible Imperial officials, and, therefore, resigned after two months of struggling with the difficulties of the situation. Major General Wynyard then turned to the minority in the House, of whom Mr. Forsaith was the foremost representative. As Acting-Governor, he sent for Mr. Forsaith and commissioned him to form a new Government. Mr. Forsaith accepted the commission, and organised a fresh Government—fresh, that is so far as its representative wing was concerned, but stale as ever on the Imperial official side. Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that the new Forsaith Ministry would receive short shrift at the hands of a House now angry, indignant, and determined on establishing full, supreme, and all-round Ministerial responsibility to Parliament.

Mr. Forsaith faced the House of Representatives as Premier on September 1, 1854, and in the course of the customary opening statement as to the circumstances under which he had taken office and the policy he meant to pursue, he casually dropped a homely phrase that was promptly taken up by his opponents, and so harped upon during the subsequent discussion that it solidified into the *sobriquet* of his short-lived Government. Sailors, as we all know, are characterised by an engaging frankness, unconventionality and breeziness of speech, which the House of Commons has been very pleased to pardon in the case of such privileged members as Lord Charles Beresford and Admiral Field, and it was probably due to his former maritime training and nautical associations that Mr. Forsaith took the House so completely into his confidence as to explain that "the summons from the representative of Her Majesty to form a new Ministry took me entirely by surprise. I was working in my shop at the time, and as quickly as possible I put on a clean shirt, and waited upon His Excellency."

In the first volume of the New Zealand *Hansard* an apparently revised version of the speech is inserted, in which Mr. Forsaith is represented as not descending to particulars, but as informing the House in general terms that "he was working at his own business at the time, and even had to change his garb before waiting upon His Excellency." But the unsophisticated reference to the clean shirt naturally tickled the susceptibilities of the young and volatile members, and was repeatedly quoted for sarcastic purposes in the want of confidence debate that commenced when Mr. Forsaith had resumed his seat on the Treasury bench. For instance, a certain Mr. Revans is reported as remarking: "Touching the speech of the hon. member for the Northern Division, it amounted to this, that on Tuesday he put on a clean shirt, and afterwards, within an amazingly short period, the most extraordinary scheme of policy he had ever heard of was brought forward to the world. What great events from little causes spring! That was the result of changing a shirt." On a subsequent occasion when similar jibes were uttered in the House, Mr. Forsaith felicitously retorted that "although he had been clothed with but a little brief authority, his Ministry had come and gone in clean garments, and that was the happiest condition he could hope for the hon. member when his time came." The explanation of the incident was really very simple. A ship had just arrived from London, and her cargo comprised a number of cases of drapery consigned to Mr. Forsaith. He was helping his assistants to unpack these cases when the message from the Acting-Governor arrived, and as the process of unpacking goods is nearly always attended by dust and discomfort, he deemed a change of clothing desirable before starting to confer with the representative of the Queen. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury would doubtless have acted similarly in the circumstances, but they would probably have been more reticent in the sequel.

Mr Gibbon Wakefield—the most influential man in the House—Sir Frederick Weld, and indeed all the leading members, contributed concise speeches to the discussion. Mr. Wakefield, who had achieved a celebrity in England before emigrating to New Zealand by his theories and works on colonisation, made an incidental observation that is not without consolation to Her Majesty's Opposition at Westminster: "In England the beaten Ministry retired with good grace, in good-humour, and bided their time. No Ministry in England could last beyond a certain length of time; the people become dissatisfied with them, and in the due course of events in the circle of change those who had preceded them had their turn again." Sir Frederick Weld emphatically declared that "if the attempt to

government by a minority should succeed, not only is responsible government at an end, but popular government is superseded by an oligarchy of the worst description and in the most odious form." The debate concluded on the same evening with the adoption, by a majority of twenty-two votes to ten, of an amendment to the address, affirming in unmistakable language "that a mixed executive, composed in part of irresponsible officers and in part of members drawn from a small minority of the House, is a form of Government in which this House declares its absolute want of confidence." Mr. Forsaith and his colleagues immediately resigned, and their resignations were accepted by General Wynyard. Mr. Forsaith's position was that he demurred to the sudden introduction of full Ministerial responsibility; not because he was opposed to the principle, but because he conceived there were legal obstacles in the way, and that its introduction would not be expedient without due precaution; but when these objections were removed and the assent of the Imperial Government obtained, he was anxious to see the principle fully and thoroughly established. Soon after the arrival of Sir Thomas Gore Browne, who superseded General Wynyard and succeeded Sir George Grey in the Governorship, the old Imperial element in the executive was pensioned off, Ministers became fully and unreservedly the creation of the popular chamber, and the preliminary constitutional difficulty was at an end.

Mr. Forsaith remained in the New Zealand Parliament for several years, a useful and industrious member, although he never had a second taste of the sweets of office. He was particularly active and influential in the discussion and decision of native questions, for he was a thorough master of the Maori language, had filled the post of sub-protector of the Aborigines before his removal to Auckland, and had accompanied Admiral Fitzroy in the capacity of interpreter to the Conference with the chiefs after the Wairau massacre. But with advancing years Mr. Forsaith—who, as I have already indicated, was always a man of strong religious feelings, the product of one of the strictest of London Evangelical homes—resolved to retire from both business and politics, and devote the remainder of his life to a higher and what he believed would be a far more permanently fruitful service. He accordingly entered the Congregational ministry in 1865, became pastor of a leading church of that denomination in Sydney, and laboured for thirty years with much zeal and acceptance, discharging in a thorough but unobtrusive manner the multifarious duties that fall to the lot of an energetic and popular pastor in one of the most populous and progressive cities of Greater Britain.

In 1857 Mr. Forsaith revisited England, lectured in London and the provincial centres on New Zealand, and published a little work on the colony under the title of "A Handbook for Emigrants to New Zealand: being a digest of the most recent and authentic intelligence respecting Auckland, the capital of the colony, by Thomas S. Forsaith, a settler of twenty years' experience; also magistrate for the city, and late member of the House of Representatives." Nearly forty years have passed since the publication of this handbook, but these words from Mr. Forsaith's preface are no less true to-day than when they were originally written: "To all who may be seeking for some new sphere of enterprise it may be confidently asserted that, of all the numerous dependencies of the British Crown, there is not one which can offer to the industrious emigrant of small means greater inducements than the colony of New Zealand generally, and the settlement of Auckland in particular. To the sober, intelligent, and industrious artisan or agriculturist New Zealand presents a field in which he may not only realise a comfortable subsistence, free from the corroding cares and anxieties incident to almost every pursuit in this country in consequence of excessive competition, but in which, with care and prudence, he cannot fail to achieve for himself and family a comfortable competence."

As I sat on the balcony of the Sydney Métropole one glorious Australian summer afternoon, listening to the life-story of this venerable, vigorous, and versatile octogenarian colonist, I could not help remembering with regret the number of colonial pioneers that have been allowed to pass away without leaving any record of those early, interesting, and energetic days of nation-building. Future historians will heap maledictions on the heads of contemporary colonial editors for so largely and so shamefully neglecting the important duty of collecting and recording the recollections of the veterans in their midst. Scattered over Australia and New Zealand there are still left a score or two of grey-haired survivors of the thirties and forties, who only need the stimulation of suggestion from a publisher to turn their memories and memoranda to serviceable historical account. Fortunately, in the case of Mr. Forsaith, we are likely to have a full, true, and particular account of his eventful and chequered career, for he was preparing his reminiscences for publication when I left Sydney, and had already a pretty large pile of manuscript accumulated. From the bare and general outline of his long and chequered career that I have endeavoured to present, I think it will be admitted that his autobiography can hardly fail to be a striking and exceptionally interesting work.

J. F. HOGAN.

THE POETIC FACULTY, AND MODERN POETS.

FOR many centuries men have speculated upon the meaning and function of Poetry. This wayward imaginative spirit in their midst, undying through all the changes of the civilised world, rising ever and anon with the full tide of national life and aspiration—the echo and interpreter of passing ages—the mirror of the individual soul; whence came its inspiration? To what conditions was it subject? By what laws should it be defined? And so, in later times, a host of definitions have accumulated, each one stamped with the particular impress of the critic's own temperament, and in a measure falling short of an analysis that should satisfy mankind. For poetry, like the vast field of human life from which it draws its sustenance, is not too readily defined. Its subtle and elusive essence cannot be imprisoned in a formula; its aspects are as varied as the tastes, the desires of men. And yet, although we may never have arrived at a complete consensus of opinion respecting the nature and aims of the poetic faculty, still the discussion is not wholly without interest for us to-day. For the poetry of a nation is the imperishable memorial of its weakness or its strength. No country can afford to disregard it; no people can escape the influence of its power. It exists, or should exist, for the invigoration, the refreshment of society, whom it so naturally persuades to listen by the mere magic of its voice. The æsthetic faculty is undying in the heart of man. So long as Nature presents us with that peculiar type of physical and mental organisation which forms the natural equipment of the poet, so long will there be souls ready to answer to his message, as deep answering unto deep; so long will human fancy follow him, whether into the pure radiance of the empyrean, where the common things of daily experience become transfigured and glorified, or it may be into the murky atmosphere of a disordered imagination, with its morbid perversions of truth. Granting, then, a hardly fail to do, the manifest influence of poetic litera-

ture, we shall not consider that time as wasted which is given to the consideration of its varieties, its development, its laws. It is not necessary in an age of advancing culture, and at the end of a century so exceptionally fertile in literary effort, to seek another definition of poetry above the many already known. All definition has something of a personal bias. We recall Schlegel's preference of Calderon to Shakespeare, on the ground that a poet should "solve" rather than "describe" the enigma of existence. We know that in recent times Mr. Swinburne has declared the only two essentials of poetry to be "imagination" and "harmony," while Matthew Arnold—himself being *par excellence* a critic—found its essence in a "criticism of life." All literature, he said, was a criticism of life, not poetry only or specially. But beyond all variety of taste and prepossession, and underlying all changes of custom and form, the eternal conditions which have ruled the best poetry in all ages are immutable now as of old. It is still the mission of the poets to be representative—interpreters of human life, "*piis vates, et Phæbo digna locuti*." It is theirs to reproduce the drama of existence for us in an idealised, imaginative form. We know that those poets are the greatest who have wrought the most varied aspects of life into works of the richest beauty; who have given us not only the faithful representation of human action, or individual experience, or the external world, but a picture so transfigured by exquisite feeling and embodied in the choicest expression which language can yield, that it appeals to us with the force of an implicit revelation—a deeper insight into the heart of things. It is just this touch of "natural magic" which gives the poet—no matter of what age or country—his eternal hold upon our lives. It is just this exquisite sensibility, this sensitive balance between realism and idealism, which has given poetry its pre-eminent and undisputed sway. Let us ask of our poets at the end of this nineteenth century that they preserve the dignity of their inheritance—the traditions handed down through centuries of progress—unimpaired.

At various times in the history of civilised nations the whole sphere of imaginative effort has been invaded by a spirit of criticism and revolt. The perpetual antithesis with which Matthew Arnold has made us so familiar in the opposing ranks of Hellenism and Hebræism has disturbed the just balance of men's thought. The antagonism between Idealism and Naturalism has reasserted itself with the bitter ardour of a revolutionary war. Shall art present us with an idealised glory, or with the plain reality of life? Shall the artist be bound by rules and limitations, or cast off

the artificial bondage of restraint? It is not enough for the militant theorists of the realistic school that the silent imperishable monuments of the noblest art contain within themselves the answer. We are still assured, on the one hand, that a great emotion and a vivid imagination will make a poet, and that the sensuous form in art is of more moment than the intellectual and spiritual idea; and, on the other hand, that profundity of thought is of itself sufficient, without regard to expression and form. It is impossible to reflect, however briefly, upon the literature of our epoch without becoming sensible of this opposition as manifested both in theory and in fact. Throughout an age characterised by an almost unvalled activity, both in action and in thought, by a stream of literary effort second only to that of the Elizabethan period in vigour, and by a freedom of criticism which has left nothing untouched or unquestioned, it was natural that in literature as in life there should be some reaction from accepted standards, some restatement of existing aims. It has been said of the nineteenth century that "it has struck its own chord on the harp of human existence"; and mighty in truth is the sound now gathering into the swan song of this great age. Here is not the place, nor is ours the necessity, of attempting any retrospect of the social and political developments of the time; our concern is merely with those latent forces and dominant influences which have conditioned and moulded the course of modern poetry. For the poet cannot isolate himself in detachment from his age. Even while assisting in the change of the conditions which surround him, he is himself, by virtue of his acute sensibilities, more forcibly conditioned than ordinary men. The greater he is, the more deeply will every aspect of life arouse his sympathies; the more truly he will reveal the epoch to itself in representative form.

The most far-reaching and reactionary influence which in recent times has affected our life and literature took its rise in the great revolution of a century ago. The dawn of the Victorian era found men's thoughts dominated still by turbulent and varied impulses. The æsthetic faculty, freed from the chains of a bygone classicism which the revolutionists of 1789 had endeavoured to impose, had spent itself in the wild reaction of the Romantic School. Everywhere the old landmarks of formality and restraint were banished; and the new liberty, as yet untamed, did violence to the finer feelings of humanity. So deeply rooted was the reaction, fed by so many agencies, political, intellectual, and moral, that it has continued to exert its influence long after its most brilliant supporters have
d away. The disordered fancies of Romanticism still linger in

the atmosphere of English art. A wayward, mocking spirit ever and again asserts its sway ; ever seeking the worship of outward form, the perpetual stimulus of the senses, the gratification of every morbid craving in the name of art. In the conscious straining for artificial effect, simplicity of expression dies. The realists of the nineteenth century, in their unhappy search for prolonged enjoyment, and their dreary ultimatum of failure and despair, have brought us to the realisation of one of the most curious phases of modern thought. In attempting a restoration which would mean an impossible retrogression they have failed—as Julian failed of old. They have, moreover, inflicted upon the serene and gracious spirit of Hellenic civilisation a grievous wrong. They have debased its healthy ideals, its noble aspirations towards the inner truth and harmony of things, its delicate sense of proportion and measure. The once fair fancies of the Pagan world have met with humiliating treatment : the ancient shrines are desecrated. “ Pan, Pan is dead ! ”

But Time with its changing issues reverses the reaction of an hour. There is a craving in human nature which will not for ever be satisfied with works which appeal exclusively to the æsthetic instinct, and the English mind throughout the century has been influenced in many other ways. The imaginative faculty has been greatly astir. In the early Victorian epoch, poetry, freed from the formal barriers of traditional style, and reacting from the artificial restraints and narrowness of the eighteenth century models, shared in the general outburst of transcendental joy. The sympathetic and enthusiastic tendencies of the age favoured a scientific optimism. The tide of civil and political life ran high. The great events and changes of the period—the Abolition of Slavery—the new Poor Laws—ideals of National Education—the policy of Free Trade, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws—all followed each other in quick succession. Shelley caught the spirit of republican enthusiasm ; Byron and Scott opened a new world of adventurous romance ; Coleridge, with his weird and magical blending of the natural and supernatural, gained some ascendancy over the public ear ; and Wordsworth revived the true æsthetic delight in Nature. Prose literature, too, developed widely. Thackeray and George Eliot made fiction great ; and on the stage came Garrick. But as the years passed on, “ the burden of the mystery, the weight of all this unintelligible world,” increased with many complex issues. Knowledge grew ; science scored, one by one, her well-earned victories. Criticism spread ; the old theological arguments were shaken ; and here and there pessimism, though an alien outgrowth from foreign soil, trod on the heels of progress. It

would be too much to say that any one poet of the Victorian era had in his poetic mirror reflected the whole of the latent forces, the conflicting tendencies of the age. To "see life steadily and see it whole" is but a rare gift of mortals. But it is certain that the poetry of our century, as a whole, has been peculiarly influenced by environment, the more so, perhaps, because it has ceased to be distinctly national. An universal ideal of life has also perished, poetic literature has become more literary and critical, each poet is free to give expression to his own particular point of view. In the earlier part of the century Byron and Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge did work which more or less permanently influenced the poetry of later days. Perhaps the ascendancy of Byron was the earliest won and the first to fade away. In spite of his great command of language, and fine poetic sensibility, there was a narrowness of sympathy and aim, a morbidness and querulous egotism, which robbed his work of a deeper influence upon the minds of men.

The bird rhapsodies of Shelley and the fervid imagery of Keats will reflect for all time passionate phases of the sensitive, untrained poetic soul. But the "young Marcellus of English poetry," fired with a feverish rapture for all things beautiful, and looking upon Nature with ardent, dreaming eyes, sought no inspiration from the world of humanity; and it is only left for us to surmise what height and breadth of later development, what wide expansion of sympathy, his genius might have attained. It was reserved for Wordsworth, brooding in silence and self-absorption over the mystery of the external world, to complete for us a harmonious and consistent picture. It is true that with many aspects of human life he was not at all in sympathy; that he was frankly hostile to the revelations of science; that, in short, as Matthew Arnold said of him, he did "avert his ken from half of human fate." But he sought a deeper basis for poetry; he appealed to the primary laws and affections of our nature; and if he descended at times into commonplace, and set mere platitudes to music, yet no one knew better how to condense a fine perception into the magic of a single line. Many such, as "the harvest of a quiet eye," have passed into familiar language, and Tennyson loved to quote the line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," with keenest appreciation of its power. His verse may be said to reflect the attitude of his own calm, musing spirit with a peculiar fidelity.

Thence in a season of calm weather
Though far inland we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

It is by these and similar passages that Wordsworth's immortality is won. But although at the fountain of his genius later poets—notably Matthew Arnold—have drunk deep, from his theory of poetry there has been a natural and necessary reaction. Not thought alone can give the poem its value. We want thought etherealised, wrought into forms of imperishable beauty; wrought, too, in the self-restrained and conscientious spirit of the Greek artist who felt it his duty to elaborate *both* sides of the statue, "because the gods would look upon them both."

And for this cunning hand of workmanship, this consummate union of intellectual vigour and artistic skill, our country has not sought in vain. Alfred Tennyson, the exquisite singer, the sympathetic interpreter of the age which at so many points he touched so closely, has won the homage not only of scholar and critic, but of the humblest souls. He gave us both the "enthusiasm of life" and the intellectual "sophrosyne" of the trained, artistic soul. He knew the ways of humanity; he saw the pathos of simple lives, the beauty of external Nature. But he saw more. The spirit of the time was with him; the new encroaching problems, the perplexity of readjustment, the conflicts of creed and science, hope and despair. And though there were forces and tendencies around him which he failed to grasp, yet he surely gave us a wider representation, and in language of richer power and delicacy, than any other poet of our day. Nor did his faculties weaken perceptibly with weight of years. It may well be that succeeding generations will esteem his swan song as part of his noblest legacy, and the line,

When that which draws from out the boundless deep
Turns again home,

as an expression hardly to be surpassed in English literature.

In strange contrast to his sensitiveness of expression—in contrast, too, to his very human attitude, perplexed, faltering, yet passionately confident of an ultimate satisfaction and harmony—is Robert Browning's rough, unpolished verse. His optimism rings unflinching through the world, with even balance of seriousness and joy. In his earnest idealism he flung himself against the tide of thought which valued scientific knowledge for its own sake, and claimed in emotion and faith the basis of moral action. As an inspiring teacher, as a robust, manly personality, his influence, with that of his great wife—whose work, though sweeter far, was not less

strong and healthy—will not quickly die. But as a dramatist and poet his reversal of Shakespeare's method marred his greatness. "What are motives without action?" said Aristotle. And Browning gave us only the analysis and dissection of the individual soul; his sphere was that of science, not of poetry. But the mantle of his optimism has scarcely descended upon any poet of later days. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne have detached themselves from most of the hopes and aspirations which mankind have been wont to cherish. The one has conceived of an Utopia without progress, the other has lauded in strains of curious exultation a theory of existence which might well make men despair. In a beautiful roundel full of the haunting, dreamy music which his master-hand can readily evoke, he broods with a sort of Lucretian contentment over a world passionless and bereaved:

We have drunken of Lethe at last, we have eaten of Lotus;
 What hurts it us here that sorrow arise and die?
 We have said to the dream that caressed and the terror that smote us,
 Good night, and good bye.

Far different, yet still in a minor key, is the theme of Matthew Arnold's poetry. Combining, like Tennyson and Swinburne, the laurels of scholarship with those of literature, his work is marked especially by its Attic purity of style. He, too, is *par excellence* the child of his age. He has caught the spirit of its sadness, its uncertainty, above all, of its criticism. But no theories of "Art for Art's sake" ever led him away from his ideal of moderation, his intellectual balance, and refinement of soul. Like Sir Lewes Morris, whose wise and beautiful "epic" has so delicately appropriated the noblest conceptions of classical literature, he has won the gratitude of all to whom the thoughts of the ancient world are more than mere superstitions and empty dreams.

Space forbids us to attempt a more detailed survey of either the foremost poets of our century or of the many who have also helped to advance the poetic tide in a less prominent degree. But even a bare enumeration of those whose names have become household words amongst us can hardly fail, at the end of this century, to deepen our sense of pride in our national treasures, our magnificent heritage of song. The work of this era has tended upon the whole to strengthen our position as guardians of the poetic gift. Our language, itself a noble inheritance, has won greater freedom by the expansion of a too rigid metrical form; ancient models have been freely studied without slavish imitation; the source of poetic inspiration has widened and deepened in sympathy. New aspects of the

complex, unrestful age give rise to deeper views of life and character, and if the millennium is farther from men's dreams, and Utopias less readily believed in, it cannot at least be said that the fundamental interests of human life are weakened, or that the beauty of the natural world has lost its magic influence through the deeper knowledge of its laws. Dangers, of course, have increased in the path of poetic inspiration, and there are some eminent critics who would have us believe that an age of decadence is come. It is certain that a tendency has gained ground of late to exalt the expression at the expense of thought, to emphasise the personal and local interest rather than those common to mankind, and to sacrifice the native English idiom to artificiality of style. Traces, too, of the "Humanist" influence are to be found in the gradual lowering of ideals, and the undue emphasis of the baser side of life. The age of decadence will verily come upon us when the mission of art ceases from its beneficent intent, and cares not to remind us that though every good gift of the gods may fall from Pandora's casket, yet Hope for ever remains.

But we refuse to believe that because of the increasing stress and perplexity of modern life, the future of English poetry is doomed. Beneath these struggles and perplexities the poet can still discern and recreate the external verities, the old, unchanging conditions of the human soul. He can still lure us to a restful hour by the magic of his singing; he can still reveal to us the thoughts and hidden meanings which had been lying before us unobserved. The common things of life—the joys and pains of our pilgrimage—in themselves so insignificant, his sympathy can still transform for us in the sunlight of his dreams. The past is his to draw upon; there is nothing local or transitory in that which has touched humanity at any time; but "no singer of an empty day" will hold the ear of many generations. The poet of the future must be contemporary in his sympathies, and poor indeed must be the age that yields no inspiration for his theme. Perhaps in all the laxity and hurry of quickly fleeting days we have come to prize our national treasures too little. Perhaps also the ceaseless currency of an inferior verse tends to lower the standard of criticism. But our poetry remains as the pre-eminent glory of our literature; *sempiterna solatia generis humani*, again now as of old; and we may be proud to think that among all the glorious records of the nineteenth century, none is more significant of change and progress than that which shows how varied and full of vigour the course of modern poetry has been.

EDITH GRAY WHEELWRIGHT,

MRS. FENIMORE.

I.

BEHIND the voyagers, eastward, lay the straits of Bonifacio. The weather had been most pleasant since Ceylon: first, the haleyon calm of the Indian Sea in spring; and then, after Egypt, strong sunshine, with breezes that woke the waves to joyousness and dancing, but scarcely touched their manes with white.

The lady seated on a deck-chair and looking towards the west turned round in the direction of Corsica, when her attention was called to the changing evening by a young man who occupied a camp-stool by her side. At sunset, the blood-red ball had sunk into a pit of clouds; the sudden lessening of the light seemed ominous, and the water deepened in colour, with a ruffling of its surface fancy might have called a shudder. The island, which when passed was basking in the bright rays, had turned grey and sombre, and Monte Rotondo stood against the horizon like a gloomy donjon.

"Our luck is leaving us, I fear, Mrs. Fenimore. But it is too much, perhaps, to expect the Gulf of the Lion to put on mill-pond airs for our especial benefit."

"I hope we shall be able to have our usual walk."

"I hope so, indeed; if a storm is coming, it may require time to collect its forces."

"Did the Count take your remonstrance quietly? I thought afterwards I ought not to have imposed such a task on your good nature."

"I am not only proud, but happy to stand by you in a difficulty. The Count does not seem a bad fellow, but vain, certainly. He was annoyed, I dare say, but not seriously angry. One must hope the affair is settled now."

Herbert Rose was in the Indian Civil Service, and had earned a short furlough. Having been at Oxford, he had begun his Eastern profession rather late; and as seven years had elapsed since he left England, he was now within measurable distance of thirty. He had been great friends, on the voyage, with the lady by whom he was

sitting ; and yet, strange to say, though they hoped to land next day, he knew very little about her. She appeared in the list of passengers as Mrs. Fenimore, and being a fine, well grown woman, endowed, as Rose had finally decided, by nature and not by art, with golden hair in profusion, dark eyebrows, and a rich complexion, he might have set her down as one of those fast married ladies who appear in small numbers in India, and in large numbers in stories written about that country, had she not demeaned herself with a remarkable mixture of modest self-respect and determined, but not aggressive, courage.

She came on board at Garden Reach in Calcutta, without any friends, and Rose, out of mere civility, had seen after her luggage—all marked "E. F.," but without labels. Hence, from the first day, he had brought himself to her notice. And ever since he had been very attentive—had arranged her chair for her on deck, sat next to her at the cuddy-table, and walked with her in the evenings. They came down the Bay in the Messageries steamer to Point de Galle, had joined the French-China mail, and were now bound for Marseilles. There was, perhaps, a dozen of English on the ship, and amongst them Queen's officers going on leave, some of whom Rose knew slightly, and of one—Beauvais, a cavalry captain—he was indeed the friend. A little raillery was to be expected from these frolic spirits at shaving durbar (everything was durbar with them—smoking durbar, bathing durbar, &c.), and allusions were made to "carrying on," "making way," and the like ; not without hints that Fenimore was as jealous as Othello, and understood to be a dead shot into the bargain. This badinage was distasteful to Rose, but he felt nothing would be gained by losing temper, and so kept calm, consoling himself with the recollection that neither he nor his friends knew in the least who Fenimore was—whether he was alive or dead, gentle, quarrelsome, or indifferent. The real secret of the attraction the lady exercised over her companion lay in the fact that he was going home to be married to a cousin, and that having incidentally mentioned this to Mrs. Fenimore, she showed such a sympathetic interest in his story that he was quite touched. And as we all know that a man in Rose's position is exceedingly fond of talking about it, the intimate conversations, so much envied, consisted chiefly of elaborate answers to welcome inquiries after his family, his prospects, his *santé*, and all the delightful details of a successful passion. There are no sweeter confidences than those concerning our love-dreams, especially when they are entrusted to appreciative female ears. To lessen the appearance of egotistical absorption, Rose naturally endeavoured, from time to time, to induce Mrs. Fenimore to talk

about herself, her antecedents, the position of her husband, and the object with which she was making the present voyage ; but whenever such subjects turned up, she invariably started a new one of a different character. She would speak freely of her tastes, her riding, her tennis, her music ; but of her husband, or of where she had come from, or of whither she was going, or of who her people were—never a word. It was all the more interesting, therefore, when the termination of their intimacy was so near at hand, that she should, entirely of her own motion, have engaged to disclose, in their usual evening walk, what affairs were bringing her to Europe. Side issues would be doubtless involved, and these might unravel themselves when confession had once set in.

The affair with the Count, alluded to by Mrs. Fenimore, must be explained. There was on board a Frenchman, who called himself the Count de Sainte-Foy. He was understood to hail from the Wynaad district of the Deccan, and to have followed the calling of a planter there. He had not the look of a man of birth, but he was handsome, and in age, perhaps, nearly forty. It was not easy to guess with confidence, however, how old he might be, because he was closely shaven except on the upper lip, and his ample auburn hair betrayed some suspicion of the artificial. A pleasant fellow enough in conversation, but giving the impresson of having assumed an irresistible demeanour he was scarcely fitted to sustain. He had attempted more than once to insinuate himself into Mrs. Fenimore's good graces, and up to a certain point she was amused : for his English, though fluent, was often incorrect, and led to whimsical expressions ; but if at all encouraged he became too demonstrative. Generally speaking, the lady was quite equal to taking care of herself, but this afternoon the Count, seeing Mrs. Fenimore alone, seated himself next to her, and poured forth a tirade of flattering nonsense, which he seemingly intended for a declaration. She got up and moved to another place ; but, feeling considerably nettled, when Rose presently came by she mentioned in her irritation what had occurred, and begged her friend to tell the Count that she was displeased, and that he must not address her again. The voyage was so nearly over that remonstrance of the kind seemed scarcely necessary ; but it was not for Rose to say so, and he could only promise that he would at once protect her by speaking to her too forward admirer. And seeing him shortly afterwards leaning over the bulwarks, the civilian went up and engaged him in conversation. He gradually introduced the subject of English ladies, and remarked that they were very carefully brought up, and though he did not think them open to the charge, he knew

it was held in some quarters that when they were married they were too prudish. However that might be, they obviously had the right to prescribe how they were to be addressed, and he had been asked to bring to the Count's notice that Mrs. Fenimore was not pleased with the manner in which he had spoken to her that afternoon. Perhaps the Count had let his high spirits run away with him, but Rose hoped he might assure the lady that there was no intention of causing her any annoyance. The rebuke—for it was that certainly—was administered with great calmness and good temper, and Sainte-Foy, though taken aback, seemed disposed to receive the remarks without anger; sailed at what he called the sanctified grimaces of British females, but declared he had no desire to give offence, and it was unlikely that he should exchange another word, good or bad, with the lady in question. He went off, however, rather abruptly, saying, as a final observation, that Rose was a strange person to have been chosen champion, who had himself set the whole ship talking by his assiduous attentions to the coquette now posing as an indignant matron.

Amongst the many men of many nations travelling by this China mail there was an ecclesiastic whom Rose had heard addressed as the Abbé Zago. He was middle aged, and of rather a remarkable countenance, with sharp features and large restless eyes. His beard seemed to indicate missionary employment, and though he only came on board at Port Sayud, Rose set him down as a Lazarist, and supposed him to have delayed in Egypt on a voyage home from the East.

He was very quiet in manner, but fond of talking, and though he always spoke French, Rose took it into his head he knew English. At tea-time in the early morning the civilian and the priest often fraternised, and indeed had a friendly smoke together. As soon as the Count rather hastily left the bulwarks this gentleman, who had apparently witnessed the interview, came up to Rose, and drawing him aside, said:—

"You will forgive me if I am wrong for suspecting that your conversation with the Count Sainte-Foy just now was not altogether of an amicable nature. My profession creates me a peacemaker, and if you would like to confide the circumstances to me, you may rely on my good offices to prevent any misunderstanding."

Rose thanked the abbé warmly for his kind intentions, and promised that if any emergency occurred in which his aid might be of advantage, he would frankly tell him. But the promiser secretly determined that no circumstances should be considered grave enough to warrant such a resort. With the self-possession, however, of a

man of the world, the abbé at once dropped the subject, and, in easy conversation on trivial matters, he entirely concealed all interest in the relations between Rose and the Count—if indeed, which was not quite clear, he had ever really felt it.

II.

When Mrs. Fenimore rose to go to her cabin, it was on the understanding that the important walk should come off at a later hour. That walk, however, was not to take place. For as Rose called to a little African boy to bring a light for his cigar, he was surprised to observe with what rapid strides a storm was advancing. He overheard the captain—an officer of the navy—giving orders to make things, as we say, snug; and, in answer to a question, one of the quartermasters remarked:—

"I expect the mutual will soon be upon us."

In an hour's time, the *s.s. La Sphinx* was fiercely battling with the north-west wind which, descending from mountain passes, is so well known in the south of France. The rolling of the vessel became more and more marked, and as restless spirits moved about with some difficulty, in each quarter signs were visible of preparation for a wild time. Hatches were closed up, tarpauling was spread over the skylights, loose chairs were heaped up and tied together, the labouring engines strained, and gusts of steam were puffed out of the funnel. There was a sound of thumping waves; after a thump would come a hissing splash, and then streams poured into corners where they were not wanted or expected, and shouts of surprise ensued, turning to loud laughter. Ladies stood in the doors of their cabins and asked if it was going to be worse. Some children were afraid, and some amused. The doctor and the mail officers gathered together, bent on playing cards and taking no notice of the weather. Rose could not find Mrs. Fenimore; she had sought female society to talk over the look of affairs. A noisy and cheerless night followed, breaking up all social arrangements, thinning the attendance in the saloon, and driving ladies to sleepless bunks; indeed, dire discomfort beset even those who were indifferent to the motion of the ship. And the weary hours seemed to drag, but towards morning the *Sphinx* made way more easily, and when Herbert Rose set foot on deck, he found that the captain had struck up north in the night, and brought his vessel within sight of the isles of Hyères. And as the day advanced, Toulon was seen afar, and La Ciotat passed; and when a

channel had been entered between an island and the shore, and a cape smartly rounded, the beautiful bay of Marseilles burst on the view—a scene which owes much to nature, and something surely to the fancy of the elder Dumas. Mrs. Fenimore, who was a good sailor, had also been on deck, but with a rattling wind and the excitement of the interesting coast, the time was quite unpropitious for the disclosures which had been promised. There was a great deal of confusion on board on reaching harbour, but as soon as communication with the quay was established, Rose was much surprised to see a stoutish young man descend the gangway, and move hurriedly towards Mrs. Fenimore, taking her at last in his arms and kissing her with affection. Her civilian shipmate was, however, though curious, by no means at his ease; he thought it not unlikely that the Count, on reflection, would consider his honour touched, and that there would be a disturbance of some kind, and he felt sure that if Mrs. Fenimore saw anything of it, she would divine it had arisen on her account, and would be greatly agitated. Therefore he stole off quietly to a smaller hotel than the one to which passengers generally resorted, and kept to himself. The start for Paris was to take place by the evening mail; and sure enough, an hour or two before the time of the train, a Frenchman, giving the name of Leroux, called upon Rose, concerning what had taken place between him and the Count. The civilian spoke intelligible French, and told this man that on the eve of departure it was not possible for him to find a friend, but if, as he concluded, Sainte-Foy was going to Paris, and Leroux (who had been a fellow passenger) was accompanying him, every necessary attention should be paid to the affair, if the latter would call at the *Hôtel des Deux Mondes*. This arrangement was accepted and further proceedings for the time postponed. But no sooner had the gentleman left than, curiously enough, the Abbé Zago turned up, and seemed very anxious to know the object of M. Leroux's visit and what had come of the interview. Rose, however, was not willing to say more than that the subject under consideration would be adjusted in Paris, whither all concerned were going. But he half suspected that the cleric knew more about the Count and his friend than he cared to say, and he credited the peacemaker with the desire of preventing an Englishman being drawn into any unworthy adventure.

And so matters stood, Rose studiously avoiding Mrs. Fenimore and her escort at the railway station, and doing the same both at Lyons and when they reached Paris. It was necessary, however, that a friend should be found, and Beauvais was naturally the first

person to occur. Henri de Beauvais, though an English officer, and English on his mother's side, was still the son of a French gentleman, and if especially suited by his perfect knowledge of the language and usages of French society to advise in an emergency such as had occurred, had still imbibed those notions of honour and its vindication in which our neighbours stand almost alone in their retention of the habitudes of the middle ages. However, during a few minutes' delay at a small station, Rose got hold of the cavalry captain, and when he had told his story and asked for assistance was, of course, bound to abide by the judgment of his friend. Beauvais settled to put up at the *Hôtel des Deux Mondes*, so that if M. Leroux called he might be on the spot to attend to him.

He duly came, and was referred at once by Rose to the captain. It turned out that Sainte-Foy had excited himself into the persuasion that he had been insulted by being asked not to molest Mrs. Fenimore: that it was a great impertinence on the civilian's part to have interfered at all, and it was necessary that he should give a written apology for having thought of doing so. Rose was quite determined; he told Beauvais that having been requested by a lady to protect her, he would make no sort of apology, written or unwritten; that this resolution was his ultimatum, and he was prepared to take all the consequences of his attitude. The cavalry captain had therefore to carry this answer back to where Sainte-Foy and Leroux were staying; he had accompanied Leroux home in the first instance, to learn more precisely, by reference to the Count himself, what the alleged grievance was. All this had happened on the evening of the day on which the passengers had arrived from Marseilles; and Rose was anxiously awaiting Beauvais's return when a Mr. Fanshaw was announced. This proved to be the stout young man who had met Mrs. Fenimore at the quay. He was a very talkative character, easily moved to laughter, jabbering a profusion of outrageous French, vague and misapprehensive, taking life as comedy of quite a light nature, and content to "float unconcerned down the stream of phenomena." He was under the impression that Rose was perfectly acquainted with the story of the lady, and much confusion might have ensued, but it was so desirable that this visitor should go away before the captain came back that the mistake was left unrectified. Mr. Fanshaw said he was under great obligations to the civilian for his kindness to an unprotected female travelling alone, and he hoped he would come to their hotel, as Emily was herself desirous of thanking him. Then he ran on as if he was addressing a person quite acquainted with the details of her adventures.

"It was a bold thing of Emily to do, but I think she was quite right to leave him, don't you? There is behaviour which cannot be stood. Very few know anything about the matter, and it will be soon forgotten. Sinclair is coming to-morrow, and as the escapade was for his sake he must help to make things smooth. The old nine-days' wonder is reduced to, say, two. It is not an age, you know, for caring much about anything. Now you will come to us the first thing to-morrow, won't you?" He gave the name and the street of the hotel. "It is a small place," he added, "but quite French; very good cookery; and I have got a nice room for Emily. I told the landlord the lady was very particular. I have the lingo. I said: '*Voilà, mon ami, madame est très particulière.*'"

Rose replied at once he would do himself the pleasure of calling after breakfast. The words stuck a little in his throat, but he remembered on reflection that every engagement is made subject to the proviso that the person engaging is alive at the stipulated time. The young man then took leave, but, to Rose's chagrin, returned from the head of the stairs for a few autobiographical details.

"I am a barrister, you know. Oh, yes! of the Middle Temple. No briefs yet. I don't think they are wanted at first. I have no especial fancy, moreover, for juries. I look more to the Government. The Tories are in, and my father always votes for them. This gives me a kind of claim. And I believe if the chairmanship of anything was going—Inland Revenue, or what not—I should have a fair chance; I mean, of course, in due season. One of the swells would say, '*There's Augustus Fanshaw, he can't be overlooked. He is just the man.*' The Bar, my dear sir, is a status. There you are—Fanshaw, of the Middle Temple. It does not seem odd that a barrister should get things. And when you have once got a thing you can snap your fingers at the frowzy press. Bah! the press wants snubbing in my opinion. Good-night." And the barrister disappeared, but positively to return once more. "I say, Mister—I forget your name—but I gave you our address, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, thank you—*Hôtel Lamartine.*"

"All right; good cookery. Nice room for Emily. Once more, good-night."

And the fribble really went this time.

III.

When Captain Beauvais came, it was, as may be supposed, to announce that a duel must take place. Leroux, on the Count's part,

urged that promptitude and secrecy were necessary, as interruption might be attempted if the affair got wind. The captain had arranged for a carriage, and they were to join the other two and the surgeon in the suburb of Courbevoie, and the vehicles would travel together to St. Germain, the railway being purposely avoided.

If Rose retired to rest but not to sleep, it was not any lack of spirit that caused his wakefulness. But when the heat of self-assertion had a little subsided, the extreme folly of the situation was oppressively obvious. Nothing could be further from his wish than to take the life of a man who seemed to him vain and vulgar, indeed, but of no serious importance. And then if fortune should cast another die, what end more futile than to fall by the hand of a stranger who was clearly in the wrong, and only desirous of concealing discomfiture by bravado? Beauvais, misled by that phantom of honour familiar to him in his early life, had never taken the high hand, or attempted to show the Count's friend how preposterous his demands were, or questioned—which he might easily have done—the Count's right as an apparent adventurer to what is called the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Poor Rose was in that pitiful condition awaiting a man who is doing what his reason tells him has no grounds whatever for its justification. However, the hour of action was not long delayed.

It was a lovely night of May, and when the town of St. Germain was reached, a route was at once taken into the forest, the carriages left at a certain point, and an open glade arrived at on foot. Nothing could be more delicate than the innocent morning as it broke in this sylvan solitude. All else seemed an unhealthy dream. The weapons were produced, which Beauvais had chosen to be pistols, as his friend had not been accustomed to the sword. The ground was measured and the men placed. But suddenly there was a crashing of the underwood in the skirt of the opening, and a body of police rushed forward, headed by the Abbé Zago, who, dressed in the uniform of the corps, made for the Count and arrested him off hand. Sainte Foy once secured, all eagerness on the part of the officials seemed to cease. Leroux and the doctor had run away, but were not pursued. The abbé, whom Rose had at once recognised, though divested of his beard and of all clerical equipments, came up civilly enough, speaking tolerable English, and urging immediate departure.

"We shall not trouble about the duel," he said; "we have got our man. He is Victor Josse, who fled long ago from prosecution for a plot against the Emperor Napoleon III. He has been a con-

siderable time in India, conducting by correspondence an anarchist society. He was well supplied with money, and assumed the airs of a man of rank and pleasure to divert suspicion. But we have watched him throughout, and have now evidence which will condemn him. I heard of his leaving the Wynaad, and went to Egypt to meet him. I am the Corsican Balbi, you may have heard of me."

They both of them said that his name was familiar to them.

"Then good-morning, gentlemen; fly off to your excellent Albion; we have no wish to detain you."

When the civilian was walking after breakfast towards Mrs. Fenimore's hotel, and felt himself alone, he dared to think for the first time after many anxious hours of his family, of the girl he was to marry, and of his happy country home. And then flashed across him all he had gathered from Mr. Fanshaw's ramblings about his ship companion. He sincerely hoped that what he held a delightful acquaintance was not about to prove an illusion. But what could be the lady's adventures? Whom had she left? Who was Sinclair? What did it all mean? The hotel once reached, Mrs. Fenimore was found seated in an apartment not with one man but with two, Mr. Fanshaw and another, a fine athletic young fellow whose dress betokened a clergyman, but of the muscular persuasion. The lady retained her pleasant, open manner, her serene self-confidence; and Rose felt enabled to believe that everything about her could be satisfactorily explained.

"You know my brother," she said, pointing to Fanshaw, "and this is Mr. Sinclair."

Almost the first thing she then asked was, "How about the Count? He has not given trouble? I have been in great anxiety about him—or rather about you."

Rose thought the tale would be sure to ooze out somehow sooner or later, and that he had better be brusque and dramatic and get it over.

"The Count," he exclaimed, "is in gaol. He was to have shot me this morning in the forest of St. Germain, but he had not leisure or opportunity. He was obliged to depart with his mission unfulfilled. He is an anarchist, and has been in prison before, so that the place has not for him even the charm of novelty." And Rose, as briefly as he could, related exactly what had occurred from first to last.

Mrs. Fenimore was overcome with emotion; she took Rose's hand, and was profuse in her acknowledgments—though blaming herself with bitterness for having thoughtlessly imposed upon him a

task leading to such sorry incidents. She used one expression which brought the blood to Herbert Rose's cheeks. "Fancy!" she cried, "after all your kindness to me, my only return being to bring upon you such frightful humiliation."

Humiliation! It was an ugly word, but not misapplied. The real aspect of the affair stood before the civilian in its true light: a crime, if it had been carried out; a farce, since it was interrupted. The element of ridicule was pre-eminent; no gunpowder even discharged, not the hair of a head injured; the knightly foe a convict, the *dans ex machina*—a constable. If anything will kill the barbarian custom it is ridicule. What Louis, the King Sun, could not abolish, it is not probable a modern President will interfere with. But ridicule is fatal to a Parisian. The startling pheasant in the woodlands near Canterbury ended our last English duel in general laughter. And single combat may be extinguished one day in France by an epigram or a caricature.

Rose had to intimate presently that he proposed following the advice of M. Balbi, to leave Paris; and, indeed, that he and Beauvais had arranged to start by the day mail next morning. His own people were at Dover, and he had telegraphed his intentions to them.

"Then we will all travel together," cried Mrs. Fenimore. "I long for England, and we," she added in an undertone to Sinclair, "can renew our acquaintance with the City of Light on another tour."

"It is pleasant to me to stay, it is pleasant to me to go," said Fanshaw. "Merely a matter for the stage carpenters. This is rather a grimy scene. Ah! of course—London. Change it. Why, the cathedral is Notre Dame! We are in Paris. Someone says, 'I have seen that distinguished looking man before.' Have you? He is Fanshaw of the Middle Temple. The Government have got their eye on him. Perhaps Trinidad, or, better still, Madras. But I must tell the landlord we are going."

Sinclair declared that he too would put his things together, and he should then be free for afternoon walking. Rose and Mrs. Fenimore were left by themselves.

"I am going to be married to Mr. Sinclair," she commenced, quite simply. "He has got a living which removes the financial difficulty."

The other, quite taken aback, stammered out, "But how about Mister or Captain Fenimore?"

"He is a myth, dear friend," replied the lady laughing. "My

name is Emily Fanshaw. My father, Colonel Fanshaw, commands at Patna. We have had a quarrel. Faults, I dare say, on both sides. I went out to him, engaged to a curate, and dared not tell him. My father insisted, after a time, that I ought to marry a certain major, a good fellow enough in his way, but not in my way; scarcely a contemporary for one thing, and, moreover, too late! 'Barkis was willing, but I was not, you see. High words ensued. I said I would go home and live with my aunt, who would be delighted to have me; and the colonel remarked that I might go to disagreeable places for what he cared—Jericho will serve as a sample. These colonels, as perhaps you know, are a little peremptory. I started off by myself in a huff, a kind old lady, mother of a planter in the station, having lent me money; and on the way to Calcutta it occurred to me that I should travel with less embarrassment and more comfort as a married woman. I was reading 'The Last of the Monicans' in the train, and I determined to rob its author—Cooper—of his Fenimore. The 'F' was convenient for me. Not a soul knew me in the metropolis, and I chose the French steamer to avoid English people, a desire which I am glad to add was not fulfilled. You have heard my story."

Rose said, in all sincerity, that he hoped he had gained a friend for life, and the two shook hands with the greatest amity.

"I ought to tell you," she remarked after a pause, "that I have strictly charged my two men to preserve entire silence about the duel or no duel. Augustus is the more difficult to muzzle, but still he is quite satisfied to talk about himself."

A party of five started together from Paris at the same hour, and kept together on the steamer when Calais was reached. Herbert Rose was somewhat silent and subdued. He was ashamed, in truth, of his escapade. Some people, however, would find no fault with humility in a rising young man from India.

The loved white cliffs soon appeared, and then the Castle on the heights. At last the Admiralty pier was so close that the persons waiting on it could be clearly distinguished.

"I am sure," said Emily Fanshaw to Rose, "that upright figure is the old squire?"

"It is."

"Then she next him must be your cousin Isabel?"

"You are right."

"What a handsome girl!"

THE APPOINTMENTS OF MANOR HOUSES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the greater part of the last and the first half of the now expiring century, "taste" was regarded as the test of a gentleman. To be a connoisseur, to possess a fine diagnosis of art, constituted a social *rachet*, and it is to this we owe the numerous picture galleries scattered up and down the shires, and catalogued some forty years ago by Waagen. Taste nevertheless in pictures and sculpture proved compatible with a crass Philistinism in architecture and its accessories, in music, and in letters. An age which could tolerate Smirke and Smart—not Henry; which cold shouldered immortal Chopin, because "one can't converse while he is playing," which salaried Wyatt, the destructive, and Blore; which rejoiced in mahogany, and deemed the gems of Jacobean art furniture only fit for cottagers, might be "tasty," but lacked true aestheticism. Hence the blind hatred of the præ Raphaelite school. Hence Lord Palmerston's denunciation of Sir Gilbert Scott's original design for the Foreign Office as "absurd," it being implete with the spirit of the magnificent masters, whose "Stones of Venice," though dead of neglect, yet speak. Within the memory of man England was steeped in stucco and vitiated by artistic vulgarity. Professing herself to be wise she became a fool, until her overgrown cities were a laughing-stock, until the ignorant builder usurped the place of the architect.

It has taken fifty years to effect a change. The genius of Sir Walter Scott paved the way. In idealising such ruins as Melrose, he incidentally caused men to pause and ask whence the eternal glory of those broken masses of tracery? Rickman, the Quaker, followed, distinguishing with infinite pains the real from the sham, the true from the blatant. But the founder of the great revival of beauty was poor Pugin, a man of ideas and ideals, scarcely able to follow his own light to where it led. Nevertheless, he startled smug propriety with his splendid "Contrasts," and carried conviction to open minds.

The builders and the architectural profession, whose original designs seem to have been suggested by a child's "box of bricks," blocked the way. Then Ruskin spoke; and Oxford, which has always led the van of English thought, woke up. Oxford, however, was more concerned about cathedrals and churches than about homes—indeed, some of her essays in domestic Gothic were crudities of the first water. So far as non-academic England is concerned, it was a London capitalist who set the ball rolling. Mr. Jonathan Carr had imbibed æsthetic ideas, and in Mr. Norman Shaw he discovered a true and strong artist, who both shared and could embody them. Result—Bedford Park. Not perhaps more than an object lesson or suggestion, yet enough to demonstrate what might be. It was a misnomer to call it a township in the Queen Anne style, it being partly Tudor, partly Elizabethan in outline. But the picturesque grouping, the earnest truthfulness, the poetry of conception, left little to be desired. London suddenly felt a sense of oppression at the ponderous and the grandiose of the Mahogany period. It was found that houses constructed on the lines of art would let at once. The trade responded to the demand. Already the sombre London of stucco is being transformed. Bloomsbury—the dark and dreary—promises to become a realm of sweetness and light. Kensington, which but for its broad thoroughfares would have been equally melancholy, is shedding its coat, and we behold patches of colour, outlines irregular yet graceful. Our Rues Rivoli with their ghastly monotony are being broken up. Positively the next century may yet behold such a transformation as shall constitute black old London bright, and sad old London happy. We are influenced enormously by our surroundings. That, however, is only half the work—you may build a house as sublime as Ashby Castle, or as mediæval as Burford, or Ludlow, or Tewkesbury; but that is only the shell. What about the kernel?

Well, when Bedford Park was opened I visited the demesne of a literary family. I beheld their residence, in outline perfect, a home of beauty and of comfort. But the furniture? Simply and unequivocally a hideous incongruity. There were the Elizabethan chambers; there the windows with their tonality of Dutch glass; there the chimney corner and mantelpiece, such as recalled lodgings in Holywell Street, Oxford, long years ago. All was art, except the appointments, whereof it can only be predicated that they represented the basest taste of a base age—upholsterers' designs. Not a glimpse of old oak, or a Jacobean chest, or even a Chippendale chair. The voice was Jacob's voice, the hands were the hands of Esau. It set

one's teeth on edge. Finery? Yes, of course, there was finery, and if one's æsthetic soul could find sustenance in finery, a sickly sufferer thereof. Mr. Jonathan Carr had only performed half his work. He should have done more than build; he should have furnished for his tenants. Tapestry, mediæval or Renaissance brass and iron work, those curious cabinets of which *Whose King* for the delectation of the virgin queen, hangings, not in stuff, but in silk, or patchwork, to exclude draught, but why catalogue? What is needful even now is to comprehend how our forefathers adorned their beautiful homes. That, I grant, is a big subject. It requires threshing out and research, just as it is folly for architects to erect barge boards without first taking models of every ancient specimen in England—a duty hitherto neglected. For my own part, I can only throw a dim side-light on an interesting problem, by offering a few data culled from the records of my own people.

Lord Macaulay's embittered attack on the gentlemen of England has long since been discounted. An endeavour to demonstrate the barbarity of a period pre-eminent for euphuism, damaged the author's reputation, but failed to distort history. To say that in respect of luxury and elegance the squires of the Stuart and Hanoverian period rivalled those of to-day would be to render injustice to both. Nevertheless, if we eliminate from the calculation works of art and *virtu*, it may be safely affirmed that the ancient furniture and appointments, if they could be collected, would represent a higher money value, though of less extent, than those of the Victorian age. Even on the lowest ground the civilisation of the seventeenth will stand a contrast with that of the nineteenth century.

I have before me the following inventories whereon to form an opinion:—(1) That of Ipsden Huntercombe Manor, Oxon, 1600, Edward Reade; (2) that of Brocket Hall, Herts, 1701, Sir James Reade, Bart; (3) that of Dunstew Manor, Oxon, 1704, Sir James Reade, Bart. Of the above, the inventory of Ipsden, with others of about the same period, is taken from muniments in the possession of Herbert Vincent Reade, Esq., of Ipsden; those of Brocket and Dunstew from the Kirtlington archives in the possession of Sir George Egerton Dashwood, Bart., who represents Sir James Reade in the female line.

These inventories present points of similarity. The Manor House of Brocket, situate in a park of 600 acres, and adjoining the greater demesne of Hatfield, was as large as the Manor Houses of Ipsden and Dunstew put together. It was erected just before, whereas the other two dated from, the Tudor period. The rooms,

therefore, did not possess the elevation and area of Palladian mansions. They excelled in quality rather than in space, in the picturesque and not in the grandiose. No doubt they were very dear old homes, dignified and stately, yet devoid of pretentiousness. Part of Dunstew Manor remains as a farmhouse. Old Brocket Hall and the old Manor House of Ipsden Huntercombe have disappeared—to the loss of their respective shires.

The entrance hall in each instance was fully furnished. At Brocket were three large, and one pair of playing, tables, with an elbow-chair, one squabb and cushion, andirons, &c. ; at Ipsden, two leather chairs, one large table—which happily survives, and is of mediæval, probably monastic, design—one sideboard table, old cupboards, forms, doggs, and brass knobs ; at Dunstew, two tables, three forms, and three stools.

The chief room appears to have been styled the great parlour. From the character of its appointments it may be regarded as the reception room, being the equivalent of our modern drawing room, though not so named. That at Brocket boasted twelve turkeywork chaires, one cane couch with cushion and bolsters, one gilt leather screen, one table, one pair of brass tongs and fireshovell, two pairs of doggs, one iron back, one pair of bellows, and brush. At Ipsden Manor we find in the great parlour, which probably was a much larger room than that at Brocket, four dowsen Turkey-work chairs, a Turkey-work carpet, one large round table, two Spanish tables, a large pair of brasse andirons, one fire shovell and tongs of brasse, a pair of bellows with brasse noses, one looking glasse, one pair of tables, two quishions, a Lynedd carpet, four pictures, *i.e.* portraits, two items undecipherable, one mapp. A room to require four dozen chairs must have been of extensive proportions. Dr. Plot, in his "*Natural History*," gives a description of a table of ash, the grain whereof resembled a fish, belonging to the Worshipful Edward Reade, of Ipsden, and this was probably the "one large round table of ye great parlour."

The great parlour at Dunstew was furnished on a more moderate scale, *viz.* two tables, ten chaires, one elbow chair, two stools, one leather carpet, one pair of andirons, one fireshovell and tongs, one fork three cushions.

Neither Ipsden nor Dunstew possessed a withdrawing room. That at Brocket Hall was furnished in meagre fashion with ten cane chaires, one table, two pairs of doggs, fire shovell, tongs, and one iron back—a sort of waiting room.

At Brocket the little parlour contained ten black chairs, presumably

of old oak, two cushions, three tables, three portraits, two stuff window-curtaines and rods, two pair of andirons, one fender—an article of furniture *then* of modern date—one pair of tongs and fireshovel, one iron back, one fire screen, one pair of bellows and one brush. It should be mentioned that the iron back was a great feature in these old houses. I met with one in a homestead of Kent decorated elaborately with “*fleur de lys*,” probably coeval with the house, which bore the date 1603.

At Ipsden Manor the little parlour contained: Nyne leather chairs, two leather armchairs one round table, a large table board, one hanging shelf, two iron dogges, a fire shovel, two tongs, three old quashions.

The “dining” room at Brocket must have been handsome. *Inter alia* it contained six pieces of tapestry hangings, two tables, two carpets, eleven velvet chairs, one couch, and two squabbs. Six tawny window curtaines, &c. At Ipsden, as at Lullingstone Castle and Speldhurst, the hall was the dining-room for State occasions. At Danstow when Sir James Reade died, the dining-room was used as a bedroom.

Passing to the next floor we find at Brocket, on the great staircase, one clock that goes one week, two tables, two Turkey-work carpets, one oval table leaf, one curtain rod. At Ipsden the staircase was furnished with one clock and case, one hatt case.

It has been remarked in certain English houses that while the reception-rooms are decorated and crowded with a view to display, the upstairs arrangements present a meagre and chilly appearance. It was not so in the olden time. For example, at Brocket Hall “My Ladies’ Room” contained besides bedding, &c., ten chairs and tapestry (*etc*) hangings about the room; while the “old nursery” had, besides ample appointments, a wrought counterpane with silk headcloth and tester.

The most expensively furnished upstairs rooms at Brocket were (1) Sir James’s Chamber. Besides the accessories of a bedroom there was one black cabinet, one repeating clock, one tea-table, fourteen satin chairs, two tables, one silk carpet, silk curtains, screen, and three pieces of tapestry. (2) The Brown Room. This contained embroidered furniture with silk hangings, a velvet easy chair, three embroidered chairs, and six embroidered stools; cushions, cabinets, five pieces of tapestry, looking-glass, &c.

The dressing-room was furnished throughout with red hangings and Camlet furniture lyned with silk. My ladies’ closet had green hangings and fringe, tables, carpet, a cabinet, and weather-glass. The

young ladies' chamber was furnished throughout with yellow. Their closet had a Japan tea-table, a second tea-table, shelves, &c. Scattered throughout the upstairs rooms were no less than sixteen family portraits, whereof four only remain at Kirtlington, having been the share of Dorothea, Sir James's eldest coheirress, who married Robert Dashwood, and was ancestress of the Dukes of Manchester and Montrose, the Marquess of Tweeddale, the Earl of Tankerville, Lady Emily Foley, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and many others of rank.

The upstairs accessories at Ipsden were less costly. The Purple Chamber boasted purple hangings and window curtains, seven purple chairs, purple rugs, a purple cupboard cloak, and a white quilt bugled with silk. In the chamber over the hall, with the exception of a silk rugg, all the hangings were wrought, *i.e.* patch-work, including the coverings for six chairs, curtains, counterpane, &c. This must have been attractive to the eye. In another bedroom we notice a lynsey woolsey green carpet; and in the maids' chamber one pewter lym-bath. The maids were cosy, being provided with five feather beds and bolsters.

There were three garrets at Ipsden. Of these one was styled the "Gury" garret—the meaning whereof I profess myself unable to fathom. It was well furnished, *inter alia* with Kiddermaster (*sic*) curtaines and vallians.

The men-servants' chambers, it must be admitted, were not luxurious, except in the matter of feather bolsters. Their beds were of flock—possibly to ensure early rising. The domestic arrangements otherwise were on a liberal scale. Kitchens, meat house, bake-house, brew-house, pantries, beer and wine cellars, properly appointed milk-house, cheese-chambers, &c. The Ipsden inventory also specifies pate, pewter, brasse, tinn, iron, linnen, china and earthenware, including one great earthen noggen, sully-bubb pott, and two custard dishes, bottles and glass. The only book mentioned is one great Bible, but as Edward Reade's eldest son, Compton, had been Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, there must have been others not included in his inventory. There is no jewellery mentioned, but in the inventory of his second son, Philip Edward, in 1705, occurs a mention of some valuable rings and trinkets. Edward Reade's youngest daughter, who had been in the household of the Princess afterwards Queen Anne, married the Jacobite Brigadier Mackintosh.

It may be of interest to note the points of similarity between the three manor houses:—

Hall	Brocket, Ipsden, Danstew.
Great Parlour	Brocket, Ipsden, Danstew—parlour only.
Little Parlour	Brocket, Ipsden.
Dining Room	Brocket, Danstew.
Old Nursery	Brocket.
Ladies' Room	Brocket.
Sir James's Room	Brocket.
Bed Chamber	Brocket, at Ipsden Hall Chamber, at Danstew Mr. Peter's room; Peter Reade being Sir James's brother.
Bedroom distinguished by its colour	At Brocket "Brown," at Ipsden "Purple," at Danstew "Blue" (sic).
The Ladies' Closet	Brocket. At Ipsden the little closet.
Th: Young Ladies' Room	Brocket. Room belonging Mr. Peter's, Danstew.
Kitchen Chamber, i.e. a	Brocket, Ipsden, Danstew.
have the kitchen	
Maid's, or servants', room	Brocket, Ipsden, at Danstew it was a garret on the first floor.
Closet	Brocket, his chamber, Ipsden.
Sir James's Study	Brocket.
Sir James's Library, books	Brocket.
valued at £30	
Canopy (or housekeeper's) room, containing a sweetmeat stove	Brocket.
Men's room	Ipsden.
Grey Garret	Ipsden.

As illustrating the difference of values, whereas in the Brocket inventory thirty-three pairs of sheets, twenty-nine damask tablecloths, eight dozen napkins, eighteen towels, and six flaxen tablecloths for the kitchen, were valued at £32, a baldheaded nag and mare were priced at £4 apiece, while in the inventory of Philip Edward Reade's effects, 1705, his mare was entered as worth £5 only. Sir James Reade's personality—apart from his real estate in Oxon, Herts, and Middlesex—was valued at over £40,000, a large sum for those days. Nevertheless, while he was rich, and his cousin Edward, of Ipsden, comparatively poor for a country squire, it will be noted that the appointments of Brocket Hall and Ipsden Manor differed but little. It would have been tedious to give the inventories *in extenso*. Enough, if some light has been thrown on the domestic arrangements of the period. The inventories themselves would go far towards refuting one popular fallacy, viz. that our ancestors exhibited a Spartan indifference to co. d. Nothing could be further from the truth. All the family bedrooms in the mansions here instanced possessed fireplaces and fireirons—for use evidently, not merely for show. And if neither maids nor men were indulged

with fires, the houses must have been thoroughly warmed, and the maids were accorded the luxury of leather beds. Add to this that bedrooms adorned with curtains, tapestry, and silk hangings must have been clear of draught, and it would appear that comfort is not an invention of the Victorian era. Meat, too, was dirt cheap; Sir James Reade's ninety-two sheep, fed on the rich pasture of Bocket Park, were valued at £40, a little under 10s. apiece, or below the minimum of Canadian mutton; beside that there was home-grown venison. Altogether, a cursory glance at these old interiors leads to the conclusion that, however bitterly a Macaulay may revile them, the good old times were best alike for master and for man. Money made on the land was expended on the land, and those who milked drank of the milk of the flock. Every squire—a man of rank as well as a commoner—farmed a large slice of his acreage. Thus Sir James's farm stock was valued at over £1,300—at least equivalent to £5,000 of our money, and Edward Reade had 300 sheep besides other stock. The Manor House at that time of day was a cornucopia for the men on the estate, who wisely preferred much of money's worth to a little money, and took the bulk of their remuneration in kind. The system may have been feudal, and therefore, to some people's intelligence, inhuman. It will stand comparison with a *régime* which takes on hands—not brethren or human beings, but *hands*—to fulfil a contract, and then turns them adrift to starve. Probably the labourers at Bocket Hall, Ipsden Manor, and Dunstew Manor, in the year 1690, were better off than any agricultural labourer of any period. For one thing, they were serving men of honour and of ancestry, for whom *noblesse oblige* was a ruling principle, and not hard-fisted and yet harder-hearted farmers—a class who, when wheat rose to 100 shillings a quarter, starved their men, and when wheat dropped to twenty shillings found that a minimum wage-rate could not be lowered. Depend upon it, the next best thing to being a gentleman is to be a gentleman's servant.

In one particular, the mansion of the Stuart period portrayed more faithfully than a Lely or a Kneller the character of the fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time, a man of human sympathies, of pride and dignity, yet nobly free from the vulgar vice of ostentation. With the Restoration John Barleycorn, like the King, came to his own again. Not the modern sophisticated Barleycorn who drenches you with brewers' chemicals, but a downright honest John. When the Merry Monarch reigned, adultery in high places may have staggered the consciences of such good Anglicans as Juxon; but at all events the crime of adulteration, i.e. of ruining your fellow-

creature's digestion in order to pocket an extra profit, had not as yet been invented, neither was the House of Lords defiled by the presence of the trade. The squires brewed their own nectar from pure malt, bright hops, and—well—a little clean water. When brewed, their beer, or ale, for the terms bore an opposite significance in the west and north, was for all, poor and rich alike. As an example of liberality, I may instance perhaps the Cavalier Sir Compton Reade, cousin of the above-named Sir James, and elder brother of Edward of Ipsden. His two mansions having fallen in the Civil War, one after a stiff defence, which won him precedence over all the gentlemen of Berks, when the superborder of the Royal Oak was formulated, together with a baronetcy—he was first of the third creation, date 1661—he purchased Shipton Court on the edge of Wychwood Forest, and this is what Plot, the naturalist and antiquarian, has to say concerning the arrangements for supplying his retainers with beer: "And yet the moisture of water has no such power over it (the freestone) but that they make of it troughs and cisterns, and now of late mesh-rats for brewing. . . . Of these, that generous and courteous gentleman, Sir Compton Reade, of Shipton-under-Wychwood, has one that holds about sixty-five bushels, drawn home with no less than one-and-twenty horses; they ordinarily mesh it in three quarters of mault, but can at any time when necessity requires mesh five at a time; the dimensions of which vessel of *one single stone*, taken within the hollow and aduting its thickness, because of its vast unusual magnitude, I thought fit to note, and give as followeth: Long, 2 yards 1-8; broad, 1 yard 1-8 and 1-2 an inch, deep, 1 yard 1-2. Yet much larger than this might be had from the quarry, for I was informed that there was one single stone dug in this quarry containing no less than three hundred tuns."

After this one can comprehend Dr. Plot's polite reference to Sir Compton as "generous and courteous." We may surmise that having sampled the Shipton barrels, out of the fulness of the mouth the heart gushed. Be that as it may, there was a cavalier welcome for all at Shipton in those halcyon days. Poor Shipton Court! Thirty years ago it was willed away by a descendant of Sir Compton to a confidential servant—a disposition of real estate which would be illegal in any other civilised country of Europe.

COMPTON READE.

THE LAW OF NATIONS.

THERE is no subject in the range of juridical science possessing such intrinsic claims to attention as that of international law. The great nations of antiquity which have contributed most to the civilisation of modern Europe have given least to this branch of civilisation. The *jus feciale* of the earlier Roman law regulating the formal intercourse between Rome and other nations is, indeed, the germ of what might have been a system of pure international law, but the rise of the Roman Republic to the mastery of the world rendered a *jus inter gentes* unnecessary and impossible. The principles of natural justice to international relations, however imperfectly executed, and though never reduced to a system, were not unknown to the Romans. But of a system of law which conceived of States as the subjects of rights and duties, as members of a community of nations, the polished and elegant jurisprudence of antiquity furnishes hardly a trace. In the same consummate code which still rules the most complex relations of life with a wisdom and justice which modern culture has hardly been able to improve, stand side by side the high morality of a completed system of equity jurisprudence, and the savage doctrine that strangers are enemies, and that with enemies war is eternal. Amid such relations of States there was no place for law. But when from the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man the inevitable corollary of the brotherhood of nations was deduced, a body of law to govern this new community followed as an inevitable consequence. It grew slowly at first, for the age was technical, and dynastic interests long absorbed the cares of statesmen. Scholastics and commentators denied that there could be a law of nations, for where was the superior authority to enact it? It was difficult for lawyers to conceive of law without a tribunal to enforce it. Princes refused to admit that any rules restrained the prerogative for which they claimed divine origin. Mr. Ward (in his "History of the Law of Nations") enumerates five institutions existing about the period of the eleventh century which made a deep impression upon Europe, and contributed in a very

essential degree to improve the Law of Nations. These institutions were the feudal system, the concurrence of Europe in one form of religious worship and government, the establishment of chivalry, the negotiations and treaties forming the conventional law of Europe, and the settlement of a scale of political rank and precedence.

When Grotius published his work "*De Jure Belli et Pacis*," in 1624, the Law of Nations had been rescued to a considerable extent from the cruel usages and practices of the Northern barbarians, and had been restored to some degree of science and civility by the influence of Christianity, the study of Roman law, and the spirit of commerce, but it was still in a state of great disorder, and its principles were little known and less observed. It consisted of a series of undigested precedents without order or authority. The object of Grotius was to correct the false theories and pernicious maxims which then existed, by showing a community of sentiment among the wise and learned of all ages in favour of the natural law of morality. He also endeavoured to show that justice was of perpetual obligation, and essential to the wellbeing of every society, and that the great commonwealth of nations stood in need of law, the observance of faith, and the practice of justice. His idea was to digest in one systematic code the principles of public right, and to supply authorities for almost every case in the conduct of nations. Thus he had the honour of reducing the Law of Nations to a system, and of producing a work which has been resorted to as the standard of authority in every succeeding age. He is therefore justly entitled to be called the father of the Law of Nations.

Although Grotius is regarded as the father of the Law of Nations, yet he had been preceded by other writers on this subject. Among these were Francis de Victoria of Salamanca, Suarez, Ayala, and Albericus Gentili, all of whom flourished in the sixteenth century. Of Francis de Victoria, Hall says that his writings, in 1533, mark an era in the history of international ethics. Spain claimed, largely by virtue of Papal grant and warrant, to acquire the territory and the mastery of the semi-civilised races of America. He denied the validity of the Papal titles, he maintained the sovereign rights of the aboriginal races, and he claimed to place international relations upon the basis of equal rights as between communities in actual possession of independence. In other words, he first clearly affirmed the juridical principle of the complete international equality of independent States, however disproportionate their power. Suarez, in his work "*De Legibus et Deo Legislatore*," from the point of view of the Catholic theologian, assumes that the principles of the moral law

are capable of complete and authoritative definition, and are supported by the highest spiritual sanction.

Among the jurists who followed Grotius, the classical names are those of Puffendorf, Wolff, Vattel, and Bynkershoek. In England, Sir Leoline Jenkins and Lord Stowell are the most illustrious of those who have made important contributions to international law. In America, Wheaton's "*Elements of International Law*" is the standard modern treatise.

The general desire of mankind that the mutual conduct of nations should be governed, or at least directed, by recognised rules—that there should be some principles to be invoked by the weak, and yielded to without humiliation by the powerful—has produced indeed a literature in international jurisprudence exceeding in magnitude that which has been employed on any other branch of the moral sciences. Many of the writers have been remarkable for sagacity, and almost all have been men of diligence and learning, and devoted to the subject of their labours.

International law is that collection of rules—customary, conventional and judicial—which are accepted as binding *inter se* by the civilised nations of the world. It lays down rules to be observed in the mutual dealings of nations which are at peace with each other, and of nations which are at war with each other; and it determines the rights and duties of belligerent and neutral nations. But the rules of international law which relate to war are more voluminous and certain than those which govern nations in time of peace. Some jurists consider it improper to speak of these rules as laws, as they are without the sanctioning force which is the distinguishing quality of law proper. Other jurists, however, derive its principles from some transcendental source, such as nature, the Divine will, reason, &c., and these do not hesitate to attribute to its rules an intrinsic authority over all the nations of the world. According to their theory the usage of nations is evidence of, but not the origin of, the law. It merely expresses the consent of nations to things which are naturally—that is, by the law of God—binding upon them. There is, however, no legislative or judicial authority recognised by all the nations of the world that regulates the reciprocal relations of States, and consequently no express laws, except those which result from the conventions which States may make with one another. So that, however long established or useful any or all of these rules may be, there is but one real remedy for their infraction, and that remedy is the sword. The foundation, therefore, upon which international law rests is the consent of nations.

Among the civilized nations of Christendom, and even to a certain extent among the more advanced peoples of Asia, like the Chinese and the Japanese, there have grown up during the present generation a deep and strong sentiment of common interests, and a powerful public opinion of States which operate powerfully upon a particular community and its Government, and thus partially perform the functions of an external and supreme authority, wielding an organic and compulsory force. The fact of such a public opinion, and of the effects wrought by its means, cannot be ignored; and due allowance must be made for its action in all schemes of practical rules for the regulation of international relations, and especially for the settlement of international disputes. The rapid development and its growing power in directing the affairs of States have resulted from a number of causes acting in combination. Among the most important are the ease and rapidity of communication between the different portions of the world; the exchange, not only of material products, but of thoughts and opinions written or oral; the great increase in travelling, with the intimate knowledge of countries resulting from it; the extension of railways until they have become true international highways; the introduction of steamship lines, penetrating every ocean, sea, and river; and, above all, the telegraph, bringing all parts of the earth, as it were, within speaking distance of each other. All these modern agencies have done much, and will do more, to break down the barriers of national isolation, and to arouse a sentiment of community among all peoples, however distant and different. In addition to these influences, the process of educating the nations of Europe in the fundamental principles of right, justice, and equity, as applied to their foreign relations, has steadily gone on; notions of civil and political liberty and equality have been diffused more widely; and the effects thus wrought in the opinions of the people have been partially extended through them to their rulers and Governments.

Although nations are, in general, far more deeply influenced and powerfully controlled in their acts and measures of internal or external policy by motives and considerations which are entirely material and economic, rather than by those which are purely moral or sentimental, and while, therefore, of the above-mentioned causes, those which are directly connected with trade and commerce, and the work of production, and the acquisition of wealth, and which thus promise a material prosperity, have contributed to [the greatest extent in developing the universal public opinion of States, which is now so important a factor in the settlement of international relations; yet

those other causes, that are purely ethical or intellectual, have also done, and are doing, much in shaping and consolidating the common sentiment of unity which has been so widely diffused.

This public opinion of nations, considered as organic societies of the populations which compose them, must be taken into account at the present day far more than ever before, and due allowance must be made for its operation and effect upon individual States and their Governments in determining their actions under any particular circumstances. It is important, therefore, to apprehend its exact nature, and the part which it actually accomplishes as a social force. That it does not alter the essential conception of the State, nor in the least derogate from the attributes of absolute sovereignty and independence, is shown at once by the simple fact that any nation and Government may entirely disregard and successfully resist its pressure, no matter how powerful and persistent; and there are no regular and efficient means provided for overcoming such resistance, and compelling obedience to the mandates of the common opinion and will. The obedience of a State is always a voluntary act, and may, if its Government sees fit, be refused; and there is for such a case no remedy provided as a part of the constituted order which can be resorted to with success.

When a dispute arises between two nations which they are unwilling to settle by negotiation and compact, they finally throw off the self imposed yoke of regulations in respect to each other and appeal to force. The decision of the conflict in favour of one or the other of the belligerents must depend in every case upon the possession of superior strength; the stronger must always win. This national strength, however, includes many different elements, some of which are physical and some purely moral—the advantageous position and conformation of the territory; a numerous population; a great accumulation of wealth; a general condition of material prosperity, with the ability to carry on the ordinary operations of production; a complete military organisation, embracing a regular army and navy, and a preparation of the citizens for the performance of active duties in the field; and, which is sometimes the most important element of all, the universal faith of the people in the righteousness of their cause, the feeling of devotion to their own native land, and the spirit of resistance, and the power of long-continued endurance, which have occasionally rendered a weaker community successful in their struggle with an enemy superior in all the resources of mere physical power. Still, it must be conceded that at the present day, as warfare has become so much a matter of

science, and as the destructiveness of firearms has been increased so greatly, the result depends almost entirely upon the possession of material energies; in other words, money rather than personal valour is the essential requisite of modern warfare. As the commencement of war is in general a voluntary act of the belligerents, so also is its close. Occasionally one party is completely subjugated, and its separate national existence is destroyed, and its territory and population are incorporated with those of the conqueror, so that the conflict ends, because all resistance has ceased; but these instances are comparatively rare. In the great majority of cases, the contest continues until one of the belligerents deems it expedient to yield; and a peace is then arranged, with such demands on the one side and concessions on the other as the parties respectively agree to make and to grant. This is the true nature of war, stripped of all the illusions of romance. It does not furnish a single security that the moral rights of one belligerent and duties of the other will be protected and preserved in the result; that the principles and doctrines of international law will be acknowledged and followed, or that justice and equity will be promoted. Even the opportunities, or rather chances, for a weaker State to be successful in a righteous quarrel through the indomitable will, devotion, self-sacrifice, and endurance of its people have been greatly lessened, if not entirely removed, by the vast improvements in all offensive weapons and by the enormous military organisations and preparations made in all the larger countries of Continental Europe; so that now, more than ever before, victory must be on the side of purely military strength.

It is indisputable that from the earliest recorded times, perhaps as long ago as the twelfth century, and certainly from the date of the *Consolato del Mar* and the *Black Book of the Admiralty*, it was the right and practice of belligerent cruisers at sea to stop and examine the papers of every vessel, "and if anything of suspicion be found in such vessels that the goods therein doe belong to the enemies, the said vessels, with their masters and governours, as also the goods in them, shall be brought before the admirall, and if they be found there that they be honest merchants and friends without suspicion of colour, the goods shall be restored to them without damage, otherwise they shall be seized with their goods and ransomed as the maritime law doth will and require."—(*"Black Book of the Admiralty,"* edited by Sir Travers Twiss, for the Collection of the Master of the Rolls, vol. 1, p. 29.) For at least four centuries the right to seize enemy's goods on neutral vessels, and consequently to stop and search neutral vessels for that purpose, was the universal practice of naval

warfare, except only in the cases in which the right had been waived by special treaty and privilege.

"I believe it cannot be doubted," said the President of the United States on the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war, "but that by the general Law of Nations the goods of a friend found in the vessel of an enemy are free; and the goods of an enemy found in the vessel of a friend are lawful prize." The whole chain of authority in the books establishes this proposition, and it was and is perfectly competent to the Admiralty Courts of any State (not bound by special agreement) to take their stand upon so venerable a tradition. The old traditional law of the sea was unquestionably that to which the Declaration of Paris in 1856 is diametrically opposed.

The Declaration of Paris, signed in April 1856 by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in congress at Paris, by which it was agreed between the contracting parties as follows:—

1. Privateering is and remains abolished.
2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that, of all the countries of the world, England has by far the greatest interest in maintaining the independence of her mercantile flag in time of war, and the safety of the property afloat, whether under another flag or her own. England has almost as many merchant vessels trading to every part of the globe as all the other maritime States put together. Her own property *in transitu* on the ocean is enormous. She also carries a very large amount of merchandise for foreign owners. Her colonies are scattered over every part of the globe, and the Colonial trade and navigation is carried on, like that of these islands, under the British flag. It is therefore of paramount importance to us that in the event of war, whether we are neutral or belligerents, our commerce should be exposed to as little interruption and peril as possible. The modern policy of England is to maintain, as far as possible, a strict neutrality when war breaks out between foreign States, unless her own rights and interests are concerned or attacked. During the wars of the last forty years British neutrality has been successfully

maintained. In each of these conflicts it would have been competent to the belligerent Powers, but for the Declaration of Paris, if they had thought proper to exercise the ancient belligerent rights, to arm and commission privateers; to stop and search every British vessel on the seas; to take out of them any enemy's property found on board; to intercept the service of our mail packets all over the world in search of prohibited articles and correspondence, and to inflict on us as neutrals an incredible amount of loss and annoyance.

Count Sclopis, President of the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal, in his address said. "The meeting of this tribunal is in itself an indication that a new direction has been given to the ideas which govern the policy of nations the most advanced on the path of civilisation. We have reached an epoch in which a spirit of moderation and a sentiment of equity begin in the elevated sphere of politics to prevail over the tendencies of an ancient routine at once arbitrary and insolent, and over a culpable indifference to the causes that lead to wars and misfortunes. This grand epoch, which places the interests of humanity above those of policy, is the aim towards which every great intelligence and every generous heart turns in times like these with instinctive sympathy. With what joy must one recognise the fulfilment of those wishes so nobly expressed by the Congress of Paris in 1856, that States, between which there existed a serious cause of disagreement, before having recourse to arms, should, as far as circumstances permitted, submit their differences to the friendly offices of neutral Powers. What excellent effects have already resulted from the declaration of the same Congress regarding the abolition of practices tending to diminish respect for private property. Finally, we cannot on this spot forget that Convention of Geneva, which has placed under the special protection of international law the generous impulse of charity upon the field of battle."

Among the difficulties which surround the study and impede the utility of international law, especially in its bearing on questions of private commerce, are, in the first place, the unsettled character of many of its doctrines, and next the obstacles which in many cases present themselves in giving practical effect to the decisions of its tribunals, whether they are mixed Commissions or regularly constituted Courts of Prize. The codification of international law has long been felt to be desirable, and among those writers who have given their best studies to this science the desire is the strongest. The Declaration of Paris of 1856 showed the world that on some very important points there can be a general, if not a universal, agreement of Christian States. But suppose the Law of Nations to be

codified, and this code to be generally received, can we hope that all the wars of nations will forthwith cease? No sound-minded man can hope so much. Before that consummation shall arrive, the ambitions, resentments, dynastic interests of kings must be held in check by the power of the people who pay taxes and do the fighting; the rivalries, arrogance, mutual hatred of nations must be forgotten, and the peaceful interests of all countries holding commercial relations with one another must become even greater than they are now. Add to this that the codification of international law will, no more than that of municipal law, be so clear as to prevent all ambiguities, and that new points must arise in the progress of society which will require supplemental legislation or new interpretation. Unless, then, with the code there are provisions made for its application and explanation, new quarrels and possibly new wars would grow out of the terms themselves in which the code is expressed.

In conclusion, let us make a few remarks concerning the present struggle. America and Spain issued their declarations of war, but these declarations do not seem to possess any high importance. Spain had already declared that a state of war followed upon certain diplomatic steps taken by the United States, and the world was aware that the capture of the *Buenaventura*, together with the blockade of Havana by the American fleet, were acts of war which spoke more forcibly than any declaration. The custom of making a declaration of war to the enemy previous to the commencement of hostilities is of great antiquity. But in olden days the declarations were of a very formal nature. Most of the wars of the seventeenth century began without declaration, though in some cases declarations were issued during their continuance. There is, however, nothing in international jurisprudence as now practised to render a formal declaration obligatory, and the present usage entirely dispenses with it.

War was formally declared by England to Russia before the Crimean War in 1854; by Austria to Italy in 1866; by France to Prussia in 1870; by Servia to Turkey in 1876; and by Turkey to Russia in 1877. It not unfrequently happens that warlike intentions are proclaimed by other preliminaries than manifestoes or declarations, as, for instance, by the recall of ambassadors, by the tender of an ultimatum, or by peremptory language followed by hostile acts. The United States in the present war declared not only that war exists, but that it had existed since April 21, including that day. This retrospective action may furnish some agreeable subjects of argument to the professors of international law, but its immediate

and practical effect would seem to be extinction of all hope that the vessels captured before the declaration may be released.

Spain and the United States, although not signatories to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which prohibits privateering, yet have declared that they will abide by that Declaration, Spain, however, reserving to herself the right, if she sees fit, to issue letters of marque.

England issued her proclamation of neutrality identical with previous proclamations issued in 1866, in 1870, and in 1877, so far as regards all the main obligations of neutrality. It differed from its predecessors only in making it more clear than before that those obligations were imposed upon all Her Majesty's subjects in the colonies and dependencies of the Empire as well as upon the people of Great Britain. The proclamation made no attempt to define contraband of war, and in particular added nothing to the elucidation of the question whether coal is contraband. Whether coal be contraband or not, the supply of coal to the ships of the belligerents in the ports of the Empire is regulated with great minuteness, in common with all other stores and provisions. "No ship of war of either belligerent shall hereafter be permitted, while in any such port, roadstead, or waters subject to the territorial jurisdiction of Her Majesty, to take in any supplies, except provisions and such other things as may be requisite for the subsistence of her crew, and except so much coal only as may be sufficient to carry such vessel to the nearest port of her own country or to some nearer destination; and no coal shall again be supplied to any such ship of war in the same or any other port, roadstead, or waters, subject to the territorial jurisdiction of Her Majesty without special permission until after the expiration of three months from the time when such coal may have been last supplied to her within British waters as aforesaid."

Some people are under the impression that neutrals cannot trade with either of the belligerents. This is a mistake. Neutral individuals can, without affecting the neutrality of the State to which they belong, trade just as usual with the enemy, with the one exception of contraband goods. International law does not even prohibit them trading in contraband, but it gives the right to the other belligerent of confiscating the contraband goods on their way to their enemy, if they are able to do so, and in certain cases of seizing the ship of a neutral. A belligerent has the right by the Law of Nations of stopping a neutral ship on the high seas, and searching her to see if she is carrying contraband goods. Since the Declaration of Paris of 1856,

enemy's goods on board a neutral ship are free, with the exception of contraband of war, and in like manner neutral goods on board an enemy's ship are free, with the exception, of course, of contraband of war. This alteration in the old maritime law is a marked advance. The maritime law has in many points been greatly improved of recent years by conventions and treaties, and possibly the struggle which is now going on between these nations may, when the war is over, be the cause of still further improvements in the laws of maritime warfare.

J. E. R. STEPHENS

TABLE TALK.

TEACHING OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I READ recently with profound interest in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a defence by Mr. Quiller Couch of the ethical teaching of Robert Louis Stevenson, in which an utterance of the deceased novelist is quoted which seems to me worthy of as much publicity as can be assigned it. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor the other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'Give them up,' for they may be all you have, but conceal them like a vice, lest they spoil the lives of better and simpler people." Here is the latest and one might almost hope the final arraignment of that "pustan sanctimoniousness" with which other countries rebuke us. I do not dispute the services which Pustanism rendered to the conquest and the maintenance of our liberties. Against the notions, however, that God loves sour faces, that enjoyment is iniquity, and mirth but "the crackling of thorns under a pot," I shall never cease to protest. For the country gentlemen who, abandoning the traditions of their caste and their race, left their homes to withstand a misguided and untrustworthy monarch I have as much respect as I have for the operatives of the North and the Eastern Counties yokels who learned to withstand the headlong charge of Rupert's cavalry. For the grim visaged fanatics who paid workmen weekly wages to break the stained glass in our cathedrals and churches I have but pity mingled with contempt.

ADVANTAGES OF CHEERFULNESS.

STEVENSON'S diatribe is not, however, directed against the conscious hypocrite, the man who trades on the simplicity and credulity of others. It applies to the class—rapidly diminishing, but still large—of those who conscientiously believe it is a sign of want of grace to be cheerful or amused. Nursed as he was in Puritan traditions, and subject to the influence of those on whom the responsibility for harsh judgments was obligatory, Milton could still declare that Heaven disapproves the care,

Though wise in show,
That with superfluous lanterns leads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour retires.

The reaction, however, that brings forward cheerfulness as a duty or an obligation is complete. Addison, in an essay I cannot now trace, avows that he prefers cheerfulness to mirth, which is perhaps not much to the point. Stevenson's utterance is frank and free: "If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong." To this I will add, if they make others dreary they are no less wrong. It is almost inherent in unregenerate nature to scold, as one of the innumerable ways of asserting and calling attention to our own superiority. "Don't do that, you naughty boy," or something like it, is the first utterance of the child promoted to exercise the smallest function of nursing or control. If we would extirpate from our minds the notion that it is our duty to rebuke, we should have taken the first step in the direction of cheerfulness, a quality which, if not happiness, is its precursor and prophet.

FRENCH PROVIDERS OF "PENSÉES"

WHAT the French call *maximes* or *pensées*, and the Greeks called *gnomes*, have never taken deep root in our language. This is the more surprising, seeing that a very marked tendency of our literature is towards the didactic and the elegiacal—things generally more or less closely associated. While the French can point to writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, such as Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyere, Nicole, Vauvenargues, Chamfort, Diderot, La Beaumelle, and Joubert, we, though our literature overflows with ideas such as are capable of assuming the shape of *pensées*, can point only to Bacon, perhaps Fuller, and one or two writers of the present century. Yet our literature abounds in phrases that are in fact *pensées*, as, for instance, Young's well-known "Procrastination is the thief of time," and many passages in Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope. The last named even supplies us with specimens of the cynicism which is the distinguishing quality of La Rochefoucauld. We have, however, nowhere anything so condensed and pregnant as "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue," or "We often flatter ourselves that we are forsaking our vices when our vices are forsaking us"—these are from La Rochefoucauld; or "Because we are easily afflicted we are easily consoled," which is from Pascal. Vauvenargues, himself one of the sagest writers of maxims, says what is accurate concerning them, "There are few maxims which are true in all respects."

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS OF MAXIMS

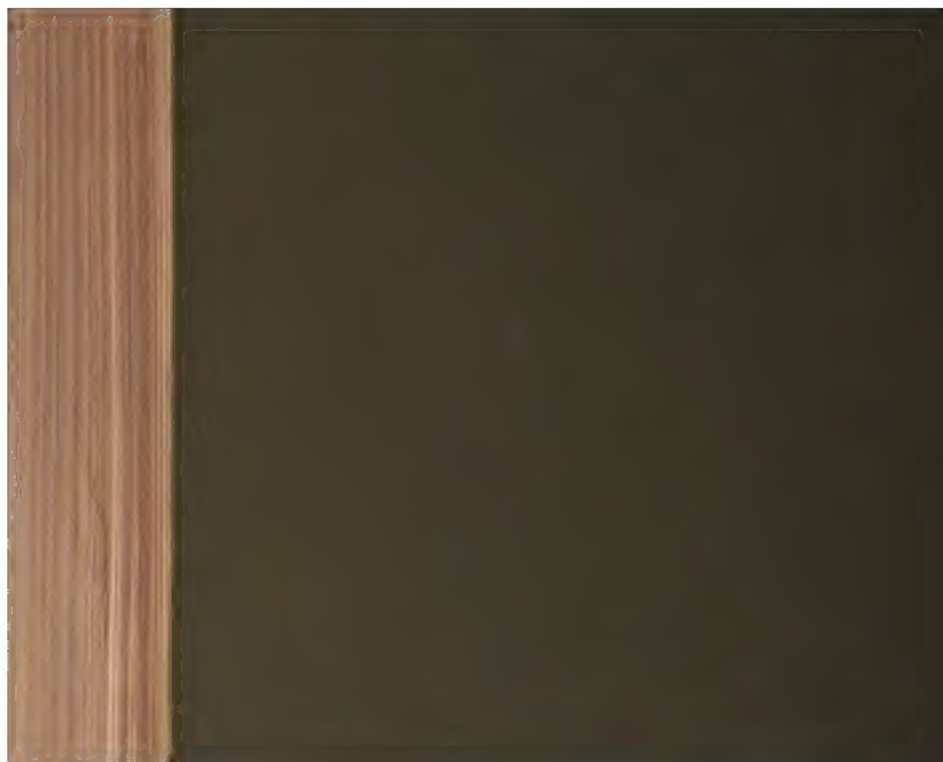
I HAVE been induced to turn to a subject of no immediate interest in consequence of the reappearance of "Meditations in the Tea Room by M. P."¹ These are mainly political in intention, and

¹ Fickering & Chatto.

were first issued nearly a score of years ago anonymously. It is, however, an open secret that the volume is by Mr. Justice Darling, a very recent recruit to the judicial bench. The shorter and more pointed utterances are brilliant and epigrammatic rather than sound and convincing, and have a strong leaven of cynicism and a fair share of humour. "Respect is only an accidental liking for those interested in conflict with our own." This will bear investigation, but according to what Vauvenargues says, not "true in all respects." One may respect a man without liking him in the least, and it would perhaps be more judicious, if less cynical, to say, whose convictions are in conflict with our own. "What most recommends party government is that it enables us to slander our rulers without sedition, and overthrow them without treason." Here is a saying that is smart, showy, and epigrammatic rather than true. It sounds, as do some other reflections in the volume, as though it were taken from the first Lord Lytton rather than from any deep thinker. What truth there is in it has only become true in recent years. Party government was in existence when Leigh Hunt and Hone had to expiate their utterances in prison, and Shelley was deprived of the control of his children. "In affairs no men are consistent except the dishonest." Here I want definitions. Are "affairs" equal to politics, and what is "consistent?" It is well remembered how, in the time of Reform, Lord John Russell, subsequently Earl Russell, introduced and carried the Reform Bill of 1832. With this he was satisfied, declaring in 1837, in all sincerity, that it was impossible for him to take part in any further measure of electoral reform. This gained him the nickname of "Finality Jack." This, however, did not prevent him from bringing forward more than one measure of further reform, which he was unable to carry. In this he was doubtless consistent, but would he have been inconsistent if he had stuck to his first conviction? Surely a man is neither dishonest nor inconsistent who becomes conservative when things have progressed as far as he thinks they ought to go. What Justice Darling means I know, but his full meaning is not given in his sentence. In bidding farewell to a clever volume, more interesting and suggestive in its longer utterances than in the shorter, I would compare a thought of Justice Darling's with one that has obtained no similar publicity, of Earl Russell's. Says Justice Darling: "Reforms are more to be dreaded than revolutions, for they cause less reaction;" a cautious utterance, the timidity of which is its chief characteristic. Earl Russell is, on the other hand, responsible for the broad assertion: "It is impossible that the whisper of a faction should prevail against the voice of a nation."

SYLVANUS URBAN.





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